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W. E. HORN,
35, VINCENT SQUARE, S.W.

THE

Gentleman's Magazine

VOLUME CCLI.

N.S. 27

JULY TO DECEMBER 1881

PRODESSE & DELECTARE E PLURIBUS UNUM

Edited by SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gentleman*

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1881

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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
JULY 1881.

THE COMET OF A SEASON.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN BERKELEY SQUARE.

MONTANA had seen Lady Vanessa just as well as she had seen him. His quick eyes were not likely to miss her. He was looking out for possible observers of himself and Geraldine in their late evening walk; and when he heard the wheels of a carriage, he naturally looked that way. He saw Lady Vanessa, and saw that she had seen them, and he was very glad of it. It exactly suited his purpose. She was just the person whom he should have liked to see Miss Rowan and himself together, in that strange mysterious way, towards nightfall. When Geraldine met him first, he led her at once to the path beside the railings of the Square gardens. "Nobody will see us here," he said; "this place is very quiet. Come; here are the letters. Luckily for us, the moon shines brightly enough, and you can easily find the one you want."

He put a little bundle of letters into Geraldine's hand. She turned them hastily over, and was not long in finding the one she sought for. She felt her mind immensely relieved. She had got it now, and poor Melissa's secret was safe.

"I am really grateful to you, Mr. Montana," she said, and she felt all she said. "You have relieved me from a great anxiety, and enabled me to keep my word."

"It was nothing," he said; "and even if I had read your friend's letter, it could not have fallen into better hands. I should have

respected her confidence, even though I thought her foolish. But confess, Miss Rowan, that it is rather an odd freak of fate which makes so many women send me declarations of love that I don't want, while the only woman I care about repulses me."

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Montana," she said again. "I must go now."

"No," he said, "you must not go just yet. We will walk round this place for a little. I want to talk to you. I am glad of the opportunity. I want to talk to you seriously. You are not a sentimental and foolish girl, and you are not afraid to hear the truth. I must go back again to what we talked of to-day."

"Pray, don't go back to it," she said. "Don't let us say anything about it. Let me leave you now with this feeling of real gratitude to you. I have done a very odd and rash thing in coming to meet you here—don't make me sorry for doing it."

"The thing is too serious," Montana said quietly, "for little scruples about forms and proprieties. I am glad to have you here alone, because I must speak again of what I began to speak to you about to-day when Lady Vanessa interrupted us. I must put it in plain words. I want you to be my wife, Miss Rowan. I think you are the woman in all the world who is fitted for me, and for the kind of work I have to do and the kind of life I have to lead; and so I put this to you plainly, and at once. I have no time for formal courtship and love-making, but I tell you that I am in love with you; and, much more than that, that I believe you are necessary to me and to my life, and I want you to be my wife. Don't answer at once. I want you to think this over. Every day you think it over, believe me, you will find yourself growing more and more reconciled to it."

"Oh, it is impossible," she said.

"Just let me tell you," he said, "some of the advantages—not that you much care about ordinary advantages, I know; but there are some things that every woman of spirit and sense must care about. You are not rich, I know: I have heard that your mother is poor. In the ordinary course, you would have perhaps a hard enough struggle with the world, and I hate the idea of a girl like you, who is worthy of some high destiny, having to struggle with the world. Well, I am rich enough. I have a good deal of money. Money comes to me somehow, although I never went out of my way to get it. I never made money-getting any part of my ambition. But I am rich enough, and you could live in a way that would become you. And I am a success. I have made a name, and you would be known

everywhere. More than all that, I have a great work to do, and you should share in it."

"What is the use of all that?" Geraldine asked. "It is thrown away on me, Mr. Montana. I don't even feel grateful for it, as I ought to do. It doesn't touch me. I am not afraid of a struggle with the world—not in the least. My mother would rather bear anything than that I married any one for whom I did not feel——" and then she stopped, embarrassed.

"You may speak out as plainly as you wish," he said with his usual composure. "You can't tell me anything I don't know already. I understand your feelings towards me quite well.'

"Then, if you do, we needn't talk any more about all this," she said vehemently. "If you know all that I feel, you can't want any answer from me. You know how little chance there is of my—of my doing what you wish me to do."

"I know," Montana calmly answered, "that it is almost as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun that you will be my wife."

Montana thoroughly enjoyed this struggle between will and will. He did not by any means feel all the confidence in his ultimate success that he professed; but he well knew how much in such a contest of resolve between man and woman, the man gains over the woman by the firm and repeated assertion that she cannot possibly escape him. In every act, and almost in every secret thought of Montana's, there was the same blending of reality and of play-acting. It was true that he had long convinced himself that the high destinies intended Geraldine Rowan to be his wife, and that she was needed to his career. So much was true—so much at least was the fanatic's dream; the rest was play-acting.

"I don't ask you for an answer now," he said.

"Let me answer No!" she exclaimed. "Oh, let me answer No, once for all. I shall never give any other answer—unless I am bewitched. Do, Mr. Montana, I beg of you, take my answer now, and let us be done with all this. I never could care about you, Mr. Montana—to marry you, I mean. I must speak the truth; something in you repels me."

"I know that quite well," Montana answered, with his quiet smile. "I know why it is. You shrink back for a while because you know you cannot help yourself."

There did seem to be something of this kind in Geraldine's mind. Her dislike of him did always seem to be compounded with a certain dread that he would one day or other come to have an influence over her.

"I don't care," he went on, "for the sort of thing that commonplace people call love. I might have had enough of that. I don't care whether the feeling you have now to me is like that which any girl just out of school may have for some young man. I much prefer your feeling of repulsion and fear."

"Fear? I have no fear. I am not afraid of you, Mr. Montana —no, not in the least. Why should I be?"

"Oh, yes; you *are* afraid. You are afraid that I shall prevail in the end. You know I shall. You can't escape, Geraldine. Do you remember the first night I saw you? It was on the deck of the steamer as we were leaving New York bay. The moment I saw you I said to myself, 'That is the woman destined for me; there stands my wife.'"

He took her hand, and held it.

For the first time she began to feel afraid of him. There was something in the expression of his eyes that compelled her to quail. It seemed as if he were becoming a reality instead of a sham. A soul was growing evident within him. Can one clearly realise what the sensation would be if, as he was looking on some theatric representation of a ghost, some poor magic-lantern illusion, some Polytechnic combination of glass and cunning reflection, the thing began, beyond doubt, to turn into a very ghost—a spectre with wan eyes and bodiless frame, the stars shining through it; an impossibility, yet a terrible, unmistakable reality, sending a shudder through every nerve of those who thus saw in their very presence the natural put on the supernatural? If one could imagine what the sensation of such awe-stricken spectators would be, he would have some idea of the feelings of Geraldine Rowan as her strange admirer held her hand and claimed her. The clasp with which he held her was not that which Geraldine would have supposed the grasp of a lover. It was not palpitating and tremulous, as with hope and fear and poetic tenderness. It was a cold, strong, stern grasp, quietly masterful. If Fate were to assume a bodily presence and take hold of a victim's hand, such perhaps would be its gripe.

What was that look in Montana's eyes? Geraldine had always thought that, despite their lustrous darkness, Montana's eyes were shallow, merely glittering, soulless. Behind the shining surface there seemed to her to be nothing. Now there was indeed something looking ominously out from a depth she had not thought of. Was it the light of passion, of unconquerable resolve, of high purpose? Was it—the thought passed quickly through her—the light of growing insanity? She felt as one might feel who, glancing carelessly into some

cavern which he has passed and glanced into every day, becomes suddenly aware that his look is answered from the darkness this time by the burning eyes of a crouching tiger.

If Montana had known what was passing in Geraldine's mind, he could not have better chosen the words with which he broke the moment's silence. It was only a moment's silence, long as its strain seemed to Geraldine's overstrung nerves. The little second-hand of her watch had not made one round before Montana spoke.

"I believe there is a fate in this. It is your destiny, Geraldine, as well as mine. You can't escape it. I have tried many things, and never failed in anything yet. I shall not fail in this, believe me."

She did not resist his holding her hand. Had he given a warm lover-like pressure, she would at once and instinctively have torn her hand away. But it was still the same quiet, unmoving grasp—like that of some instrument.

"I don't believe in talk about fate and destiny," Geraldine said, keeping up her courage and composure as well as she could, but almost feeling as if she were beginning to have an uncomfortable belief in destiny all the same.

"Nor I," Montana answered. "I was only using the words that people commonly use. What I mean is, that I have always found a Higher Power directing me in every step I have taken, and I find it now. I never make plans and schemes as ordinary people do; I don't want them. I wait, and my course is directed for me. When the moment comes, I always know what to do. I am guided, I have been guided, to you from the first."

"Oh, pray, Mr. Montana, don't talk of a special providence and heavenly guidance about such poor things as the fortunes of you and me. It makes me shudder; it sounds like blasphemy."

"Do you think heaven is farther off from us now than it was in the days of the prophets?"

"No, I don't; but—I don't know. The same things don't occur, and anyhow we are not prophets, you and I"—she suddenly wished she had not coupled herself and him together in the word "we"—"at least, I am not a prophet, Mr. Montana, and I don't believe that you—I don't believe there are prophets now."

"There is need of guidance for men and women now as much as ever—ay, far more need than there was in the days when men were known to have speech of angels. Well, you will think this over; there is time enough. Remember, it is a great destiny to which I am calling you. Yours will not be like the life of an ordinary woman; no, not even if she were a queen. What could a queen do

like the work you will have to do? You will help to found a new civilisation. Your name will be famous all over the world. Perhaps you will be the first woman who ever vindicated for woman her true place in the great work of the world."

"I don't believe I am worthy of any such high destiny," Geraldine said, forcing a smile. "You must find some one else, Mr. Montana; some woman who would be equal to such a place, and who would like it. I am not equal to it, and I shouldn't like it."

"You don't yet know your own capabilities: who ever does until the moment comes?"

"The moment has come now for me to go away," she said, "and to get home. I ought not to have come. You have made me more sorry than ever that I did come; but I would venture a good deal for a friend. I ought to thank you, Mr. Montana, I know, and to feel grateful to you. I am sure many women would think this the very height of their ambition. But it is not for me, and I thank you as much as I can. I will thank you with all my heart and soul if you will only say that we shall not speak of this any more."

"We need not speak of it very often," he answered. "I shall only remind you of it when the time seems to me fitting. I am satisfied; I know that every day's thought you give to this is sure to work for me, and I know that the more you try to avoid thinking of it, the more it will be in your mind. Now I don't mean to keep you any longer. Shall I see you safely to your door?"

"Oh, no; please don't. Let me go alone. I shall be quite safe." She was already hurrying away, her whole horizon now being bounded by the mere hope of escape for that once.

He bade her "Good-night" quietly.

She hurried home in terror and a kind of shame. She gave Melissa her ransomed letter, and listened patiently to Melissa's interjections, partly of gratitude, partly of petulance, and made hardly any reply. She was inclined to say more than once, "You don't know what it may have cost me to get you back that foolish letter which you wrote in your absurd transport." But she repressed herself, and said nothing of the kind. She felt like one who is in possession of some guilty secret, like one who has entered into an alliance with unholy and supernatural agents, and for whom henceforward the real world loses its firm reality, by whom anything may be expected, however strange. She was bitterly angry with herself for not having more vehemently and finally rejected Montana's appeals, and broken off with him once and for all. But she had committed herself, she felt, in asking him to return Melissa's letter. She had put herself

into a secret alliance with him, and from that moment had to treat him with consideration and the semblance of gratitude. What distressed her especially was the secret, inexplicable fear that perhaps she might not be able to hold herself aloof from him in the end. Perhaps he might get such a control over her, and so isolate her from other sympathies and other confidence, that she might actually have to yield and marry him in the end. She did not allow this terror to get hold of her without reasoning stoutly against it, and telling herself again and again that the time of witchcraft is passed, as well as the time of dragging young girls to the altar willy-nilly. She tried to laugh at her own fears; told herself that as long as she was determined not to marry Montana, Montana could not possibly marry her. But all the same, she saw how fate and her own fault, or her own quixotic generosity, or whatever it was, had brought her into a relationship with Montana which she could not at one time have believed possible; how he had made use of it to bring her and him into at least a momentary isolation from the rest of the world; and how she had more than once that night felt her spirit quail under the influence of that strange look which he fixed upon her. She had no friend to whom she could speak her mind, and the night was distressful to her, and she woke in the morning with a strange sensation, as if her old world had slipped away from her altogether and left her drifting in chaos.

Chapter XX.

A BREAKING-UP.

For some days Captain Marion and his household had heard nothing of Clement Hope. Geraldine thought that there was something ominous in his absence and silence. It occurred to her that something must be the matter with Mr. Varlowe. She said as much to Captain Marion. Captain Marion was on the point of leaving town with Mr. Aquitaine for the northern city in which Aquitaine lived. They were going in obedience to a telegram from young Fanshawe. Fanshawe, when he heard of the incident in the Church of Free Souls, had naturally been aroused to keen interest and anxiety about it. If Mr. Varlowe's belief were not a delusion, then this Montana, this mysterious preacher and prophet and leader, must be the husband of his dead sister; and, if so, what a profound impostor he must be! Fanshawe was determined, if possible, to find out the truth of the matter, and he hurried off at once to the town of

his birth,—where pretty Miss Fanshawe had lived, and fallen in love, and married, and died. From that town he now sent to Captain Marion a telegram begging him to leave London and join him there at once, and Marion and Aquitaine were going this evening by the five-o'clock train. The women were to be left alone, except for the companionship of Mr. Trescoe, who was a moody companion enough these last few days. Something had come over him. He was not like himself. He was silent, and sometimes almost stern, and now and then made Katherine short answers, which were new to her, and to which she did not reply with any of her usual spirit. There was something strange and cowed and fearful about Katherine's manner of late. She was wont to rule over her husband with the most undisguised sway. He used to live under a petticoat government open and avowed. His wife did not make the least affectation, as some judicious women do, of being the ruled while actually the ruler. She apparently took rather a pleasure in letting everybody see how completely her husband was her subject, and he seemed to enjoy his subjection. But things had changed these last few days. She was fearful; he was sullen.

"I wish we had not to go on this business," Marion said. He and Aquitaine and Trescoe were together. "I don't like it. It seems like a sort of detective job. It looks as if we suspected Montana of something."

"And don't we?" Trescoe asked.

"I don't; and I'm sure, Frank, you don't either, if you would only let your true nature have its way. I wouldn't stir a step in this business of Fanshawe's, only that I want to have the satisfaction of seeing his suspicions proved to be ridiculous, and of telling him so. Of course it is excusable enough in him to be astonished and alarmed and all that; but with us it is different."

"But look here, you know," said Aquitaine, "it is a terribly serious business for us all, as well as for Fanshawe. It might not be any matter in itself whether this fellow was Edmund Varlowe or was not; but it is a tremendously serious thing if a man who has such influence, and is carrying on the great enterprise he talks of, and entangling the fortunes and whole future of thousands of men and women, should turn out to be an impostor in anything."

"I don't know what you are all about," Marion said uneasily; "you are all down upon Montana. I never saw such a thing. I fully believe the man is as true as steel and as open as the sun. It is his very nobleness of character that gets him such enemies."

"Come, now," Aquitaine interposed good-humouredly, but with

a certain firmness of tone, "you ought not to say that to us, Marion. You ought not to say that we don't like the man because of his nobleness of character."

"Oh, no, no," Marion said emphatically, "I don't mean that, Aquitaine. I mean that his nobleness of character makes him enemies, and they send out stories about him, and fill the air with calumnies, and some of these things always stick, you know, and they impress even sensible men like yourself. I wish you could look at Montana as I do. I wish you knew him as I do, and then you would——"

"But what do you know about him?" Trescoe asked in a tone very unlike that which he usually adopted towards his father-in-law. "You know nothing about him; you hear fine talk, and you see that the women all round are taken with him."

"I don't see anything of the kind," Marion interposed; "some of them are as unjust to him as you are."

"I don't want to be unjust to anyone," said Trescoe, "but I have had enough of *him*, and I won't stand it much longer."

"Won't stand what?" Marion asked, looking him fixedly in the face.

"Well, I don't know about that," said Trescoe; "or rather, I do know—I know what I mean, and I won't stand it much longer."

He turned away and left them.

"Now, Marion," said Aquitaine, "don't you really see the change that is made even in that young fellow by your friendship with Montana?"

Captain Marion grew a little redder and hotter than was usual with him.

"I see that Trescoe's in a bad humour about him, and I don't say that he's quite wrong. As you seem to know something about this, Aquitaine, and as you come to the point, I must say I do wish my daughter Katherine did not express her admiration of Montana quite so openly. I don't wonder if Trescoe is annoyed, and I think he ought to have stopped it long ago; but then one must not blame the girl. He is very handsome, very fascinating, and kind to women in a grave, fatherly sort of way, and honourable and all that; and you know, Aquitaine, she is not the only one."

"No," said Aquitaine with a sigh, "she is not. There are others as foolish as she; and I wish to God my little girl had never seen him: I wish to God you had never seen him. His coming has only brought discomfort to us all, and it is well if it does not bring some unhappiness before we have done with it."

Marion himself was not without some of the same uneasy feeling; but he was loyal to his friend, who, he honestly believed, was misjudged and misprized; and he would not give him up. He thought, however, it would be well to make some change in the arrangements he had laid out for the holiday—the holiday which was to have brought so much pleasure, and which already seemed withering away into mere discomfort. He thought, perhaps, it would be well that Trescoe and his wife should go to the Continent at once, and leave the rest of them to follow: that would be something. Aquitaine, of course, could easily take his daughter home whenever he would, and that would remove another embarrassment. There would only remain Sydney Marion and Geraldine, neither of whom appeared particularly sensitive to Montana's attractions. Thus, Marion thought, things would all go right again, and he would really get from Montana a clear, precise, business-like explanation—he laid great emphasis mentally on the word "business-like"—of his project in all its details. Captain Marion actually felt business-like as he mentally repeated the word. It seemed to him to solve much of the difficulty. Yes, it must come to that, of course, in the end, even between the closest friends. Business-like it must be; business-like—he was resolved on that.

His daughter Katherine came upon him that moment. Aquitaine had left the room.

"Things seem pretty bad, papa," she observed. "I never saw Frank in such moods as he is getting into lately. He talks of taking me away to the Continent at once."

"Well, well," said Marion, "I think he is quite right. I wonder he did not do it before. You know I spoke to you, my dear, about this. I told you your goings-on about Montana would never do; people would be sure to misunderstand them."

"I am sure I don't know what I have done," Katherine expostulated. "You all rave about him, or at least you did as long as you liked; and because I can't help thinking him a handsome man and a very agreeable man, everybody is down upon me. Frank is changed altogether; he goes on as if I had done something improper."

"No, no, Katherine, don't talk in that flippant way; it is painful. Nobody supposes you have ever done or thought anything improper. But it does not look well when you women get vying with each other in admiration about any man; and I can't blame Frank for not liking that kind of thing—no husband would like it. Be a good

girl, my dear, and a sensible girl, and drop it, in heaven's name; and Frank and you will get on as well as ever."

"I don't think you ought to listen to silly stories and scandals," said Katherine; "I can tell you, papa, if you mind everything that everybody says, you would find that I am not the only member of the family people are talking about."

"No?" said Marion. "Sydney in the swim too? Well, I certainly should not have thought of that." He was rather amused than otherwise at Katherine's attempt, as he understood it.

"Oh, no, it is not Sydney," his daughter coldly answered.

"Well, but there aren't any more of you. If it is not Sydney, I don't know who it is."

"There is one more of us, papa," said Katherine. "We are three, are we not?"

"Oh, it concerns me, then," said Marion; "and pray, my dear, what do people say about me?"

"They say that you admire Geraldine Rowan a great deal, papa, and that Sydney and I are to have her soon as our step-mother. I am sure I don't wonder. I think she is a very good girl and a very charming girl, and I don't see what you could do better. But if people talk about us you need not wonder, for I can assure you they talk about you just as well."

This was a startling piece of news to Captain Marion. For a while he was silent; more than silent: he was absolutely speechless. This had never occurred to him before. He had never thought it possible that the idea would come into anybody's head. He had gone about with Geraldine just as freely as if she were his own daughter, and it always seemed to him that the mere fact of a man's having grown daughters ought to exempt him altogether from gossip of that kind. Was it possible that any people could talk in that way because he was seen occasionally with a young woman whose age was no greater than that of the youngest of his own girls?

"What stupid nonsense!" he exclaimed at last.

"Well, yes, of course, if you say it is nonsense," Katherine said, with a malicious tone in her voice, "and if you really mean that. I should believe everything you said, papa, and if you say you really don't intend anything of the kind, of course that is enough for me. But you mustn't wonder if outsiders are not so easily convinced; and then, you know, much more unlikely things have happened. We hear every day of girls marrying men who are years and years older than you, and not half so good-looking or attractive; and I must say that our

Geraldine is a very attentive girl, and does cling on to you in a very friendly, fond kind of way—highly natural, to be sure, and a proper expression of gratitude on her part; only the world is apt to think that that sort of thing sooner or later ends in a wedding-ring, don't you know, papa. Anyhow, that is what people say, and I thought it only kindness to tell you."

"Great kindness, indeed," Marion said, "very great kindness, and very pleasant to hear, too. How can people say such things, and how can other people listen to them? I believe it is always one's own family who listen most readily to any silly gossip about one."

"Quite so," said Katherine, with a sigh as significant as italics; "exactly; that is just what I was saying before we struck on this subject of conversation. The members of my own family were the first, indeed I think the only persons, to listen to foolish gossip about me. So you see, papa, after all, we are in the same boat. It is very sad. They talk silly gossip about us all; but it is a comfort that our consciences are at rest, and we can bear it."

Katherine disappeared, happy at having discharged her shaft, and believing that by doing so she had secured two great objects: satisfaction for her personal anger, and immunity from any further criticism with regard to her conduct.

The condition of things was not made pleasanter by Mr. Aquitaine's sudden announcement of his resolve to take Melissa back to the North with him. She could return to London later, he said, when they were to start for the Continent; but in the meanwhile she must go home with him. Perhaps her mother wanted her; anyhow, she must go. Melissa was not in the least taken in by the suggestion that her mother might possibly want her. Her mother had never wanted her in her life, or for that matter, wanted anybody else. To be allowed to lie on a sofa and do nothing was Mrs. Aquitaine's highest idea of enjoyment; and enjoyment with her was always a duty. Melissa knew well enough why she was taken home. She knew that her father was taking her away from Montana's presence, and that he must suspect quite enough to turn him into a watchful guardian of her, and to make her life with him an uneasy one for the present, and something very different from what it used to be. She had, however, no choice but to submit. She did not even think of resistance. Geraldine and Sydney hurried off with her to help her in making her preparations and packing her trunks. Geraldine and she hardly exchanged a word on the subject, except once when Sydney Marion had left them together, and the poor girl clasped Miss Rowan's hand, and said, "Oh, Geraldine, thank you ever so much for having got

me back my letter! Is not my father changed? Thank God, he does not know all! Oh, here's Sydney!"

That was all that passed between Geraldine and her, but it was enough to make Geraldine feel new pity for the foolish little girl, and new gladness that, at any risk to herself, she had got back Melissa's letter.

There was a strange embarrassment in Geraldine's manner to Captain Marion and in his to her. These two had taken so frank a liking to each other from the very beginning, that they might almost have seemed to any observer, or seemed to each other, like an affectionate father and daughter. There was something in the nature of the one specially sympathetic with that of the other. Geraldine was so much more intelligent than either of Marion's own daughters that she had obtained a sort of leadership over his sweet sunny temper, and his sympathetic but not very vigorous nature. It was strange that when they were parting now, and he was going on a journey which he thought might be productive of some momentous consequences, they two should not be confidential, should be restrained in manner to each other. Geraldine was embarrassed because of the secrets she was keeping. She felt at moments strongly inclined to unburden her mind to Captain Marion, to tell him all, at least so far as her part of the story was concerned, and trust to him to guide and guard her. This she felt at moments inclined to do, and then shrank back from the confession. Had she been left alone with Marion at this time, it would have probably come to a disclosure of all her feelings and her troubles. But she had not the opportunity, and the condition of her mind, divided between a wish to disclose all to him and a shrinking back from any disclosure, put into her manner an embarrassment which was almost distressing to herself, and which Marion could not but see. Naturally, after the hints that Katherine had so kindly given him, he felt embarrassed in Geraldine's presence. He had never before for one moment thought of himself as playing in anybody's mind the part of a lover and future husband to the girl. He saw Geraldine's embarrassment, and assumed that it came from the same source as his own. Therefore they parted, not coldly, but without the affectionate warmth that would have been frankly made manifest at another time. All this added new discomfort to Marion's unwilling journey north. Nor did he know how he and she were ever again to associate on the same frank, sweet, and friendly terms as those which had always prevailed until Montana's ill-omened coming and Katherine's ill-natured story.

The parting was melancholy. Everyone seemed to feel that the

promised reunion of its members was a promise in which nobody believed. None of them expected to see that little group united again, or had any faith now in the long-looked-for continental trip. Katherine was perhaps the only one of the party who was a little glad at the breaking up, and whose distress, at all events, was solely on her own account. For several reasons she was glad that Melissa was going away, and would have been rejoiced if Geraldine had been going too.

"I have written to Clement Hope," said Captain Marion, turning back just as he was leaving. "I have sent a messenger to him with the letter. I am uneasy about him, and about his father. As I shan't be here when the answer comes, one of you girls can open it. Do whatever you think best, if there is anything to be done."

At last the parting was made. There were some tears amongst the girls and some awkwardness amongst the men, and then the separation was accomplished, and Geraldine, Katherine, and Sydney were left alone—alone, that is to say, except for the guardianship of Mr. Trescoe, who seemed only too glad to escape their company and to smoke a sullen cigar all to himself.

Chapter XXI.

HURT TO THE DEATH.

The house was very dreary to the three forlorn young women. It seemed as if they were to have a dull monotonous evening of it. Sydney was out of spirits; Katherine was out of temper; Geraldine was full of nameless bodings, expecting at every moment that something strange would happen. It was not long before the messenger came back with an answer from Clement Hope. Clement's letter was short and sad. It only said that his father had fallen suddenly ill a day or two ago, and was growing worse and worse; that he began to be alarmed about him; that Mr. Varlowe would not see any doctor, and if Captain Marion could spare half an hour it would be a relief to Clement to see him, for he was alone.

"What is to be done?" Sydney Marion asked, looking blankly at her companions.

"Oh, somebody must go to him at once," said Geraldine. "You *can't* leave the poor boy all alone in that dismal old house, with his father perhaps dying. Somebody must go to him at once."

"All very well, Geraldine," Sydney reasoned; "but who is to go? Papa won't be back for days; Frank is out."

"Frank wouldn't be of any use," his wife declared.

"Somebody must go, all the same," said Geraldine. "I will go if nobody else does."

"You'll go?" Sydney exclaimed, amazed out of all her ideas of propriety and the fitness of things; "but, my dear Geraldine, you can't go."

"Why not?" Geraldine asked.

"You don't mean to say you would go alone and see Mr. Hope?"

"No, I shan't go alone," said Geraldine, "because, Sydney, you will go with me."

"Oh, no, dear," said Sydney, "I can't do that; I could not do it. That would not be proper at all. It would be ridiculous. What could we do to help Mr. Hope? We could do nothing."

"But it is not a case of doing anything. It is a case of having somebody near him to say a friendly word. Will you come, Katherine?"

"I think you had better go, Katherine," said Sydney, "if somebody must go; if Geraldine will have it."

"Indeed I will," Geraldine said; "I am going to put on my things this moment."

"I can't believe that you are really going," said Sydney, remonstrating.

"Well," Geraldine replied composedly, "if you will look out of the window, and will only accept the evidence of your senses, in five minutes you will see me get into a hansom cab, and if you can hear through the noise in the streets, you will hear me tell the cabman to go to Mr. Hope's house."

"Then, you had really better go with her, Katherine," said Sydney. "You are a married woman."

Geraldine smiled. "That will give an air of perfect propriety. Come, then, Katherine; I shall be delighted to take you with me. The protection of a married woman will be an unspeakable comfort and satisfaction to me."

"I can't go," Mrs. Trescoe said. "Frank may come back at any moment. He might not like it."

"Oh, to be sure," said Geraldine; "he might not like it; and of course you could not think of taking any step without first consulting him, and having his permission."

This was sarcastic. Geraldine was growing annoyed.

"I should not like to go," said Katherine. "I don't think I ought to go. I don't see that it is any affair of mine. I can't assist the young man."

Katherine expected Montana to come in that evening, and she was only too delighted at the chance of having him all to herself, or nearly all to herself.

"Then, you won't go?" Geraldine asked her decisively.

"I *can't* go," said Katherine. "I can't go running all over the town after everybody who chooses to fall sick. If I fell sick myself, I should not expect Mr. Hope's father to come and see me."

"All right," said Geraldine; "I am going, anyhow."

"If you *will* go," said Sydney, "somebody must go with you, and I will go. I will do anything rather than leave you to go alone. Yes, I will go." She spoke with the heroic resolve of a soldier who is determined to lead a forlorn hope, even though he himself has no faith in his mission. She compressed her lips. Her cheeks were pale as she spoke the resolve to do or die. If Geraldine must rush into the jaws of impropriety, it should not be said that she rushed there alone—that no friend stood by her to save her from the danger, or to share it and perish with her. Sydney Marion at that moment knew herself a heroine.

Geraldine laughed good-humouredly at the resolve.

"Well, come along, then, as quickly as possible. There is no time to be lost. We need not spend many moments in bedizening ourselves. We are not going to a dinner party or a ball: come along, Sydney." She swept poor Sydney out of the room, and presently Katherine, looking out of the window, saw the two girls get into a hansom cab and drive away.

Very dim and dismal looked the old house in the fading light of grey evening as the girls got out at the gate. There was an atmosphere of decay and of death all around it. The gravel crunched under their feet with a melancholy, disheartening sound that brought funereal omens. The knocker, although they used it as gently as possible, seemed to send ghostly cavernous echoes through the house. An old woman who opened the door seemed a little surprised at seeing the girls; and when they asked for Mr. Hope, the sensitive conscience of Sydney Marion made her believe there was a look of startled propriety on the aged lady's face. She brought them into a large, gaunt, heavily-furnished dining-room, and left them to wait there.

"I am afraid we ought not to have come," said Sydney in a low awe-stricken voice. "I don't think it looks right, Geraldine. I don't think that old woman looks pleased to see us."

"My dear," said Geraldine, "I did not come to see that old woman, and I don't care whether she looks pleased or displeased. If

I can't be of any use, I am sure Mr. Hope would rather I did not stay. Then I can go away. There is no harm done, don't you see, in any case."

"But," Sydney pleaded, "two girls coming alone in this way to see a young man—do you really—now, really—think it is quite right? I know you get extraordinary ideas—girls in America; but in England, you know—this is England——"

"This certainly is England; there I entirely agree with you."

"Well, don't you think it strange?"

"I don't think it strange," said Geraldine, "that girls should like to be of some help to somebody—even in England; and if it is strange, the sooner we get over the strangeness the better. Anyhow, here we are, and we can't run away—at least, I don't mean to."

The door opened, and Clement entered, looking very handsome for all his melancholy, and with a flush on his face caused by surprise and the excitement of seeing his unexpected visitors. He rushed up to them and clasped warmly a hand of each.

"Now, this is so good and kind of you! I wrote to Captain Marion, and I never expected that anybody else would come."

"He would have come," said Geraldine, "but he had to leave town, and can't return perhaps for a day or two. We thought somebody ought to come, and so we came at once."

This was heaping coals of fire upon the head of Sydney, this use of the word "we;" thus taking her into the enterprise, and making her a full sharer in the evident credit it gave them in Clement Hope's eyes.

"Can we be of any use?" Sydney said, taking courage.

"Oh, yes," Clement answered, with looks beaming with gratitude, "you can. I am so lonely here. I don't know what to do. My father never was ill before. I never saw anyone ill."

"May we go and see him?" Geraldine asked.

Sydney Marion felt that she could hardly stand erect while things were going on like this. In one moment they were being carried away to see a sick man in his very bedroom! True, he was an old man; but old or young—only think! Two girls thus taken off to see him, before they had time to collect their thoughts, and taken off under the escort of a young man!

Geraldine was both helpful and skilful. She had not been in the sick man's room a moment before she began altering its arrangements. She opened a window here, drew down a curtain there, quietly displaced chairs, felt the old man's hot hands and his damp forehead, sprinkled the room with aromatic vinegar, and seemed to find something to do in every corner. Sydney stood by helpless,

looking sympathetic and feeling so, but not having the least idea of anything she could do to help anyone.

Geraldine meanwhile was putting questions all the time to Clement, in a low tone, about his father's condition—when he had begun to grow ill; when his mind had begun to wander.

"He would not have a doctor," Clement said; "he never would; the bare idea makes him angry."

"Still, I think you must have a doctor now," Geraldine said; "and you must have a nurse at once—a really helpful one, not some dreadful old Mrs. Gamp. I will go myself—Sydney and I will go and find out something about a nurse. There is nothing we can do here just for the present, and we will come back again."

In a moment they were out of the gate and on the main road, looking for a hansom cab.

"Do you know anything about nurses?" Sydney asked.

"Nothing at all; but we must get one."

"Do you know where to go for one?"

"No, I don't think I do; but we can easily find out, can't we?"

"What an extraordinary girl you are!" Sydney said. "You don't know London particularly well; you don't know anything about a nursing institution; you don't know where to go and find a nurse; and yet you say you will find one."

"Of course," said Geraldine composedly.

"But what will you do first?"

"Well, I think the best thing we can do is to go into a chemist's somewhere, and ask. Perhaps he will show us a directory, or tell us something about a nursing institution, and then we can go there. It is all quite easy. What on earth is your difficulty?"

They found a nurse; they found a doctor. The difficulties that Sydney dreaded began to disappear with marvellous rapidity. They went home and left a message for Mrs. Trescoe to say that they might possibly stay out all night. Sydney had by this time plunged so deeply into utter lawlessness and impropriety, that she had almost lost all consciousness of the conventionalities of maiden decorum, and would not have been surprised or shocked at any resolve Geraldine might announce. They went back to the sick man's house. The doctor did not think there was much to be done more than to have Mr. Varlowe carefully watched and nursed. He shook his head over the case; but took it with the practical composure of the physician to whom all that sort of thing is commonplace, and who regards the death of a patient as an event of no greater moment than his starting off on a railway journey. He persisted in regarding

Geraldine as Clement's sister, and complimented her on being more composed than her brother. She explained the real state of facts to him; but he did not pay any attention. He told her two or three stories of persons exactly like Mr. Varlowe in age, condition, and temperament, who, having previously enjoyed good health, were suddenly taken ill like him and died. But of course, he said, it did not necessarily follow that Mr. Varlowe was to die; only it was as well to be prepared. He said he would call in the morning, and see how things were looking. Geraldine was glad when he went away.

Geraldine was standing in a room on the ground floor, which served as a library or study for Clement in ordinary times. She was looking out upon the canal. It was the season of the year when there is hardly any night. The grey of twilight is succeeded imperceptibly by the grey of dawn; the one day hardly dead before the other begins to live. Her thoughts were going back to another house of death, in which, too, she had watched the dawn succeed the dusk, and tears came into her eyes. Clement entered the room, and she kept her face turned to the window, that he might not see her tears. The sound of wheels was heard, and a brougham stopped at the door.

"Look, Miss Rowan," Clement said; "here is Mr. Montana. Is it not like him to come in this way? I might have known he would come; but I didn't think of it. I never sent for him."

Geraldine made no answer. A nameless fear went through her. She thought there was something unnatural, something unholy in Montana's appearance at the death-bed of the old man, whose death she felt sure was hastened by Montana's own words and acts. Whether Montana was true man or false, this was true all the same. Yet she could not help thinking that Montana must be right. It was surely impossible that he could voluntarily present himself at the death-bed of a father whom he had repudiated, and whose death, in all human probability, his cruelty and treachery had brought about. "I must have wronged him," she thought.

Montana came in, quiet, sweet, not surprised at anything; accepting Geraldine's presence there as if it were in the ordinary course of things.

"I called at Captain Marion's," he explained, "and Mrs. Trescoe kindly told me of what had happened. I thought perhaps I could be of some service, and I came on; I would have come long before this, only I did not know of it. Mrs. Trescoe only told me as I was leaving; she probably thought I knew. Mr. Trescoe offered to come with me, but it was not necessary. We are quite enough."

"You are very, very kind," Clement said, "but you must not stay too long."

"I shall stay for the present," Montana answered; "I shan't leave you alone here, Clement."

"Miss Rowan was so kind as to come——"

"It was just what I should have expected of Miss Rowan," Montana said; and Geraldine was really pleased.

Geraldine felt that she could almost have admired Montana at that time. She began now to understand how it was that in moments of excitement, or even of danger, brave men could look to him, as she knew they had done, could ask for his guidance, and could trust to it. The moment he entered the place, he took, as it were, the command of everything. A sense of relief and security, of something almost like happiness, settled upon the watchers in that melancholy house the moment he had come. It was as when the captain, suddenly aroused in the night of storm, takes charge of the vessel himself, or when a veteran general is hastily summoned to the leadership of a distressed army. Montana knew something—knew a good deal, indeed—of medicine and of surgery, and understood all that pertains to the hygiene of the sick chamber. He was quite easy and firm; had an eye for everything that needed to be done, and knew exactly what every one of that little party best could do. To Geraldine he said once, dropping the words into her ear as he passed, "There is really nothing to be done that can be of much service. We can only smooth the way for him. The time is not far distant."

Geraldine gave a little start. She had expected so much, and yet it was a shock to hear it.

"Is it a question of days?" she asked.

"Of days at the most," he said. "Very likely a question of hours."

Geraldine noticed that he spoke to Clement in a more reassuring way—not, indeed, holding out any hope, but still speaking with less suggestion of immediate danger.

"Clement, my dear boy," he said in his kindliest tone, "there is something I want you to do for me. It is not much use your being here just now, and it would do you good to move about a little. I have something at my lodgings which I think would be very soothing and refreshing for our poor old friend, and which I have often found to act with good effect in restoring consciousness to a wandering mind and failing nerves. It is a mixture that the Indians make out of various roots and barks of trees. You can easily find it. Go to my lodgings as quickly as you can—here is my latch-key—and in my bedroom,

in the dressing-case—this is the key of it—you will find this one bottle. I have a little stock of it, but I only keep just one bottle there for use. Bring it back. No one could find it so well as you except myself, and I really think I am likely to be of more use here than you are. When you come back, we can try it with our dear old friend, and I feel sure it will do him good."

Geraldine was present when this was said. She looked surprised. It seemed strange that Mr. Montana should send Clement out of the way just then, but she assumed that it was done with the kindly purpose of distracting the young man's attention, and giving him something to do. He really was rather in the way than otherwise when he remained in the sick man's room, or near it. But she could not help thinking, "Suppose Mr. Varlowe should die in the meantime?"

Clement went his way, however, without a word.

Chapter XXII.

FATHER AND SON.

Geraldine felt unutterably miserable and lonely when Clement left the house. She stood at the window looking after him. Montana spoke a word or two to her which she did not answer—which perhaps she did not even hear. Then he went quietly away to resume his place in the sick man's room. It seemed to Geraldine something unspeakably strange that Clement should be sent out of the house at such a time. She had an ominous conviction that something would happen while he was away. The house appeared not merely to have become more gloomy than ever because of his absence; but there was a certain sense of terror—nameless, but very real—diffused all around. So, at least, it seemed to Geraldine's overstrung nerves.

She remained brooding over disheartening fancies until it suddenly occurred to her that she had not come to that house to occupy herself in idle broodings, but to give some active help. She was going quietly back to the sick room when she met the nurse, who told her that Mr. Varlowe was sleeping pleasantly, and that she, the nurse, was going to make some tea; which, she observed, she thought would do the young ladies some good; thereby delicately implying that it was merely on the young ladies' account she thought of making it. Geraldine declined the tea just then, wondering meanwhile at the cool, practical, professional way of taking things which is

so readily acquired by those who have to do with sickness and death as matters of business. She went upstairs to the sick room. As she was near its door, Sydney came out for something, and, meeting Geraldine, told her that Mr. Montana was alone with the sick man; and with scared face, Sydney added that she was afraid Mr. Varlowe would not live until Clement's return.

Geraldine hurried noiselessly into the room, feeling, in a vague kind of way, that somebody besides Montana ought to be present at the old man's last moments. She opened the door very quietly. The dawn was broadening through the windows. The lamp looked very pale. One of the blinds was drawn up, and she could see the trees and the waters of the canal in the growing light. The birds began to sing. She remembered always, afterwards, having heard them as she stood for one moment on the threshold.

Why she stood there and did not instantly go in, she did not know. She saw Montana kneeling by the bedside. She saw that he had taken Mr. Varlowe's hand in his; she was confident, somehow, from the old man's attitude, though she could not see his face, that he had returned for a moment to consciousness, in that lighting up before death of which poets as well as nurses tell us; and if she was not dreaming, or if her senses were not racked by unusual tension beyond their sober trustworthiness, she heard Montana utter the word "father." Then she saw the poor father trying to rise in his bed, and extending his other hand over Montana's bowed head, as if in forgiveness and in blessing; and she heard him murmur the words "Edmund, Edmund, my son! come back at last!" and then a sort of shiver seemed to go through him which shook the bed under him, and he fell back. Mr. Varlowe was dead. But there was still upon his face a smile of sweet satisfaction and comfort and peace. If Geraldine was not the victim of a mere phantasy, Mr. Varlowe had died with a full conviction that his lost son had come back to him, and prayed for his forgiveness, and offered him love.

Geraldine surely did see and hear all this? She could not be mistaken. The light was streaming in, grey but clear, through the windows, and indeed the figure of Montana stood out in what seemed an almost unnatural distinctness. She was touched to the heart; she was disposed to forgive him all his past disloyalty to his father for this one act of penitence and submission. What true woman is not deeply moved by the penitence of a man? It was for this, then, that he had come—to make atonement and pray for pardon. For the first time since she had known him, Geraldine felt as if she could be in sympathy with Montana, could admire him, could believe in the

possibility of his being true and great. She felt ashamed of having, even unconsciously, broken in upon the sacred privacy of that most tender, touching scene of recognition. Yet she was glad that she had seen it, glad to know that Montana did not see her or anybody, and was simply acting on the impulse of that heart which, after all, it was now evident he must have. But she now felt as if she ought to steal softly out of the room and not allow Montana to suspect that anyone had been present at that pathetic and tender scene. She was already drawing back, about to close the door behind her, and to leave the reconciled father and son alone. Tears were springing to her eyes, and indeed, if she could at that time have spoken to Montana alone and exactly as she felt, there is no knowing what gushing words of impulsive sympathy she might not have poured forth. But in a moment, as some scene changes in a theatre, as the evening clouds change, as the face of a pool gets broken and transfigured by the wind, the whole condition of things was altered. Montana was now aware of her presence, and all the attitude of penitence, the words of affection, the touch of reconciliation, were over. She now saw Montana standing composedly erect beside the bed, in the attitude befitting some kindly sympathising stranger who knows that another sympathising stranger is in the room with him and has seen the last moments of a dying friend. One instant of time, one hardly appreciable instant, had made that change.

"It is all over," Montana said with the composure which was his characteristic; unmoved, but not unsympathetic. "He is released. It was a peaceful ending."

"Oh, why was not Clement here?" Geraldine asked in awe-stricken whisper. "Why did you send him away?"

"It was much better he should not be here," Montana answered. "He is spared a pain."

"Spared a pain! He will never forgive himself. I should never forgive myself if I were he. He will never forgive you, if you sent him away purposely."

"I did not send him away purposely; I had hopes that the poor old man might live a little longer; and if we could have got the mixture I sent for, I think it would have restored him to consciousness. But is it not better as it is?" They both spoke in the lowest whisper, afraid, it would seem, to disturb that sacred stillness. "I have often seen that the soul struggling to be released from its prison of clay is kept back by the sight of some loved one's face. I have seen dying men suffer a moment of evident agony in this way.

Believe me, it is much better as it is—much better that the poor old man should die with only you and me—strangers, kindly strangers—looking on."

Then the nurse came in, and Sydney Marion and Geraldine left the room. Had she really fancied all that strange scene by the old man's deathbed? Was Montana speaking but the truth when he talked of Mr. Varlowe dying in the presence of two kindly strangers? Surely she had seen what she thought she saw; surely she had heard the words whose echo she found still ringing in her ears. She had heard Montana call Mr. Varlowe "Father," and had heard the old man's parting cry of joy and gratitude. And yet there was Montana, sympathetic indeed, but cool and composed as ever, giving reasons why it was better that no really loved one should be present to distract the old man's dying thoughts.

She hurried from the chamber of death out into the garden looking on the canal. Summer though it was, the dawn came up chilly, as it mostly does in these climes, and a cool wind blew upon Geraldine as she looked at the sky and the water and the grass, and felt only like one who dreams.

In a moment or two she heard a step beside her, and Montana was there. "Strange," he said, "that we should be so shocked at death. I am not so myself. I think that when we cease to have business in life, the best thing that could happen to us is to die. People talk of this thing or that being an object worth dying for. I don't think that is much praise to give to anything. Tell us that an object is worth living for: there you show its value."

Geraldine was so bewildered by her doubts as to what she had seen or not seen, that the sense of mystery gave to Montana, in her eyes, an almost appalling interest. Was it conceivable of human nature that a man should thus arise from kneeling beside his father's deathbed, and coldly put his father's memory away from him, and repudiate and disclaim him, and seem in no wise troubled by doing all this, show none of the strain of conscious deceit? This was a psychological puzzle which Geraldine could not have explained, let her try her best. She had not, indeed, given much thought at any time to the phenomena of imposture. Like most other persons, she thought of imposture as always deliberate and self-conscious. She did not know how often the impostor succeeds in at least half deceiving himself, how often he succeeds in wholly deceiving himself with regard to questions on which there is a possibility of doubt. Nor had she ever considered how vast, how illimitable, is the capacity of certain human beings for persuading themselves into a belief of

the actual truth of anything which they desire to have true. Not understanding all this, or thinking of it, she began to question some of her convictions about Montana, despite what she had seen in Mr. Varlowe's room. She began to wonder whether it was not possible that Montana, after all, might not be the old man's son, that the words he had spoken might have meant only something of a symbolical kindness, the watcher by the bedside taking for a moment the part of son to the dying man by virtue of the common relationship of all human beings. We do not say that Geraldine admitted this conclusion, but the thought flickered across her mind, and flickered with a special vividness at this particular moment while she stood and looked at Montana. In any case, be the solution what it might, he was becoming more and more a bewildering study to her. She felt a growing fascination in his look, in the power he was beginning to exert over her, and in her own bewildering conjectures about him. She was growing into a frame of mind with regard to him which was puzzling and alarming to himself. "I must escape soon and somehow from all this," she thought. "I could not endure this much longer."

It may be that in her excited condition she spoke these words, or some of them, aloud. It may be only that Montana guessed at what thoughts were in her mind. He was fond of showing himself capable of reading the thoughts of people in this way ; he sometimes made a profound impression on his votaries by answering aloud to their unspoken questions.

"You are right," Montana said calmly ; "you must leave this place. This old world is used up ; its associations soon grow oppressive to all free spirits. I must leave it soon too—I have work to do ; and you must join me in it."

Geraldine turned, and looked appealingly at him.

"What do you want of me, Mr. Montana? Why do you persecute me? I have often told you what I feel. I do not trust you—I am afraid of you ; I was not at first—I am now."

"I knew it, Geraldine ; I am glad of it. You begin to see what reality there is in me ; you will trust me some time. You may trust me ; I should never change to you."

"You would sacrifice anything," she said vehemently, "or anyone, to any purpose of your own."

He smiled. "To any great purpose or any great work I would sacrifice myself readily—or anybody else, perhaps. But so would you—I know it ; I can see it in everything you do ; I can see it in your eyes. That is one reason why I want you to be joined with

me in my work, once for all. Come!" He took her hand in his; she tried to draw it away, but he held it with a quiet strength, and she did not care to make a humiliating show of resistance. "Come, Geraldine, consent to join me; it will be work worthy of you. My love for you isn't like that of a romantic boy for a silly girl; it is something deep and strong and sacred."

"You make me so unhappy!" she said piteously.

"I'll make you happy in the future," he answered; "and make you famous too."

These words made her impatient, and gave her courage.

"Really, I can't imagine myself becoming great and famous," she said, and she withdrew her hand from his, and he did not insist on holding it. His eloquence moved her much less than his silent gaze. "I can't fancy myself at the head of any wonderful movement, Mr. Montana, and I am not ambitious."

"Every woman is ambitious for herself or some one else; and yours would be the noble ambition of benefiting millions. We should come back to the old world from time to time, and compare its worn-out decaying life with that fresh new life of freedom and equality and progress which we had called into being under brighter skies. We should compare the climate of England, its fogs, its damps, its chills, its wretchedness, with our glorious suns and stars and soft warm air. Look how the morning rises here; the damp of death is on it."

"The damp of death is on everything round us here just now," Geraldine said with a chilly shudder. "Death is so near us; there, only just behind those closed shutters. Do you think this is the time, Mr. Montana, or the place, to talk of ambitions and schemes, and loves and marryings?"

"I do," Montana answered; "the right time—the right place. Death reminds us that we too must die; and we must see all the more reason for making use of the life we have."

"Clement is here," Geraldine suddenly said. She saw the young man coming up the road; he looked pale and haggard in the ghastly dawn. She could have cried aloud with gladness and relief at his coming, even though she dreaded to meet him, now that he was too late. For the moment, it must be owned, she thought most of the escape that his coming allowed her to make.

"I'll not stay to speak to him," she said; "I dare not—I could not tell him that his father died, and he away—sent away."

"I'll meet him," Montana said composedly; "I hope to be able

to show him that all has been for the best. But you need not stay, Geraldine; you are tired; we can speak of all this again."

"Never, never, if I can possibly help it," she said; and she fled into the house. Miserable, lonely, phantom-haunted as it was, filled everywhere with the presence of death, it was a refuge and a shelter to her now.

(*To be continued.*)

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT: ITS MERITS AND ITS DEMERITS.

FOR a period of time longer than the ten years' siege of Troy, the choicest and most gifted of Greek scholars in this country and in America have been at work on the revision of the Authorised Version of the New Testament, and the outcome of their combined labour, scholarship, and skill is now before the English race, which has pronounced what on the whole appears an unfavourable verdict upon it. To the majority of critics the revisers seem to have done what they ought not to have done, and to have left undone what they ought to have done. By none has their work been commended as a complete success, by many it has been condemned as a complete failure; while it appears that the revisers themselves, as a body, are not over-satisfied with what they have done. Whom will it satisfy? It cannot satisfy the reasonable demands of the Greek scholar, as will be shown hereafter, for it does not render adequate justice to the Greek original. It cannot hope for a cordial welcome from the unlettered Christian, who will look with a disappointed eye and a depressed heart at this presentation of a dear and familiar friend, not merely in a new dress, but with altered features. Nor can it claim the admiration of the English scholar, who will naturally be moved with a feeling of indignation when he finds in it the usages of the language he knows so well and loves so dearly trampled in the dust by the foot of pedantry. Much less can it ever win the homage of men who believe, with the editors of the "Speaker's Commentary" and the wise men of the Northern Convocation, that the only revision needed was the introduction of an occasional correction or explanation in the margin of the authorised text of the English Bible, whose very nature and character and history demand for it a full exemption from the perils of revision; for no translation of the Bible into any language has been so universally read, none so familiarly known, none so fully animated with the spirit of the original, none so inseparably intertwined with the literature and language, with the heart and the mind of a people, as the English Authorised

Version. To millions of the English-speaking race, deaf to all other oracles, it has spoken as the voice of God Himself, and as the voice of God it has been heard and accepted by millions who differ in a thousand ways in the forms and in the principles of their religion. To thousands upon thousands of our race who have passed through the wilderness of this world, and to tens of thousands who are still passing through it to the better land, the English Bible has been the only book they cared to read, and to them it has been as the manna that fell from Heaven—sweeter than honey to their taste, and the very sustenance of their souls; and to their experience it has been as the garment of Christ Himself, which, when touched by the hand of faith and reverence, brought a healing and a blessing to those who so touched it. Its comforting words have dropped the balm of Heaven on wounds of woe in numberless English hearts dead to all other comfort, and breathed the breath of Heaven into unnumbered hearts dead to all other influences, inspiring them with the Spirit of God, and transfiguring their characters with a glory as of Heaven. To thousands upon thousands of English men and women, the sweetest sounds that have ever fallen upon their ears, that have lingered the longest in their memories and sunk the deepest into their hearts and consciences, have been the words of the English Bible, read to them by the lips of love; read to them on the couch of sickness or on the bed of death; read in the sanctuary of God; read to the convict in his cell, to the miner in the mine, to the sailor on the sea; read to the martyr at the stake or on the scaffold, and to the soldier on the eve of battle. Thousands and tens of thousands of English hearts, broken and bleeding under the thousand ills that human flesh is heir to, untouched by all other influences, have been touched and thrilled, as if by the hand of their Maker, by the words of the English Bible, into a new life, full of divine repose and of divine rapture, and full of the blessedness and the beauty of holiness. The inspiring and almost inspired words of the English Bible, spoken by a Havelock or a Cromwell to the hearts of English soldiers, have armed them with a power irresistible in the shock of battle, before which the enemy went down as corn before the sickle.

But the English Bible has been to the English race very much besides and beyond the one sacred rule and oracle of their religious faith and life, and its language has been to the English race something more than the consecrated expression of their religious emotions and convictions. For nearly three centuries it has been the Book of Books in the literature and the language as in the religious faith and practice of the English race. It is universally

acknowledged as incomparably the first and foremost of classical works in the whole range of English literature, embodying as it does the most perfect form in which the purity, the strength, and the beauty of our language have at any period been presented.

The English Bible has become part and parcel of the national mind, as well as part and parcel of the national soul of England. Its words have been on every lip, and its figures of speech and illustration have ennobled and enriched the best passages of our best authors. Its language is as universal as our race, as individual as our own souls. Its phraseology is plain to the commonest understanding, yet never commonplace; exquisitely fine to the most fastidious taste, yet never fanciful; always beautiful in its unfailing simplicity, always simple in its unfading beauty. Its style is stately, but not stilted; familiar, but not vulgar; vigorous, but not violent; often condensed to the uttermost, but never obscure; often copious, but not turgid; massive and weighty in its structure, but not wearisome and wordy; musical in its sonorous cadences, but never monotonous. This masterpiece and model of our language inspired alike the tongue and the imagination of Milton. It furnished him with the subjects of his inimitable epics, "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," and on its "winged words" he mounted to that sublimity of style in which he has left all other English poets at an immeasurable distance. It was to the English Bible, though in its earlier form, that Spenser owed the divinest and most beautiful of his creations and much of the picturesqueness of his pictured pages; and that Bacon was indebted for many of his pithy sentences and pointed proverbs. Bunyan's unrivalled allegory owes more than its conception and birth to the English Bible; for it owes, as its author confesses, its "picked and packed" phrases to the phraseology of the Authorised Version,—which in succeeding years gave point to the satire of Pope and Swift, power and dignity to the diction of Byron, who was confessedly an intense admirer of the strength and beauty of biblical language. All who are familiar with the writings and speeches of Burke and Macaulay know well that biblical allusions and biblical language have originated, if we may so speak, the most original and striking passages in their speeches and writings, and have added to, if not created, the majesty and the beauty and the music of the most majestic, most beautiful, and most musical of their utterances. Now, the secret of this unrivalled perfection of form in which the Authorised Version is presented to us, and of its corresponding influence on literature and language, is told us by King James's translators themselves. "We never thought," say they, "from the

beginning that we should need to make a new translation, but to make a good one better, or out of many good ones, one still better." As a consequence, therefore, of this eclectic principle, acted upon at the revision of 1611, we find their work nothing more and nothing less than a *mosaic*, forming, as it does, an exquisite combination of those words and phrases in the earlier English versions which especially commended themselves to their good taste and sound judgment, not merely as more expressive of the meaning and mind of the inspired writers than other words and phrases, but as those most potent to fill the ear with music, to impress the mind and the heart and the memory with their force, and to go at once and directly to the understanding, from their very clearness, simplicity, and directness.

Many ill-advised attempts have been made to "improve" the English of our unrivalled and unapproachable version by visionaries who fancied they saw baldness in its simplicity, and by pedants who measured the beauty and the power of words merely by their length. One of these pedants "revised" "Jesus wept"—the shortest but most beautiful and most touching verse in the whole Bible—into "Jesus burst into a flood of tears"! Another "reviser" actually re-wrote the New Testament after this fashion:—"Festus declared with a loud voice, Paul, you are *insane! Multiplied research has driven you to distraction*"; and "The *barbarians displayed towards us no ordinary philanthropy*"! Another Johnsonian "reviser" published an *improved* New Testament, abounding in such improvements as these: "If any man think it would be a reflection upon his manhood to be a stale bachelor." "The tongue is but a small portion of the body, yet *how great are its pretensions!* A spark of fire, what quantities of timber will it blow into a flame! The tongue is a brand that sets the world into a combustion: it is but one of the numerous organs of the body, yet it can blast whole assemblies: tipped with infernal sulphur, it sets the whole train of life into a blaze." Happily for their own credit's sake and for the interest of English Christendom, the revisers of our Victorian age have not moulded their method of revision after such models, although their work is disappointing on other grounds. The mould in which the Authorised Version was cast and modelled by King James's translators is now no more, and those consummate masters of the English language of King James's day have left no successors worthy of their great work and mission. It is true we have the well of pure and undefiled English amongst us still, but it has proved itself too deep and altogether inaccessible to our modern revisers, "*who have nothing to draw.*" Their gifts and powers,

eminent as they are beyond all question, are by no means of a kind to enable them to deal adequately with their mother tongue, and its almost inexhaustible riches and resources, for the purposes of biblical revision, after the masterly manner of their predecessors; although our modern revisers are far more competent as Greek scholars to deal with the tender graces and the subtle and delicate niceties of the language of ancient Hellas. Hence it has happened that the revisers have in their renderings had an eye more for the Greek from which they translated, than for the English into which they have translated; and English idioms and English constructions, however deeply rooted in our language, and however consecrated the soil in which they have been planted for centuries, and however holy the purposes to which they have been dedicated, yet have been rashly and ruthlessly plucked up to make way for Greek literalisms and Greek constructions utterly alien to the genius of our language and altogether unfamiliar to the lips of devotion. In too many instances the revisers, blinded to the beauties of the Authorised Version by their own Hellenic proclivities, have revised only to ruin some of the most musical and magnificent passages of the English Bible. Often their most momentous changes have been nothing short of momentous catastrophes,—notably in their revision of the Lord's Prayer; and in too many instances they have altered only to adulterate, and touched only to taint, the inimitable purity and simplicity of our biblical language. As Sir Edmund Beckett has well said: "The new translators have given us a preface, too, and their preface and their practice together remind me of those modern architects who assure us that they mean to produce 'a thoroughly conservative restoration' of a church, and then proceed to alter everything in it which they can find an excuse for meddling with."

It would, however, be ungrateful not to acknowledge, and with thanks, the good work done by the revisers, especially as we feel ourselves constrained to condemn and to point out their chief sins of omission and commission. They have done well in removing many obsolete and ambiguous words and phrases, and in substituting words less ambiguous and less obscure, and words plainer and more intelligible to the modern reader. Instead of "Jesus *prevented* him" we now happily read, "Jesus spoke *first* to him"; instead of the "lowest *room*" we read the "*lowest place*"; instead of *Joshua* in the New Testament we have *Jesus*; instead of a "*candle*" we have a "*lamp*"; instead of "*occupy*" we read "*trade* till I come" (Luke xix. 13). Judas Iscariot is no longer invested with a "*bishoprick*," Simon is no longer described as "*bewitching*" the people of Samaria, but as

"having *amazed*" them. Again, all credit must be given the revisers for their very accurate rendering of the Greek tenses and the Greek articles, as well as the Greek particles. Greater distinctiveness and individuality are secured by such renderings as "*the* mountain," "*the* boat," "*the* lamp"; and, to take one out of many instances in which the revisers have added much to the beauty and force of the Authorised Version by careful attention to the Greek particle, we point to the story of Lazarus, where we now read, "Yea, *even the dogs* came and licked his sores." Here the Authorised Version gave us "*moreover*," a rendering that obscured the pathos of the passage, which pictures the pity felt by the dogs, who were more human in their sympathy for the poor sufferer than the brute in human form who closed his hand and his heart against his fellow-man. Well and wisely, too, have the revisers done in bringing out to the light of day, from the darkness in which they were buried by the Authorised Version, many of the most beautiful and impressive images and figures of scriptural phraseology, as set forth in the Greek of the New Testament. Thus, in St. Matt. ii., for "which shall *rule* my people Israel," as rendered in the Authorised Version, the revisers substitute "which shall be *the shepherd* of my people Israel." By such a revision the revisers have brought to our ears one of the sweetest of the many hidden harmonies of Scripture; and in the word "shepherd" they have sounded the very key-note to a whole series of illustrations which harmonise St. Matthew's Gospel, and set before us Christ as the *Good Shepherd* seeking the lost *sheep* of the house of Israel, and warning His *flock* against the ravening wolves which come in *sheep's* clothing.

On the other hand, the two main charges to be urged against the revisers are these—that, first, they have done injustice to the Greek; and next, that they have done injustice to the English language. Dean Stanley tells us that the chief aim of the revisers has been to bring the whole meaning of the Greek original before the mind of the English reader. If this has been their aim, the work proves that they have rather missed than hit their mark; while the manner in which they have manipulated their English only verifies the prophecy uttered twelve years ago by a distinguished prelate who opposed all revision, as did the Northern Convocation, and declared that "the power of writing clear and idiomatic English had long ago passed away from amongst us."

Let us look at some specimens of the revisers' English. It is bad enough for a writer to leap from "your" to "thy" and "your" to "thine," and back again from "thy" to "your" and from

"thine" to "your"; but what, gentle reader, dost thou think of such a leap from the plural to the singular, and from "your" to "thy," as in the following revised passage: (St. Matthew vi. 20–21) "But lay up for *yourselves* treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where *thy* treasure is, there will *thy* heart be also"? Here the Authorised Version renders the close of this passage, with its characteristic good taste and correctness, "But lay up for *yourselves* treasures in heaven; . . . . for where *your* treasure is, there will *your* heart be also." Tyndale, whose version dates 1554, renders, "But gaddre *ye* treasure together in heaven; for wheresoever *youre* treasure ys, there will *youre* hearte be also." Cranmer's version (1537) gives us, "But laye up for *you* treasures in heaven; for where *youre* treasure is, there wyll *youre* heart be also"; and so runs almost in the same words the Geneva version of 1557. In favour of the revisers it must be said that they have followed a Greek text here altogether out of harmony with the context, and one that evidently underlies the Latin Vulgate, from which Wicliff in 1380 and the translation of Rheims in 1582 give us, "for where *thy* treasure is, there also *thy* heart is." The revisers may plead that the Greek for "*thy*" is here *singular*, but this did not limit them to the use of a word so much out of harmony with the context, when the word in harmony with the context, "*your*," is *singular* as well as *plural* in its application. Instead of revising here what did not require revision, it would have been better had the revisers revised what did require revision, and struck out the unhappy "*doth*" in favour of "*do*" in the scarcely grammatical sentence, "where rust and moth *doth* consume."

The translators of the Authorised Version made a few slips in grammar, easy to be accounted for at a time when our language was not so fixed by rule as at present, which the revisers have left unrevised; although they have, in several cases, changed the English of the Authorised Version for the better, as notably "*guilty of death*" into "*worthy of death*," in St. Matthew's Gospel. But, alike in the Authorised Version as well as in the revised, we read (St. Mark iv. 31, 32), "It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sowed upon the earth, though it be *less* than all the seeds that are upon the earth, yet when it is sown groweth up, and becometh *greater* than all herbs." Tyndale, however, gives us the passage in better English: "Which, when it is sowen in the earth is the *least* of all seeds . . . . but after that it is sowen it groweth up, and is the *greatest* of all yerbes." Wicliff and the Authorised Version, as well as that of Rheims, have followed the Latin Vulgate, which follows the

Greek text, where the comparative degree is evidently used for a superlative, which is a Greek idiom but not an English one. But Tyndale had sense and sight enough to see this fault, and consequently he escaped the pitfall into which our present revisers and their predecessors fell. In their revision of St. Matthew xxiv. 32 the revisers appear really to have gone out of their way to be somewhat absurd by rendering the text as they do after this manner: "Now from the fig-tree learn *her* parable, when *her* branch is now tender;" where the Authorised Version gives, "Now learn a parable of the fig-tree, when *his* branch is yet tender." If, against the usage and genius of modern English, which assigns gender only to sex, "the fig-tree" is now to be made masculine or feminine, then the revisers are more correct than the translators of 1611 in assigning the fig-tree a *feminine* gender, as it is such in the Greek, and as the Geneva version of 1557 renders it. It is quite true that in the older period in our language every noun was treated grammatically as either masculine or feminine; but our revisers were revising, we take it, not in view of the past, but in view of the present and future, and therefore they should have moulded their language in accordance with more modern forms, and should not have added to its more obsolete forms by such terms as "*her* parable" and "*her* branch," as applied to a neuter noun. It is, moreover, curious to note that Wicliff, Tyndale, and Cranmer have "*his* branches" in common with the Authorised Version, making in this way the fig-tree *masculine*, notwithstanding the *feminine* gender of the word in the original Greek—the names of trees being feminine, for the most part, in Greek as in Latin.

Here are a few more unhappy specimens of the way English idiom is so often sacrificed to the Greek by the revisers, whose revisions almost invariably betray a fuller familiarity with the language of ancient Greece than with the tongue of modern England. On several occasions, for the "*loud* voice" in the Authorised Version they substitute "*great* voice," and they give us "*waterless* places" for "*desert* places," and the "hell of fire" for "hell-fire." But one of the most glaring instances of the revisers' method of chopping and changing the Authorised Version to suit the Greek will be found in Matt. xiii. 37, 39, where the revisers give us, "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man; *and* the field is the world; *and* the good seed, these are the sons of the kingdom; *and* the tares are the sons of the evil one; *and* the enemy that sowed them is the devil; *and* the harvest is the end of the world." These additional "*ands*," marked in italics, happily found no place in the Authorised Version, and by their omission it gained in simplicity and strength. Now, the Greek word

here rendered "*and*" is not the regular Greek conjunction *kai*, which precisely and properly represents our "*and*," but rather the Greek particle "*de*," of constant recurrence, and rarely if ever translated, —but if so, generally rendered by "but." Why, we ask, have the revisers deviated from their more usual method, and given us so many "*ands*" in the passage quoted, when the original has not a single *kai*— the representative of our "*and*"? Again, it is a pity that the revisers had not consulted some English grammar or some English grammarian before they sent forth from the Jerusalem Chamber as "idiomatic English" (St. Luke xviii. 6), "If *ye have* faith as a grain of mustard seed, *ye would* say to this sycamore-tree, Be thou removed, be thou planted in the sea, and it would *have obeyed* you." This is certainly more Greek in form than English. It is a further matter of grave regret that the revisers have left unrevised many terms confessedly either not at all understood by the masses, or altogether misunderstood by them ; such as "charger," "cumbered," "publican" (where we ought to have had either "tax-farmer" or "tax-collector"), "pinnacle" of the temple (for which we ought to have had "wing"), and many such other words ; while they have aggravated their faults by adding new puzzles for simple, uneducated people, such as the word "*apparition*." In the last case, as in many others, the revisers have evidently had their eye on the Greek word rather than on its English equivalent, and have altogether ignored the excellent advice given by Cardinal Newman:—

"Translation in itself is but a problem how, two languages being given, the nearest approximation may be made in the second to the expression of ideas already conveyed through the medium of the first. The problem almost starts with the assumption that something must be sacrificed, and the chief question is, What is the least sacrifice? Under these circumstances, perhaps, it is fair to lay down that, while every care must be taken against the introduction of new or the omission of existing ideas in the original text, yet, in a book intended for general reading, faithfulness may be held to consist in expressing in English the *sense* of the original, the actual words of the latter being viewed as *directions into* its meaning, and scholarship being necessary in order to give the full insight which they afford; and next, that where something must be sacrificed to precision and intelligibility, it is better in a popular work to be understood by those who are not critics than to be applauded by those who are."

The stately dignity of the style of the Authorised Version in many passages is sadly lowered by the changes introduced by the revisers. Take, for example, "the *boy* Jesus," for the Authorised Version,

"the *child* Jesus"; "*signs*" for "*miracles*"; "*release* and ye shall be *released*," as a substitution for "*forgive* and ye shall be *forgiven*"; "what shall a man give in exchange for his *life*"? instead of "what should a man give in exchange for his *soul*"? and "*eternal tabernacles*" for "everlasting *habitations*." Now, in this last substitution the revisers would have shown themselves much wiser in their generation, and more alive to the distinctions of English if not of Greek synonyms, by keeping to the words of the Authorised Version, for the term *tabernacle* carries with it a sort of distinct connotation of what is *transient* and *temporary*, as the tabernacle was only a *temporary* building, and as such opposed to the *mansion* or the *permanent abode* and the *everlasting habitation*. So that "eternal tabernacle," viewed from this standpoint, becomes a sort of contradiction in terms; for if *eternal*, it cannot be strictly a *tabernacle*; and if a *tabernacle*, it cannot be *eternal*.

Was it, we wonder, from a prescient consciousness of the possible superiority of the older version in the eyes of the public, that the revisers altered the Authorised Version, "the old wine is better," into "the old is good," to blunt the point of any contrast which might be drawn between the older and the newer version?

A very considerable number of the new phrases introduced by the revisers are simply usurpers, and can claim no right to any position in biblical phraseology. Such phrases as the "*liberty of glory*," "*mind of flesh*," "*hell of fire*," are certainly very literal transcripts of the Greek, but they come to us as utter aliens, which have never been naturalised in our language, and are strangers that frighten us with their strange looks and unfamiliar sound. Is such phraseology, we ask, in harmony with the genius of our language, or likely to be understood by our people? Are these words that those who run may read, and read with understanding and edification? In what sense is the ordinary mind of the English Christian to understand the phrase, "the liberty of glory"? Does it mean the liberty that leads to glory, or the glory that is the effect of liberty, or rather the glorious liberty of those who serve God with a willing heart?—though this, its best and truest sense, is precisely the sense most remote of all from the form of expression used by the revisers. Equally puzzling and perplexing is the new phraseology, "hell of fire." What will this appear to mean to the ordinary reader? Does it mean a hell of fire as opposed to a hell of some other kind, as to the Tartarus of pagan mythology? or does it mean a *hell* of fire as opposed to a *heaven* of fire? We can understand the fire of hell, or hell fire; but really the revisers' new coinage, "hell of fire," is altogether beyond our poor understanding.

One of the most unpardonable sins perpetrated by the revisers has been their uncharitable elimination of the word "*charity*" from St. Paul's triad of the Christian graces, and the substitution of the word "*love*." This is a very grave offence alike against English religious instincts and literary taste. The word "charity" is much too precious, much too dear to the heart, much too sweet to the ear of English Christendom, ever to be lost to the language of Scripture, and too deeply interwoven with the very fibre of biblical phraseology ever to be torn asunder from it. "Charity" is "love," but it is something grander and greater, more glorious and more divine than "love," which may be a mere human passion, a mere earthly principle, a mere carnal appetite, a mere passing sentiment. But "charity" is a golden coinage, expressly minted in the Christian Church, expressly stamped with the divine image, to mark it off from the comparatively valueless if not incomparably baser coin which too often passes current under the name of "love" on the lips that speak the language of England. Here the Greek word *agape* has confessedly two meanings: it means the divine love which we call "charity," and the human affection which we call "love." The Greek word, in these its two best senses, is like a diamond with two facets—one reflecting, as it were, the brightness of heaven, the other a mere earthly light; and the revisers have chosen to ignore the brighter and more sacred reflection in favour of one that is less sacred and less brilliant—mainly guided, as they have been, by the erroneous principle of invariably rendering the same Greek word by the same English word. In carrying out their rule of almost uniformly rendering the same Greek term by the same English term, and this with little or no discrimination and discretion in crucial cases, the revisers have done uniform violence to the genius of our language, and a gross injustice to its inexhaustible resources. Unhappily, they have most relaxed their rule in cases of comparatively little import, and most rigidly enforced it where we lose much by so rigid an application of their rule. Now, two solid and unanswerable arguments may be urged against the revisers' canon and practice of uniformity of rendering. The first is drawn from the very nature of the Greek language, and especially of the Greek of the Greek Testament, which abounds in words that have *several meanings akin* to each other, but widely different in their applications and value, such as "*elencho*," to *convict* and to *convince*; *paracletos*, the Comforter and the Advocate; *agape*, love and charity. Now, if we adhere rigidly to the rule of giving to each Greek word, with its various meanings, only *one* rendering, we do it injustice by ignoring its other meanings, and we

further wrong our readers by giving them an imperfect and inadequate interpretation of all that the Greek word denotes and connotes. If the Greek word, like a diamond with many facets, reflects many lights and many lustres, it is only due to the English reader that he should have all these lights and lustres brought to his mind's eye, and the more so as the light and the lustre is that of Heaven ; and if all the lights cannot be reflected in one passage where the word occurs, then the unreflected lights of the word should be reflected in other passages.

Our next argument is drawn from the very nature of the English language, essentially distinguished as it is from Greek by the variety of its phraseology, owing to its composite character and varied origin. Hence we have such bilinguals as "act" and "deed," "mirth" and "jollity," "sin" and "wickedness." Now, why should the revisers set at nought the rule of their predecessors on this point, and force upon the English language principles repugnant to its nature, contrary to its usages, which serve no other purpose than that of securing a dull and monotonous uniformity? What, we ask, is gained, for example, by altering the Authorised Version, 1 Cor. xii. 4–6, into "There are *diversities* of gifts, and there are *differences* of administration, and there are *diversities* of operation," from "There are *diversities* of gifts, there are *diversities* of administration, and there are *diversities* of operations"? In the original Greek of this passage nothing is made to turn by the writer on uniformity of wording, and therefore nothing can be lost ; but something can well be gained to the English reader by a diversity of wording, for this would break the monotony of the repetition. But, with a singular and unaccountable inconsistency, in many passages where the strength of the argument or the beauty and point of the illustration of the inspired writer does turn on the repetition of the same word in a simple or compound form, the revisers pass it by with silent contempt or in sheer ignorance, and thus do an injustice to the Greek and a wrong to the reader. Here is an example of what is meant. In St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, who were famous for their architectural skill and celebrated for their beautiful temples and houses, the Apostle reminds them (chap. ii. v. 20–21) that they were members of the *house* of God ; and he plays throughout on the word *house*, telling the Ephesians that they were built up as a *house* on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ himself being the chief corner-stone, on whom the building of the *house* grows into an holy temple in the Lord, for an everlasting *house* of God. Now much of the point of the passage is blunted by the revisers when

they follow the Authorised Version – "But ye are fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God, being built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself being the chief corner-stone, in whom each several building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple in the Lord, in which ye also are builded together for a habitation of God." Nor do the revisers show more respect for their own principle of uniformity of wording even in rendering our Lord's words, as in Matt. x. 26, where they repeat, as they often do elsewhere, the errors of the Authorised Version—"For there is nothing *covered* that shall not be *revealed*," instead of the more forcible and more faithful rendering, "For there is nothing *covered* which shall not be *uncovered*." On almost every page of the work the revisers have violated their own rule of uniformity of rendering, as when they give us at different passages, for one and the same Greek word, the following different renderings:—"Holy Ghost, Holy Spirit"; "born, conceived"; "bidden, commanded, appointed."

If the revisers had been faithful to their own ideal, and consistent with their own rules of uniformity of wording, they could not have so persistently ignored the cognate constructions which are so frequent in the original. This construction, which adds precision and beauty to passages, is by no means an alien to our own language, for we use it in such phrases as *die the death, fight the fight, sing the song*. In our Lord's Sermon on the Mount the revisers give us, and rightly give us, "Swear not by the earth, for it is the *footstool of his feet*"—precisely as we find it in the Greek. The same construction, when found in many other passages, is altogether ignored by them, as when they give us "*uncovered the roof*" instead of "*unroofed the roof*," and "no man putteth a piece of undressed cloth" for "no man *patcheth a patch*"; or again, in the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, they render "for we hear of some that walk among you disorderly, that *work not at all*, but are *busy bodies*," where the Greek is very forcible, and means "that do *not* mind their own *business*, but *busy* themselves about other people's *business*." Here the rendering of the revisers not only dulls the point of the original, by refusing to recognise its cognate form of presentation, but actually misrepresents the sense; for the Apostle does not complain of the indolence or idleness of the Thessalonians, but he does complain of their working or busying themselves with what was *not their own business*, and for such unnecessary *business* neglecting their own *business*.

Amongst the most striking sins of omission perpetrated by the

revisers is their rendering of St. Mark's Gospel, chap. vii. 26, where they have left the Authorised Version unrevised, and have rendered "now the woman was a Greek, a Syrophœnician by *race*," which is simply a contradiction in terms, for if the woman were a Greek, then she was not a Syrophœnician, and *vice versâ*. Here the word rendered "Greek" should have been rendered "Gentile," as is elsewhere done by the revisers, and this would have turned nonsense into sense. The older translators were much wiser in their generation, for Wicliff rendered the word by "Heathen," and even the generally inaccurate Rheims version gives us "Gentile." If the aim of the revisers was to place before the mind of English readers all that the Greek expressed, neither more nor less, it is difficult to understand the silent contempt with which they have treated so many of the Greek prepositions, *especially in composition*, and the Greek diminutives, as well as the collocation of the Greek words. Here is a sample of the treatment complained of: in St. Matt. i. 20, 21, the Greek compound verb is simply rendered "take" by the revisers, who would have done it more justice by rendering it "take to *thy side*," for here the word is *technical*, and marks a matrimonial usage. The same Greek preposition is frequently ignored alike by the Authorised Version and the revisers, even where the full point and precision of the sentence seem to turn on it; as, for example, at St. Matt. xxvi. 53, the revisers give us: "Or thinkest thou that I cannot *beseech* my Father, and he shall send me more than twelve legions of angels?" where the Greek means, "Thinkest thou that I cannot *call* my Father to *my side*, and he shall *place by my side* more than twelve legions of angels?" The two compound verbs here are both technical military terms; the former, *parakalesai*, implies summoning to one's side as an *ally;* and the second, *parastesai*, is a military term for drawing up soldiers in close array *side by side;* and both these terms are in perfect harmony with the military *legion*, a Roman word for which in English we should employ the term *regiment*. As a sample of the revisers' comparative neglect of the Greek diminutives we point to St. Matt. xv. 26, "And he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to *the dogs*," where "little dogs" more satisfies the requirements of the Greek and the context. Here Wicliff and Tyndale and the Anglo-Saxon version give us "whelps," and it is to those earlier versions that Chaucer evidently alludes in his Friar's Tale—

> Thinke one the woman Canaan that said
> That whelpes eate some of the crumbes alle
> That from the Lorde's table downe falle,

It would, as a rule, be a dangerous innovation for any translator to reproduce in his version the order of the original words in every instance, if this were possible; but it certainly becomes an imperative duty to respect the order of the original when in the language from which he translates a word is placed first for special emphasis, and the language into which he translates easily admits of giving the same word the same prominent position to which it is entitled—"Ordo verborum," writes St. Augustine, "est sacramentum." At St. Luke xxii. 49, the writer places the Greek word for a *kiss* first in the sentence, to call special attention to it, and to connect it more closely with the previous sentence. Here the revisers render, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" whereas the Greek order demands, "*Is it with a kiss*, Judas, thou betrayest the Son of man?" for this brings the question of our Lord more in harmony with what went immediately before, "He drew near unto Jesus to kiss him." In St. John xviii. 36 the revisers seem equally blind to the emphatic order of the Greek, and give us, "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight," where the Greek order runs, "My kingdom is not of this world, for if *of this world* were my kingdom," where the reversed order is adopted for emphasis. It is further a matter of regret that the revisers almost uniformly reject the usage of the Greek *emphatic* article, which so often sharpens the point, and clothes with beauty the terms to which it is applied. Thus, for example, in St. John's Gospel, our Lord calls himself, not, as the revisers, following the Authorised Version, give it, "the true light," "the true bread," "the good shepherd," "the true vine"; but, as the Greek runs, "the light—the true light," "the bread—the true bread," "the shepherd—the good shepherd," "the vine—the true vine." By some such reproduction in English of this emphatic form in the original the revisers would have done far more justice to the Greek, and brought out more the meaning of the Divine Master without doing any violence to the English language, which admits such emphatic usages—as we find in Shakespeare's "farewell, a *long* farewell," "a frost, a *killing* frost"; and in the most powerful passages of our best prose writers, and of our greatest orators—as, for example, in Burke's "the medium, the *only* medium, for regaining their affection and confidence."

T. H. L. LEARY.

THE EARL OF ESSEX'S REBELLION.

ON the death of the Earl of Leicester, the vacancy his departure had created in the ranks of the favourites around the throne was soon filled up. In spite of her intellectual gifts, the firmness and determination of her character, and a repellent hauteur which was due to her Tudor blood, Elizabeth was as susceptible to flattery as if she had been the silliest of her sex. Though now long past the age when woman inspires admiration for her beauty, she loved to be surrounded by courtiers who read sonnets in her praise, who lauded her classic brow and the exquisite regularity of her features, and who paid her the same homage as if she had been not only a reigning queen, but a reigning belle. As time sped on, and made her all the more the wreck of her former self, she became more and more exacting; she hated to hear her gallants express admiration for any woman but herself, or to speak of beauty unless their remarks applied to her, or that they should excite her jealousy by marrying without her approval. A vain, elderly creature, she, who in Council could be so keen and penetrating, would greedily swallow the most fulsome flattery, without observing its inconsistency or the sneer that often lay hid in its words. In spite of failing health and of the reflections from her mirror, she considered herself the loveliest of women, and that all her courtiers were enamoured of her.

At this time her special favourite was Robert Devereux, the second Earl of Essex. Young, handsome, a scholar and a poet, with a courage which was noted even in those days, when courage was considered everything, he had all the gifts to seduce the affections of a woman of the temperament of Elizabeth. From the first hour when he had been presented at Court by his stepfather, the favourite Leicester, he had won the regard of the Queen. He was different from the scheming, servile courtiers who surrounded her. Educated at Cambridge and the friend of Burghley, the young man was well read in his sovereign's favourite classics; his conversation had all the charms of culture and yet of originality, and he was of the age when poetry becomes the most fascinating of studies. Elizabeth took no pains to conceal her liking for the boy-earl. He was during the first months

of his life at Court her constant companion ; he read aloud to her, he composed sonnets to her, and there was that sympathetic relationship between them which often exists between a lad and a woman much older than himself. Like most whose character is naturally domineering, the Queen fully appreciated the cool audacity of the young Earl, who, declining to be intimidated by her presence, offered his opinions and maintained them, in spite of all opposition from her Majesty.

Essex was, however, not to pass his youth in the luxurious ease of a Court. Towards the close of the year 1585, he accompanied the Earl of Leicester to Holland, where he so distinguished himself at the battle of Zutphen, that the honour of a Knight-Banneret was conferred on him. Returning home, the Queen advanced him to the office of Master of the Horse, though he was then barely twenty years of age ; and on the approach of the Armada she created him a general of horse and presented him with the coveted Order of the Garter. These rewards made him all the more eager for further action. He accompanied the expedition of Norris and Drake to Spain, to place Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal, much to the Queen's disgust, who wrote him a sharp letter, bidding him return at once. "Whereof you see you fail not," she said, "as you will be loath to incur our indignation, and will answer for the contrary at your uttermost peril." To this command Essex, with his customary boldness, paid not the slightest attention ; yet, on his return, Elizabeth, after a few days of ill-simulated anger, fully pardoned him, and conferred upon him several valuable grants from the Crown. In 1591 the favourite was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces sent into Normandy to assist Henry the Fourth of France in recovering Rouen ; a few years later he was despatched with Lord Howard to Cadiz, to wreck the Spanish fleet and destroy the town, in which expedition he displayed his usual gallantry. On his return he was appointed Master of the Ordnance, and created Earl Marshal of England.

Essex was now at the height of his good fortune. He held every honour and office that a courtier could covet ; young men who sought advancement rather paid their court to him in preference to the Secretary of State ; he was beloved by the mob ; whilst the Puritans regarded him as the successor to the Earl of Leicester, and as their natural protector. So rapid an elevation to the highest honours had its usual consequences. Essex, naturally haughty, became arrogant and domineering ; he dictated to all who crossed his path, and declined to be interfered with ; even to the Queen he was at times most offensive, and spoke in tones which would have cost another

man his head. His pride was now to receive a severe lesson. At a meeting of a few members of the Council a discussion arose between Elizabeth and the favourite as to the choice of some fit and able person to superintend the affairs of Ireland, which were as usual in a turbulent and unsatisfactory condition. The Queen gave her voice in favour of Sir William Knollys; Essex, on the contrary, voted for Sir George Carew. Hating dictation as much as her favourite, Elizabeth instructed Sir Robert Cecil to appoint Knollys to the post; whereupon Essex, forgetful of his loyalty as a subject and his manners as a gentleman, shrugged his shoulders and turned his back contemptuously upon his sovereign. Such conduct, and especially before spectators, Elizabeth declined to overlook; she walked up to the favourite, soundly boxed his ears, and bade him, in words very significant of the coarseness of her age, "Go and be hanged!" Blind with passion, Essex clapped his hand to his sword, and with a great oath swore that "he never would pardon so gross an affront, no, not even from Henry the Eighth," and without another word passed through the doors and quitted the Court.

Weeks sped on, and still Essex, sullen and vindictive, refused to make apology for his conduct, preferring to shut himself up in rigid seclusion. The Queen, after her first burst of anger, had keenly regretted the insult she had put upon her favourite; yet she felt that the dignity of the Crown must be maintained, and Essex be the one to sue for pardon. Let him, she said, but express sorrow for his rudeness, and he would not find her cruel. The friends of Essex now interfered, and advised him to be contrite and penitent. Sir Henry Ley wrote to him, and tried to pour oil on the troubled waters. "Your honour," he said,[1] "is more dear to you than your life. Yet consider that she is your sovereign, whom you may not treat upon equal conditions. . . . Your wrongs may be greater than you can well digest, but consider how great she is, and how willing to be conquered; what advantage you have in yielding when you are wronged, and what disadvantage by facing her on whose favour you rely; how strong you will make your enemies, and how weak your friends; how provoked patience may turn to fury, and delayed anger to hatred. Only whatever peace you make, use no means but yourself; it will be more honourable to you and more acceptable to her." The Lord Keeper Egerton expressed himself to the same effect. "I offer," he wrote,[2] "loving advice, as bystanders often see more clearly than people do themselves in their own causes.

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, edited by Mrs. Green, [Aug. ?] 1598.
[2] Ibid.

This long-continued and unseasonable discontent will make your cause worse and worse. You may yet return safely, but to progress is desperate; you leave your friends open to contempt, and encourage foreign enemies by the news that her Majesty and the realm are maimed of so worthy a member, who has so often daunted them. Also you fail in the duty which by nature, policy, and religion you owe to the Queen. Let me advise you to bend to the time and yield to your sovereign, whereby may ensue great good and no dishonour. The difficulty is in self-conquest, which is the height of true valour. If you do this the Queen will be satisfied, your country and friends benefited, yourself honoured, and your enemies disappointed."

Still Essex failed to be convinced. "I would sooner make you a judge," he writes to the Lord Keeper,[1] "than any other, but I must appeal from earthly judges, when the highest has imposed the heaviest punishment on me without trial. I am not unreasonably discontent; but the passionate indignation of a prince is an unseasonable tempest, when a harvest for painful labours is expected, and the smart must be cured or the senseless part cut off. The Queen is obdurate, and I cannot be senseless. I see an end of my fortunes, and have set an end to my desires. My retirement neither injures others nor myself. I am released from duty to my country by my dismissal. I will always owe duty to her Majesty as an Earl Marshal of England, and I have served her as a clerk, but cannot as a slave. You bid me give way to time; I have done so by going out of the way, but I cannot yield truth to be falsehood." Then he continued that his body suffered in every part of it by that blow given him by the sovereign. "What!" he cried, "is it impossible for crowned heads to do wrong, and so to stand accountable to their subjects? Was any power below of an unlimited nature? And has not Solomon said that he is a fool who laughs when he is stricken? I have suffered so many and great injuries," concluded the Earl, "that I cannot but resent them from my very heart." Still, in spite of his determination, absence from the sunshine of the royal favour brought him after a few months into a more malleable frame of mind; he tendered an apology, which was at once accepted. It is, however, very doubtful whether the Queen ever entertained the same friendly feelings towards Essex as she had before this quarrel. His friends dated his ruin from the day when he had insulted his sovereign. "Fortune," they said, "seldom caresses a cast-off favourite a second time, and princes once disobliged are seldom heartily reconciled."

The Ireland which Elizabeth had received as one of the

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, [Aug.?] 1598.

inheritances of the Crown, was the most miserable of countries. The island was literally inhabited by savages. The Irish led a nomad life, tending a few cattle, sowing a little corn, building here and there mud cabins when actually necessary to shield them from the inclemency of the weather, and using only their cloaks for bed and raiment. "A man," wrote the Archbishop of Armagh to the Queen at the beginning of her reign, "may ride south, west, and north, twenty or forty miles, and see neither house, corn, nor cattle; many hundreds of men, women, and children are dead of famine." The civilised Englishmen who had planted their settlements in the country looked upon the inhabitants as a race of serfs, to be worked to death, to be bullied, and, if disobedient to orders, to be shot down without mercy. "The Irishmen," wrote one Andrew Trollope to Walsingham,[1] "except in walled towns, are not Christians, civil or human creatures, but heathen, or rather savage and brute beasts. For many of them, as well women as men, go commonly naked, having only a loose mantle hanging about them; if any of them have a shirt and a pair of single solid shoes, which they call brogues, they are especially provided for. And the Earl of Clancar and the Lord Maurice came to present themselves to my Lord Deputy at Dublin, in all their bravery, and the best garment they wore was a russet Irish mantle, worth about a crown piece, a leather jerkin, a pair of hose, and a pair of brogues, but not all worth a noble. And their feed is flesh if they can steal any, for they have no occupations or have been brought up to any labour to earn anything. And if they can get no stolen flesh, they eat, if they can get them, leek-blades and a three-leafed grass, which they call shamrock, and for the want thereof carrion and grass in the fields, with such butter as is too loathsome to describe. The best of them have seldom bread, and the common sort never look after any." Savage, half-starved, hating their conquerors, the Irish were always on the watch for opportunity to rise against the English. Any leader who came forward to redress their grievances was sure of a following; if the English troops in possession of the island had their ranks thinned, the Irish at once broke loose and robbed and murdered all within their reach; the whole reign of Elizabeth was one incessant struggle to keep under Irish disaffection.

Shortly after the release of Essex, these difficulties became a great source of anxiety to the Government. Hugh O'Neale, the nephew of Shan O'Neale, or the Great O'Neale, had been created, by the favour of Elizabeth, Earl of Tyrone. This noble savage, after murdering his cousin, the heir of the rebel, caused himself

[1] *State Papers of Ireland*, 1574–1585; edited by Hans Claude Hamilton.

to be acknowledged as head of the clan, and at once proceeded to dispute the feeble authority of the English in the island. Having entered into a correspondence with Spain, he obtained a large supply of arms and ammunition from Madrid; and then uniting all the Irish chieftains under his standard, he boldly assumed the aggressive. For years he successfully defied the arms of Sir John Norris, the English commander, and inflicted a severe defeat upon Sir Henry Bagnal, Norris's successor, in a pitched battle at Blackwater. These victories caused Tyrone to be regarded by his countrymen as the deliverer of Ireland, and stimulated the efforts of the Irish to further and more dangerous opposition. It now became evident to the Council at home that the rebellion across St. George's Channel had assumed a form which it was most short-sighted to ignore or trifle with. An army of eighteen thousand men was raised to crush the disaffected Irish, and Essex—for the Ireland of Elizabeth's day was the great school of rude soldiership—prevailed upon the Queen to appoint him governor of Ireland, with the title of Lord Lieutenant. Amid the applause of the nation he crossed over to Dublin to take command of the troops. Unfortunately, though all his applications for reinforcements and arms were readily granted by the Council, and the parsimonious Elizabeth moaned that she paid him a thousand pounds a day, Essex failed to distinguish himself. He dawdled his time away, he exhausted his men by useless marches and countermarches, sickness set in and reduced the number of his forces, whilst the enemy hung upon his rear worrying the English in irregular skirmishes, yet ever carefully avoiding a decided engagement.

Negotiations now took place. Tyrone sent a message to Essex, desiring a conference, which was agreed to; proposals for a truce most favourable to the Irish were discussed, and it appears that Essex had at this time also commenced a disloyal correspondence with the enemy. The anger of the Queen at this termination of hostilities so degrading to her troops was extreme. She expressed her dissatisfaction to Essex, but ordered him to remain at his post until he received her further commands. The Lord Lieutenant, however, fully aware of the capital that his enemies would make out of his misdirection of the campaign, and not yet certain that he had completely regained the good favour of his mistress, refused to give malice time enough to insinuate its poison, but hurried home with all haste. Wearied and travel-stained, he presented himself at Court at an early hour of the morning, hastened upstairs, looked in at the presence-chamber, then at the privy chamber, nor scrupled to enter the royal bedchamber, where Elizabeth, her toilet not completed, was sitting

with her hair unbrushed and falling about her face and shoulders. Essex threw himself upon his knees before her, kissed her hands, and implored her not to judge him by the counsels of his enemies. The Queen, now only under the influence of the tender feeling consequent upon seeing her favourite again, was very kind and gracious. She looked lovingly upon him, and failed to say a single word of reproach. Quitting the chamber, Essex, most agreeably disappointed, thanked God that, though he had suffered much trouble and many storms abroad, he had found a sweet calm at home.

But the favourite had been too hasty in arriving at his conclusions. His offences were not to be so easily condoned. On reflection the Queen felt that the case before her was one to be decided, not by the heart, but by the head. Essex had been guilty of the most culpable military negligence, he had spent vast sums of money for no purpose, and in arranging a truce with Tyrone he had acted with an independence which was an insult to the Crown. Elizabeth soon showed the change in her sentiments. In the afternoon she met Essex, looked darkly upon him, and bade him be confined to his chamber until she gave orders for his release. A few days afterwards his case was made a special subject of discussion by the Council. The Lord Keeper, Egerton, expressed himself very severely. The whole campaign, he cried, had been most disgracefully mismanaged. The directions of her Majesty had not been followed. "Instead," said his lordship, "of the army being led against the arch-rebel in Ulster, it was carried into Munster, and people and treasure wasted. Then a parley was had with Tyrone, and dishonourable conditions accepted, which left her Majesty Queen only in name, whilst my Lord of Essex presumed on a bare promise of truce to leave the realm and come over, contrary to her Majesty's express command." The Lord Treasurer followed suit. The expenses of this attempt, he said, had been enormous. All the demands of the Lord Lieutenant had been amply answered. Arms, ammunition, and clothing had been sent to Dublin without stint. As to pay, the army had been royally treated. No fault could be found with the commissariat, for there had always been a three months' supply of provisions beforehand. "This expedition," concluded the Treasurer, "has hardly cost her Majesty less in the seven months than 300,000*l.* My Lord of Essex is too honourable and just to deny that he has been royally furnished." After speeches of a similar character from the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Secretary Cecil, the Council delivered their verdict. They were of opinion that Essex had made wrong use of the treasure committed to him, that he had been dilatory in his movements, that he

had exceeded his powers and had disobeyed orders.[1] Their report was handed to the Queen, and the favourite was kept in strict seclusion, not even being permitted to see his countess, in the house of the Lord Keeper. From the Michaelmas of 1599 to the August of 1600 Essex was a prisoner.

During the weary months of his confinement he wrote frequently to the Queen.[2] He openly acknowledged his offences, trusted to her "princely and angelic nature," and implored that this cup might pass from him. He only desired life, he said, to expiate his former offences, and to recover the favour of his Queen. Still, he pleaded in vain. His successor in Ireland was winning brilliant victories, and the Queen, played upon by the malice of those who hated Essex, refused to grant the prayers of her former favourite. To the prisoner life unsunned by the royal presence was worse than death. "Before all letters written in this hand be banished," he pleads again,[3] "or he that sends this enjoins himself eternal silence, be pleased to read over these humble lines. At sundry times I received those words as your own, 'that you meant to correct and not to ruin,' since which time when I languished in four months' sickness, forfeited almost all that I was able to engage, felt the very pangs of death upon me, and saw my poor reputation not suffered to die with me, but buried and I alive. I yet kissed your fair correcting hand, and was confident in your royal word; for I said to myself, 'Between my ruin and my sovereign's favour there is no mean; and if she bestow favour again, she gives it with all things that in this world I either need or desire.' But now that the length of my troubles and the increase of your indignation have made all men so afraid of me as my own poor state is ruined, and my friends and servants like to die in prison, because I cannot help myself with my own, I not only feel the weight of your indignation, and am subject to their malicious informations that first envied me your favour and now hate me out of custom; but, as if I were thrown into a corner like a dead carcass, I am gnawed on and torn by the basest creatures upon earth. The prating tavern-haunter speaks of me what he lists; the frantic libeller writes of me what he lists; they print me and make me speak to the world, and shortly they will play me upon the stage. The least of these is worse than

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Speeches by the Council in the Star Chamber, November 28, 1599.

[2] His letters begging to be restored to favour, amongst the *State Papers*, are those of February 11 and 12; April 4; May 12 (two); June 21; July 26; August 27; September 6, 9, and 22; September ? (two); October 4 and 18; October ? 1600.

[3] Ibid. May 12, 1600.

death, but this is not the worst of my destiny; for you, who have protected from scorn and infamy all to whom you once avowed favour but Essex, and never repented of any gracious assurance you had given till now, have now, in this eighth month of my close imprisonment, rejected my letters and refused to hear of me, which to traitors you never did. What remains is only to beseech you to conclude my punishment, my misery, and my life all together, that I may go to my Saviour, who has paid Himself a ransom for me, and who (methinks) I still hear calling me out of this unkind world in which I have lived too long, and once thought myself too happy." The continued silence of his Queen pained him beyond measure. "I must sometimes moan, look up and speak, that you may know your servant lives," he writes again.[1] "I live, though sick in spirit unto death, yet mourn not for impatiency, as commonly sick men do. I look up to you, mine only physician, yet look for no physic till you think the crisis past and the time fit for a cure. I speak the words of my soul, yet cannot utter that which most concerns me, and should give my full heart greatest ease; therefore I say to myself, 'Lie still, look down and be silent.' You never buried alive any creature of your favour, and have passed your princely word that your correction is not intended for the ruin of your humblest vassal." Then, since moaning will not move his mistress, he tries a lighter strain: "Haste, paper, to that happy presence," he exclaims,[2] "whence only unhappy I am banished! Kiss that fair correcting hand which lays now plasters to my lighter hurts, but to my greatest wound applieth nothing. Say thou camest from shaming, languishing, despairing Essex."

To many, the harshness with which the ex-favourite was now treated by the Court was far from approved of. His courage, his genial manners, the cool audacity which characterised his opposition to most things, had raised Essex to the position of a mob hero. The crowd cheered him under the windows of his prison, murmured against his confinement, and groaned at the names of his enemies. With a certain section of the clergy, the favourite, from the comparative purity of his past life, the soundness of his Protestantism, and from his position as patron of the Puritans, had always been popular. In his hour of need, and more especially as he was laid low with fever, the Church now proved her friendship for him. In the diocese of London, special prayers were put up for him, and allusions made to his case from the pulpit. For such ecclesiastical

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* July 26, 1600.
[2] Ibid. September 6, 1600.

sympathy the Bishop of London was in bad odour at the Court. "My Lord Grace tells me," writes Dr. Edward Stanhope to his brother, Sir John Stanhope, the Treasurer of the Chamber,[1] "that her Majesty has taken offence at my Lord of London, and is not well pleased with his Grace for the indiscretion of some ministers in and about London. Some have, in their sermons at Paul's Cross, uttered matters impertinent to her government and unfitting their place, and therein have preached undutifully; others, not respecting the Earl of Essex's restraint as they ought to have done, have in their sermons, also at Paul's Cross, prayed for him by name; others have caused their bell to be knelled as a passing-bell for him, and have recommended him by name to God in their public prayers, and have had prayers purposely made for him." From a statement made to the Council by the rector of St. Andrew's in the Wardrobe, London, we learn the form of prayer that was used on that occasion; it ran as follows:[2]—"I humbly beseech Thee, dear Father, to look mercifully with Thy gracious favour upon that noble Barak Thy servant, the Earl of Essex, strengthening him in the inward man against all his enemies. O Lord, make his bed in this his sickness, that so Thy gracious corrections now upon him may be easy and comfortable unto him as Thy fatherly instructions. And in Thy good time restore him unto his former health, and gracious favour of his and our most dread sovereign, to Thy glory, the good of this church and kingdom, and the grief and discouragement of all wicked Edomites that bear evil will to Zion, and say to the walls of Jerusalem 'There, there, down with it, down with it to the ground.'" Babington, Bishop of Worcester, was also reprimanded for having given expression to this sympathy.

The prisoner was now to be set at liberty. So much mercy the Queen showed him, that before he gained his freedom she had his case submitted judicially to the Privy Council, instead of to the terrible Star Chamber. The trial lasted eleven hours; Essex defended himself with ability and a dignified humility. The sentence passed upon him was, that he should be deprived of all his public offices except the post of Master of the Horse, and that he should return to his own house, and there remain a prisoner until it pleased her Majesty to give orders for his release. To Essex this verdict was more lenient than he had expected; he had regained his liberty, and his estates were not burdened with heavy fines; for offences much less than his, men had suffered death upon the scaffold, and their wives and children had been left destitute.

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* December 29, 1599.
[2] Ibid. Statement by David Roberts, B.D. January 1, 1600.

"Words, if you can," he writes to the Queen,[1] "express my lowly thankfulness, but press not, sue not, move not, lest passion prompt you, and I by you both be betrayed. Report my silence, my solitariness, my sighs, but not my hopes, my fears, my desires; for my uttermost ambition is to be a mute person in that presence where joy and wonder would bar speech, from the greatest lady's, in power and goodness, humblest vassal."

On his release from custody, Essex hastened down to his country seat, Ewelme Lodge, Oxfordshire. Both he and his friends were confident, since he had been allowed to hold the office of Master of the Horse, that he would speedily be summoned to Court, and once more reinstated as the powerful Essex of old, the cherished favourite of his sovereign. Still, weeks passed on, yet no messenger rode up to his gates in hot haste with the summons he so ardently expected. He was alone, and he felt he was forgotten; his mistress was of sterner stuff than he had imagined, for he had offended her where she was most resentful; he had acted independently of her authority—for Elizabeth was not only the Queen, but the Government—and he had made deep inroads upon her purse. The debts of Essex had always been enormous, and now that he was out of favour his creditors became exacting and pressed him for payment. In his more fortunate days the Queen had granted him a monopoly of sweet wines; the patent was on the eve of its expiration, and the quondam favourite was most anxious to have it renewed. He knew that the moment was most critical: if the grant were confirmed to him, he felt that all was not yet lost; if, however, it were refused, it would prove to him that the hope of restoration to the royal favour would henceforth be but the idlest of dreams. He wrote to the Queen.[2] "If conscience did not tell me," he said, "that without imploring your goodness at this time I should lose the present support, my poor estate, the hope of any ability to do you future service, and the means of satisfying a number of hungry creditors, who suffer me, in my retired life, to have no rest, I would still appear before you as a mute person. But since, this day seven night, the lease which I hold by your beneficence expires, and that farm is my chief maintenance and only means of compounding with the merchants to whom I am indebted, give me leave to remind you that your courses were to tend to correction, not to ruin. If my creditors would take for payment many ounces of my blood, or if the taking away of this

[1] *State Papers Domestic.* September, 9, 1600.
[2] Ibid. September 22, 1600.

farm would only for want pinch my body, you should never hear of this suit. I have no boldness to importune, and can draw no argument to solicit. The only suit which I can make willingly, and must make continually, to you is, that you will once again look with gracious eyes upon me."

Elizabeth, however, refused to be moved by honeyed words. She declined his request, adding that "an ungovernable beast must be stinted in his provender!" This contemptuous reply was the one drop that caused Essex's bitter cup to flow over. He had been imprisoned, he had been separated from his wife, he had been deprived of his offices, he had been reprimanded by the Council, and had been exiled by his Queen from her Court. Whatever were the offences he had committed, he had never attempted to palliate or deny them; he had acknowledged his guilt, and had been incessant in his prayers for pardon. Though his letters to his sovereign had remained unanswered, he had always written to her as the most penitent and respectful of subjects. "Until I may appear in your presence, and kiss your fair correcting hand, time itself is a perpetual night, and the whole world but a sepulchre,"[1] were almost the last words he wrote to her before maddened into desperation. He had never taken advantage of his popularity to side with the Queen's enemies and thus make himself a danger to the State. He had been loyal, repentant, and above the intrigues of a traitorous ambition. But the bow too much strained will break; and beneath the constant refusals of Elizabeth, the loyalty of Essex at last gave way. His wounded pride bade him abandon the humiliating pleadings of the past, and make his harsh mistress regret that she had ever driven him into the ranks of the opposition. Who was this relentless woman, he cried, to embitter his career and hand him over to his enemies? He did not attempt to conceal his opinions; he uttered insolent remarks about the Queen, which he knew would come to her ears; whilst he openly defied the Council.

There is no quarrel so bitter as the one between friends who have been estranged, where the man has had his pride wounded and the woman her vanity. The Queen called Essex a needy suppliant and a trickster, whilst the favourite retorted that Elizabeth was as crooked in her mind as in her body. From uttering offensive words, Essex now proceeded to meditate disloyal actions. Aware that he owed all his disgrace to the malice of his enemies, he resolved upon playing the part in England which the Duc de Guise had played in France—and compelling the Queen, even at

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* October 18, 1600.

the hazard of inciting the mob to revolt, to change her ministers. He secretly filled his house on the banks of the Thames with disaffected Catholics and Puritans, and had the rooms guarded by a strong force of armed retainers. Informed of these preparations, the Lord Keeper, the Earl of Worcester, Sir William Knollys, and the Lord Chief Justice visited Essex House, and inquired, on behalf of the Council, what was the meaning of this armed assembly? Essex replied that, as his life was in danger, it was necessary for him to seek the protection of his retainers. To this the Lord Chief Justice answered, that if Essex dismissed his forces, his case should be brought before the Queen, and justice done him. Hereupon the adherents of the favourite shouted that the Lords of the Council were only thus parleying to gain time, and a few raised the cry of "Kill them! kill them!" The Lord Keeper now asked to speak privately with Essex in his study. The request was granted; but once in the room, Essex gave orders that the Lord Keeper and the rest of the Lords of the Council with him should be detained, with "all honour and courtesy," until his return from the City. "You will be deceived there," said the Lord Keeper; "for the Queen has many good subjects in the City." "I have great hopes of the City," replied Essex, "else I would never go there." "Then, if that be so," added the Lord Chief Justice, "it will be an occasion of effusion of much English blood, and an occasion of spoiling of the City by desperate persons, and it will be the worst for the Earl of Essex and his company in the end." The Lords were kept in custody about three hours; but, "the better to pass the time," the Countess of Essex and Lady Rich came into the chamber and chatted with the prisoners.[1]

Meanwhile Essex had been busy trying to win over the citizens to his side. Accompanied by the Earls Rutland, Southampton, and Bedford, Lords Sandys, Monteagle, and Chandos, Sir William Constable, Sir Charles Danvers, Sir Charles Percy, Sir John Tracy, and a following of gentlemen of birth to the number of nearly two hundred, armed only with rapiers, the favourite marched east, bidding all he met to join him. But the affair had now got wind, and hasty preparations were made to defeat his ends. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen hurried from St. Paul's, where they were listening to a sermon, to put the City in arms. Charing Cross and the back parts of Westminster were strongly barricaded. Whitehall was guarded by troops. A proclamation was hastily drawn up, calling Essex a traitor, and a handsome reward was offered to all who would capture

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Sir John Davies. February 10, 1601.

him. It had been the intention of the favourite to go straight to the Court and seize the person of the Queen; but, hearing of the barricades at Charing Cross, and how well Whitehall was protected, he changed his mind and proceeded to the City to swell his following. Recruits, however, failed to enter his ranks. He walked up and down for four or five hours, but the citizens to a man refused to join him, though they dared not arrest him. Finding everywhere repulse instead of adherence, he began to return home. At Ludgate the gate was shut and vigorously defended by pikes. Sir Charles Blount was wounded and Sir John Tracy killed. To force the gate with his ill-armed retainers was impossible, and Essex now rapidly beat a retreat to Queenhithe, where he took boat for Essex House. Here they all shut themselves in, vowing "not to come alive into their enemies' hands."[1]

This stern resolve, however, soon cooled. Essex House, though well supplied with "warlike provisions," was not adapted to stand a siege. From three in the afternoon till late in the evening the troops of the Lord Admiral surrounded the house and essayed to take it by storm, but on each occasion they were vigorously repulsed by the besieged. Petards were now brought from the Tower, and the Lord Admiral threatened to blow up the house, which hitherto "he had forborne to do because my Ladies Essex and Rich were within it." The Queen had sent word that she would not sleep until Essex House had surrendered, and the Lord Admiral now proceeded to carry his threat into execution. To spare the gentlewomen in the house he offered Essex two hours' respite, so that such dames could be removed from all danger. This proposal was readily accepted. "And yourself, my Lord," cried Sir Robert Sydney to Essex, "what mean you to do? for the house is to be blown up by gunpowder unless you will yield." The only answer given was that they would the sooner fly to heaven. Essex was now remonstrated with upon the desperate act he was committing, and the Lord Admiral promised to place his grievances before the Queen if he would but surrender. "Ah!" cried Essex in despair, "there is no one near the Queen that will be suffered to make a true report of this action, or to speak a good word for me." On the promise, however, of the Lord Admiral that such would not be the case, both Essex and Southampton consented to yield. They were at once arrested, and, in company with the leaders of their conspiracy, sent to the Tower. "And so," writes Vincent Hussey,[2] "that dismal tumult, like the fit of Ephemera, or one day's ague, ceased."

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Cecil to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. February 10, 1601. Also Vincent Hussey to ——. February 11, 1601.

[2] Ibid. February 11, 1601. See also Cecil to Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Same date.

On the 19th of February 1600 the Earls of Essex and Southampton stood at the bar of the Court of the Lord High Steward in Westminster Hall to be tried for treason. The case was so clear against Essex that it seemed impossible he could be acquitted. It was proved by witness after witness that he had gone about with armed men to coerce or disinherit the Queen, that he had imprisoned the Lords of the Council sent with orders to disarm the rebels, that he had attempted to raise the citizens, and that he had turned his house into a fortress for unlawful purposes. "What need I," said Coke, "to stand upon further proofs?" "Essex's best cover," cried Bacon, "is to confess and not to justify." The favourite did not attempt to justify himself. He was not, he said, disloyal, nor had he ever entertained any idea of harming the Queen. His only object was to secure access to her Majesty, to unfold his griefs against his private enemies. He had never been a friend of sectaries or Papists, hypocrites or atheists. He admitted that he was wrong to have barricaded his house; his adherents had wished him to yield, and he hoped that no crimes of his would be visited upon them. Both prisoners were unanimously found guilty of treason, and sentence of death passed upon them. Southampton was afterwards reprieved. To the legal mind this trial is of great importance, since it was then laid down that to compel by force the King to change his policy was treason, and that rebellion and killing the King were offences deserving the same punishment. Upon this construction of Lord Coke's much of the subsequent law of treason rests.

As it was well known that Essex was beloved by the mob, and that an outcry might be raised against his imprisonment, instructions were drawn up by the Council for the use of the London clergy. In their sermons on the approaching Sunday they were to make special mention of the rebellion of the Earl of Essex—the most dangerous since the days of Richard the Second—and to paint his character in the blackest colours. They were to allude to his ingratitude in turning against the Queen after having had innumerable princely benefits heaped upon him; to his dissimulation and hypocrisy in matters of religion; to his disloyal conduct in Ireland, and to the courage and heroic magnanimity of the Queen. "Move, therefore," concludes the document,[1] "all thanksgiving to the Lord of hosts for her Majesty's most mighty deliverance, and to faithful prayer that God of His infinite mercy will still protect her." These instructions were carried out. "Order was taken the Sunday following," writes Vincent Hussey,[2]

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* "Directions for the Preachers." February 14? 1601.
[2] Ibid. February 18, 1601.

"that the preachers at Paul's Cross and other churches in London should deliver the same matters from the pulpit and decry the Earl of Essex as a hypocrite, Papist, and confederate with the Pope and the King of Spain, to make him king and bring in idolatry. But, as is usual in such cases, they, from malice or desire to please, amplified it beyond all probability. On the one side they 'crucify;' on the other there is such a jealousy of light and bad fellows, that it is rumoured the preachers of London will rise and deliver him out of the Tower. The trained bands of Essex, Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Surrey are called up to London, and lie in the suburbs adjoining the Court, which is guarded like a camp; and troops of armed men march up and down, as if the Spaniards were in the land. There is a company continually in Paul's Churchyard, two at the Exchange, and the Mayor of London has two knights in show, as though there were great mistrust."

It was not considered advisable by the Council that a long interval should elapse between the passing of the sentence and its execution. Essex was a prisoner who so warmly stirred the sympathies of the people, that every day his confinement became more and more dangerous. Now that her old favourite had been condemned to death, the Queen looked tenderly back upon the past, and was at times more prone to forgive the traitor than to send him to the scaffold. She thought of all that was in his favour—his daring, his handsome presence, his accomplishments, the pleasure she had enjoyed in his society, and preferred to forget his treachery and misconduct. She hated the sight of those who pressed her to sign the fatal warrant; she put off the evil day, she wept, and at last, torn by conflicting emotions, she fell seriously ill. Surrounded by the enemies of the prisoner, only one side of his case was constantly presented to her—his defiance of her authority, his ungenerous return for all the favours he had received, the flagrant character of the revolt he had excited, and, above all, the evil influence it would exercise upon the disaffected in the country should such an arch-traitor be pardoned. The unhappy woman hesitated between following the dictates of her heart and those of her judgment. At one time she took up her pen, resolved to end this painful indecision; but when she read what were to be the consequences of her signature, she bent her head upon the parchment and freely gave way to her emotions. Thus days passed, and Essex knew not whether he might expect pardon or suffer condemnation. Then the influence of Cecil prevailed, and the warrant was signed.

Late on the night of Tuesday, February 24, a despatch from the

Lords of the Council was handed to Lord Thomas Howard, the Constable of the Tower. He was informed that early on Wednesday morning he was to receive at the Tower "two discreet and learned divines," who had been sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the special request of her Majesty, to be present at the execution of the Earl of Essex, and "to give all comforts to his soul." Two divines had been sent, "because, if one faint, the other may perform it to the prisoner, of whose soul God have mercy." The Constable was then enjoined to take heed, with all care and circumspection, that Essex on the day of his execution rigidly confined himself in his speech from the scaffold within these limits: "viz., the confession of his great treasons and of his sins towards God, his hearty repentance and earnest and incessant prayers to God for pardon. But if he shall enter," continued the despatch, "into any particular declaration of his treasons, or accusation of any of his adherents therein, you shall forthwith break him from that course, for that the same was published at full length of his arraignment. Hereof you must have a very great and vigilant care, for it is no ways fit that at that time he enter into any such course." The writs of execution were enclosed, and the Constable was instructed "within half an hour after his lordship has supped" to repair to the prisoner and inform him that "to-morrow between six and seven he is appointed to receive the execution of his judgment; that therefore, like as hitherto he has always owned himself most resolute and constant to die, so now he do prepare himself accordingly, that his soul may participate of heaven, freed from the miseries of this wicked world." At ten o'clock at night, two hours after the warders had taken away the prisoner's supper, Sir John Peyton, the lieutenant of the Tower, informed Essex that on the morrow at dawn he was to be sent into eternity.[1]

On receiving this intelligence Essex threw up the window of his cell and cried to the guard, "My good friends, pray for me, and to-morrow you shall see in me a strong God in a weak man; I have nothing to give you, for I have nothing left but that which I must pay to the Queen to-morrow in the morning." He then laid down in his bed to rest, but shortly after midnight rose and dressed. In his cell were the two divines, Doctors Montfort and Barlow, sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and one Ashton, the private chaplain of Essex; with these the prisoner spent the time till morning in prayers, confession, and preaching. Between seven and

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Lords of Council to the Constable of the Tower. February 24, 1601.

eight A.M. Sir John Peyton entered his cell and bade the condemned man prepare for execution. Accompanied by his divines, Essex walked from his cell to the scaffold which had been erected in the high court where the church stands above Cæsar's tower. At his special request, he had begged to be executed privately within the Tower, and the Queen had answered his prayer. All the way from his prison to the scaffold Essex kept calling on God to give him strength and patience to the end, saying, "O God, give me true repentance, true patience, and true humility, and put all worldly thoughts out of my mind;" at the same time he entreated those who went with him to pray for him. Having ascended the scaffold, which was draped in black cloth, he stood surveying the scene for a moment. He was dressed in a gown of wrought velvet, a satin suit, and felt hat, all black. In the middle of the scaffold was the block, with the masked executioner standing at its side, and behind him the guard. Seated on forms three yards from the scaffold were the Earls of Cumberland and Hertford, Viscount Bindon, Lords Thomas Howard, Morley, and Compton, in company with several knights, gentlemen, and aldermen, to the number of one hundred. After a brief silence Essex turned towards the three divines and said, "O God, be merciful unto me, the most wretched creature upon earth." Then gazing at the peers and gentry in front of him he took off his hat, laid it aside, and made them a profound reverence. Casting his eyes up to heaven, he thus addressed his audience:—

"My lords, and you my Christian brethren who are to be witnesses of this my just punishment, I confess to the glory of God that I am a most wretched sinner, and that my sins are more in number than the hairs of my head; that I have bestowed my youth in pride, lust, uncleanness, vainglory, and divers other sins, according to the fashion of this world, wherein I have offended most grievously my God; and notwithstanding divers good motions inspired unto me from the Spirit of God, the good which I would I have not done, and the evil which I would not I have done: for all which I humbly beseech our Saviour Christ to be the Mediator unto the eternal Majesty for my pardon; especially for this my last sin, this great, this bloody, this crying, and this infectious sin, whereby so many for love of me have ventured their lives and souls, and have been drawn to offend God, to offend their sovereign, and to offend the world, which is as great a grief unto me as may be. Lord Jesus, forgive it us, and forgive it me, the most wretched of all; and I beseech her Majesty,

the State, and Ministers thereof, to forgive it us. The Lord grant her Majesty a prosperous reign, and a long one if it be His will. O Lord, grant her a wise and understanding heart; O Lord, bless her, and the nobles and ministers of the Church and State. And I beseech you and the world," he said, looking at his hearers, "to have a charitable opinion of me for my intention towards her Majesty, whose death, upon my salvation and before God, I protest I never meant, nor violence to her person; yet I confess I have received an honourable trial, and am justly condemned. And I desire all the world to forgive me, even as I do freely and from my heart forgive all the world." He then concluded, in refutation of the charges of his enemies, by declaring that he was neither an atheist nor a Papist, but a true Christian, trusting entirely for his salvation to the merit of his Saviour Jesus Christ, crucified for his sins. In this faith he had been brought up, and in this faith he died.

He now took off his gown and ruff, and advanced to the block. The executioner came to him and asked his pardon. "Thou art welcome to me," said Essex, "I forgive thee; thou art the minister of true justice." Then kneeling down on the straw before the block, with hands clasped and eyes raised to heaven, he prayed earnestly for faith, zeal, and assurance, craving patience "to be as becometh me in this just punishment inflicted upon me by so honourable a trial." On repeating the Lord's Prayer, in which all present joined with tears and lamentations, instead of the words "as we forgive them that trespass against us," he said, with marked emphasis, "as we forgive *all* them that trespass against us." Rising from his knees, he asked the executioner what was fit for him to do for disposing himself to the block. His doublet was taken off, but on hearing that his scarlet waistcoat would not interfere with the proceedings, he retained it. Then he laid himself flat upon the boards of the scaffold, and cried out, "Lord, have mercy upon me, Thy prostrate servant!" He was conducted to the block by his chaplain, and as he knelt before it said, "O God, give me true humility and patience to endure to the end; and I pray you all to pray with me and for me, that when you shall see me stretch out my arms and my neck on the block, and the stroke ready to be given, it may please the everlasting God to send down His angels to carry my soul before His mercy-seat." Then fitting his head into the hollow of the block, so that his neck rested firmly on the wood and was fully exposed to the stroke, he was bidden by the divines to repeat after them the beginning of the 51st Psalm. Having said the first two verses, he cried out,

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* "Account of the Execu
February 25, 1601. It varies considerably from all otl

COLONIAL ANIMALS AND THEIR ORIGIN.

PART II.

RASSEMBLONS des faits pour nous donner des idées, taking the term "ideas" as synonymous with that philosophy the praises of which have already been sufficiently extolled. From the array of facts through which we have progressed, what ideas or inferences concerning the origin of animal colonies can be reasonably derived? And, firstly, let us inquire what definition biology is prepared to offer as the criterion of animal or plant individuality. It is perfectly clear that some such test of an animal's nature is demanded, for instance, by the very diversity of form and constitution which the animal kingdom presents. An "individual" animal we may readily define, in respect of its structural constitution, as one in which all its parts and organs exist in such intimate relationship, that interference with one organ or series means the disorganisation of all. Close and intimately connected structure forms in reality the plainest criterion of the "individual" animal viewed from that side of biology which regards morphology or "structure" as the basis of its philosophy. The integral constitution of its material parts is thus the plain test of an animal's "individuality," from the structural point of view. On such grounds, the man or the dog is obviously a much more typical "individual" than a "newt," which can part with its tail or legs, and yet live and develope new members in the place of the injured parts; and the newt, in turn, is a truer "individual," judged by its structural interdependence, than the zoophyte, whose buds as they fall are replaced without material disorganisation of its constitution. Professor Asa Gray well sums up the structural view of the "individual," when he remarks: "The idea of individuality which we recognise throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is derived from ourselves, conscious individuals, and from our corporeal structure and that of the higher brute animals. This structure is a whole from which no part can be abstracted without mutilation. Each individual is an independent organism of which the component parts are reciprocally means and ends."

But another method of viewing the personality of the animal is found in the deductions of physiology. Not "what it is," but "from what it has originated," is the test of physiological individuality. That alone, in physiological eyes, is an "individual" animal which is the total result of the full development of a single egg. Whatever a single egg becomes, in other words, represents the individual animal or plant. Testing some of the examples already noted by this criterion, we may readily enough distinguish the true individuality of the animal races we have passed in review. With respect to the personality of the higher animals, this test is susceptible of the plainest illustration. Each quadruped, bird, reptile, fish, oyster, &c. springs from a single egg. When each of the bodies in question has been formed, we know that the full development of the egg or germ has been attained. Hence each of the aforesaid animals is an "individual" pure and simple, when judged by the standard of its representing the total result of a single germ-development. With the other illustrations, the case should be equally clear. A zoophyte (Fig. 7)[1] and a sea-mat (Fig. 8) spring each from a single egg, and the process of budding gives to each the plant-like form and the colonial organisation familiar to us in these beings. Hence the whole zoophyte, and the sea-mat *in toto*, are "individuals." What, then, it may be asked, are the separate members of either colony? Not "individuals"—for they merely represent parts of a single egg's development—but "zooids," is the biological reply; comparable, it may be, to separate "organs" and "parts" in the higher animal, but not constituting of themselves "individual" personalities. The cases of the gregarina (Fig. 1) and sponge (Fig. 5) are each resolvable without difficulty on the premisses just indicated. The single gregarina, arising from a true process of development, is a single individual, but the divided gregarina represents a compound personality. The whole sponge, arising as it does from an egg, is an "individual;" and if each of its protoplasmic units be held to be not merely a cell, but a semi-independent and amœba-like organism, the sponge is a "compound individual" in addition. So also with a tapeworm (Fig. 9) or other allied organism. The whole "worm" is one compound "personality," or one "individual," because it has arisen from a single egg, and because it represents the full development of that body. So likewise with the hydra (Fig. 6). Arising from a single egg, it gives origin by budding to other hydræ which break away from the parent-organism, and live an independent existence. But as these buds, although independent of the parent-body, nevertheless represent

[1] For figs. 1 to 15, see Part I. of this article, in the June Number.

part of the development of the single egg, we see that the "hydra-individual" is not the parent-hydra alone, but that parent, *plus* all the buds or hydræ which are produced by it. The next individual existence begins with the production of an egg. Till that event happens, all the hydræ, produced by budding or otherwise, are merely parts of an individual, and have of themselves no distinct personality. With the zoophyte and the hydra, therefore, the case for the "individual existence," as represented by the compound animal or by the single animal *plus* its buds, seems clear. Quoting Huxley once more, we may say that "the multiplication of mouths and stomachs" in a zoophyte (Fig. 15, 2)—as the result of the budding of new members of the colony—"no more makes it an aggregation of different individuals than the multiplication of segments and legs in a centipede converts that arthropod into a compound animal." "The zoophyte," continues the voice of authority, "is a differentiation of a whole into many parts, and the use of any terminology which implies that it results from the coalescence of many parts into a whole is to be deprecated." The plant-lice (Fig. 15, 3) are to be viewed in precisely the same light. For, as Huxley remarks, "no doubt it sounds paradoxical to speak of a million of *aphides*, for example, as parts of one morphological individual; but beyond the momentary shock of the paradox, no harm is done. On the other hand, if the asexual (*i.e.* the products of the pseudova) *aphides* (Fig. 15, 3, *ee*) are held to be individuals, it follows as a logical consequence, not only that all the polypes on a cordylophora (or zoophyte) are 'feeding individuals,' . . . . . while the stem must be a 'stump individual,' but that the eyes and legs of a lobster are 'ocular' and 'locomotive individuals.' And this conception is not only somewhat more paradoxical than the other, but suggests a conception of the origin of the complexity of animal structure which is wholly inconsistent with fact."

The point to which our inquiries have led us may be summed up in the conclusions, firstly, that animals exist either as simple or as compound "individuals"—the first typified by the higher animal, and the latter by the zoophyte and the tapeworm tribe. A second inference deducible from our study is that the personality of an animal is in reality the direct result of its development, and of the manner in which its parts and organs are structurally related to each other. And a third deduction follows from our biological experience, namely, that the separate parts—or "zooids," as we term them—of a compound individual, are not necessarily connected by structural ties to the parent or primitive form. On the contrary, like the detached

buds of hydra, the free jelly-fishes of the zoophytes, or the apparently free and independent members of the plant-lice fraternity, the "zooids," which make up the personality of the true "individual," may be scattered far and wide from the parent organism, and be yet tied by transcendental bonds to the stock of which they are really intimate parts.

But a further question still besets us, namely, as to the origin and meaning of the variations which animal individuality thus presents to view. If the true function of philosophy be that of affording a clue to the meaning of this world's phenomena by placing facts in their due relationship to each other, it follows that the higher knowledge of the varying "individuality" of living beings must resolve itself into an explanation of the causes through which such personality has been acquired. Such philosophy is necessarily founded upon that view of the order of nature which regards the universe as an arena of constant modification and progressive change, as opposed to the theory of its originally and inherent stable constitution. It is the theory of evolution, as opposed to that of specially designed ways and means in nature. On the former hypothesis alone is the question of the individuality of living beings debateable; since the idea of stability in living organisms presents a dead wall to the further discussion of the present topic. Hence the data of evolution and progressive descent, with modification, must, in the present instance, be used as the pathway along which our explanatory steps are to be pursued.

That every living being begins life in a simpler guise than that in which it spends its adult existence, is a kind of home truth in every-day life, as it is a dictum of biological science. The practical difference between a low and a high animal lies in the fact that the former does not advance much or anything beyond its primitive condition, whilst the latter in time exhibits an infinite complexity on its early structure. A gregarina or an amœba are lower than an oyster, because development leaves the two former with bodies but little more complex at the end of life than at their birth; whilst the oyster, beginning as an amœba-like germ, takes farewell of development as an organism of high complexity, and as one whose frame exhibits a marked differentiation of its organs, parts, and tissues. Now, if the body of a higher animal be analysed out into its constituent parts, we may, microscopically, speak of it, with the greatest possible exactness, as a collection of cells and fibres—or more simply as a collection of cells, for the fibres arise from and are developed out of cells. So that even the complex frame of humanity is truly

resolvable into groups of cells which, however varied in structure they may be, arise in their turn, at the commencement of development, first, from exactly similar cells, and more primitively from one and a single cell—the ovum or egg itself. Thus true is it that "all the higher forms of life are aggregates of such morphological units or cells, variously modified."

But development teaches us something more. Every animal above the rank of the amœba and its kind—and even these latter may be included in the statement—passes, in the course of its personal progress towards maturity, through a stage in which the original substance of the single primitive cell or egg breaks up into numerous other cells, through the subsequent arrangement of which, the body of the organism is in due course developed. In other words, there is an early tendency on the part of every animal and plant to depart from the single-celled stage, and to exhibit a compound or collective structure. The egg, at first one cell, thus divides to form a colony. Nor may the transcendental glance cease at this stage of matters. If a colonial aggregation of cells at a very early stage of development be a reality of life,—if some animals, sponge and hydra for example, are but collections of primitive cells,—a no less stable fact is expressed in the statement that in the adult body of the highest animals such colonial aggregations are still to be traced. Each tissue of our frames, in its most vital phase, is a colony of cells—a compound cellular "individual," numbering units by the thousands, and possessing the power of growing, and reproducing new cells, as truly as the zoophyte, by budding, repairs the constant loss to which its component parts are subject. And there may further exist in the highest animals, cells or units which exhibit well-nigh as complete an independence of the frame in which they occur as do the animalcular hosts outside. Thus the white corpuscles of the blood (Fig. 16) of all animals exactly resemble amœbæ in structure, size, and movements. They are known to pass through the walls of blood-vessels, to roam through the body at will, and are seen to exhibit an utter and complete independence of all the tissues of the body. More curious still, these white corpuscles have been seen to ingest solid particles, exactly as an amœba or allied form receives its particles of food. It is not more wonderful, if we think the matter over, to find in our bodies many true "colonial" aggregates of cells, than to discover that certain of

Fig. 16. White Corpuscles of the Blood.
Different forms assumed successively by a white blood-corpuscle.

the cells thereof have developed an independence and freedom of motion equal to that of an animalcule living in its native haunts, and carried out through movements of exactly similar nature to those performed by the amœba itself. Thus a first halting-place in our philosophy of individuality may readily be found in the declaration that the "colonial" or "compound" body is in reality the normal constitution of all animals, save the very lowest. With the advance of life there has been exhibited a progress in complexity, and this progress has found structural expression in the conversion and multiplication of the original unit of the germ into the colonial and compound state. We ourselves are "compound" individuals, in the sense that our physical personality is not single in any sense, but markedly multiple. Our individuality may be named doubly "compound," in the sense that, whilst each tissue may be held to represent a "zooid," or colonial member of the body as a whole, the tissues are, in their turn, made up of "cells," each of which is a distinct morphological unit.

If the above deduction be correct, founded as it is upon strict physiological detail, it remains to discuss those cases of "colonial aggregations" in which the separate units are plainly recognisable, as in zoophyte, sea-mat, and tapeworm. Such cases will be found to differ not in kind, but in degree only, from the higher colonial organisations we have just described. The zoophyte and the highest animal are separated by a gulf not impassable or fixed, when the aid of broad generalisation in comparative anatomy is invoked. For there are, firstly, gradations and stepping-stones connecting the two extremes; and there exists, moreover, a general principle of development whereby the differences between the colonial nature of the higher and that of the lower form may be aptly expressed. Thus the sponge illustrates a case in which the colonial nature of the highest organisms is plainly enough foreshadowed. A sponge or a hydra advances but a tithe of the developmental journey which a bird or quadruped has to pursue; and as a result of its early arrest on the developmental pathway, its component units evince but little elaboration on their primitive and animalcular state. If a sponge is a mass of amœbæ, as to its living parts, it exists in this simple condition because there was no further need for a more intimate relationship between its various units. The fact, already mentioned, that two fresh-water sponges, placed in contact, unite into one, shows the ill-defined nature of the individuality in a case like the present, where the units are merely placed in apposition, so to speak, and united simply by the common skeleton they elaborate. In a zoophyte (Fig. 7), which is in reality but little removed

above the sponge in the animal series, development and its attendant conditions—whatever these latter may have been—have together produced units as thoroughly distinct as those of the sponge, but nevertheless connected in the work of nourishing and repairing the colony. In the "sea-mats" (Fig. 8) we see a stage of colonial development in an animal form which more nearly approaches the condition of the higher animals, but which likewise lacks all the intimate features of connected interests seen therein. The "sea-mat" colony is an aggregate of units each of which we have seen to be perfectly independent, save for external connections, of its neighbour units. There must thus exist a certain and not distant parallelism between a "sea-mat's" constitution and that of higher beings; inasmuch as both are colonial, and in both the units exist in a relative but by no means corresponding degree of independence.

Analogies are thus plentiful enough in showing us the stages which intervene between the dependence and connection of the units in higher life, and the comparative independence of those in lower life. But the cases of the Naïs or river-worm (Fig. 10), as well as those of the plant-lice and bees, show us plainly enough the amazing possibilities of highly organised animals becoming "colonial" organisms, even with complete separation and detachment of the units of the colony, which, however, in the case of the bees, as "social' insects, is again reconstructed in the institution of a co-operative life and existence. In the Naïs, we see illustrated a tendency towards repetition of "zooids," which may be viewed as leading towards an appreciation of the manner in which an originally jointed animal—itself colonial in one sense—advances towards the condition of the plant-lice and bees with free and separate units. It is not more surprising, we may repeat, to find the insect-individual with its separated and detached units, than to discover in the higher bird or quadruped the same colonial structure, but one likewise which is closely combined and intimately related as to its elementary parts. The possibilities of life are facts, indeed, which in the present case cut both ways, demonstrating, even if leaving the main collateral facts unexplained, how in the higher spheres of animal society, the independence of an animal colony may perfectly co-exist with the interdependence of its original units.

But there exists for the biologist a final and authoritative court of appeal in the matter of the origin of the colonial constitution and its modifications, in the facts and teachings of development. The

general tendency of any organism undergoing development is, as w have seen, one leading it towards differentiation and division of it primitive and originally simple substance. Even in the lowest confine of life we witness this tendency towards segregation and multiplica tion of its parts. The gregarina (Fig. 1, *a*) exhibits such a process, an the early stages of all living beings are marked by the segmentatio and division of the germ. Conversely, as we ascend the scale o being, we witness as marked a tendency towards concentration an amalgamation of at least the superficial aspects of the organism The higher animal or plant is not so markedly colonial as the lowe organism. Externally, indeed, there may be no trace in the highe organism of compound nature; whilst, as we have seen, the intimat constitution of its tissues fully reflects its colonial constitution. Ther also, arrest of the process of development seems to increase th tendency towards the colonial organisation. The tapeworms (Fig. 9 may, on good authority, be regarded as animals whose developmen has been arrested at an early stage of that process. We may readil enough conceive that, but for such arrest, these animals might hav progressed towards that higher type of worm structure, in which th separate joints—seen in leech, naïs, or earthworm—practically repre sent the elements of a colony in close and inseparable union. Thu a leech or earthworm, like the higher animal, is "colonial." I represents the transition stage between a colony with loosel aggregated units, such as the sponge typifies, and one in which th units have become closely merged together, as in the bird o quadruped. This view of the intermediate place of these animal is not merely supported by their position in the animal tree, bu likewise by the fact that each apparently closely connected joint o a true worm accurately represents the structure and functions o every other joint of the body—save, indeed, the specially modifie segments of head and tail. The worms and their allies thus becom interesting in our eyes, from the fact that they present us wit examples of that degree of development which, whilst leadin towards union of the original units of the organism, yet leaves thei identity sufficiently distinct to permit their ideal separation and th realisation of their originally colonial nature, through the exercise o a free philosophy.

Thus we again conclude that the primitive and earliest conditio of structure in the living series is the "colonial" and compound con dition. We arrive at this conclusion from a survey of the teaching of development, which shows us, firstly, that everywhere the gen in its earliest state tends to division and multiplication; secondly

that many organisms, such as the lower colonies of protoplasmic forms, or even the mere primitive sponges themselves, remain permanently in a colonial condition, which would naturally enough represent permanent arrest of development in the early stages of egg-development; and thirdly, we learn that arrest of development, even at a later stage, may produce the colonial organisations of higher types. This latter view meets the case of the tapeworms and of the true worms likewise. In the latter, as represented by the Naïs (Fig. 10), we see the hereditary tendency towards colony-making reproduced as accurately in the buddings of new individuals from the parent-body, as in the perpetual budding of the zoophyte. Last of all, we see in the highest animals the same innate and fundamental constitution on the basis of the colony. The human frame, morphologically viewed, is a collection of cell-colonies, produced by segregation of more primitive collections of units, and primarily, if the story told by development be true, by the modification first of one cell, and secondly of one original series of cells.

The fundamental constitution of the living worlds thus appears to be of colonial nature. It remains for us to discover how the compound constitution has merged into these united and single personalities we regard as the highest members of the animal and plant series—in a word, how the "colony" has become the "individual," the highest type of which we recognise in ourselves. If varying conditions have operated to produce the diverse constitutions of animals and plants we see displayed before our waiting eyes to-day, we may justly assume that a more complex series of causes than we are able to determine is responsible for the origin of those higher natures of which we ourselves form part. Yet here and there clues to the understanding of the problem are not wanting in the considerations which the study of even lower grades of life disclose to view. The apparently single nature of the germ from which high and low organisms alike spring may best be explained, perhaps, on grounds connected with the husbanding of vital power, and on the idea that the apparent unity and singleness of the germ naturally reproduce the constitution of the single cells or units of the compound organism from which they spring. The egg or germ, in a word, reflects in its first stage the constitution of the particular unit from which it was derived. In its secondary stage it repeats the colonial condition of which its parent-unit formed part, and the features of which it is destined in due time to reproduce.

As, however, we survey the fields of animal and plant existence, we discover plainly-marked tendencies of development which fully account for the advance from the true colonial constitution of zoophyte tapeworm and social insect to the marked and apparently single personality of higher life. The higher we rise in the organic series, the less marked becomes the tendency to devote the energies of life to the perpetuation of the *species* or *race*; and the more perfectly do the powers which concentrate, ennoble, and advance the *individual* interests become developed. It is a self-evident fact that in lower life much of the bodily energy is occupied with the development of new individuals, or, in the case of an animal colony, with increase of the colonial membership. One has but to glance at the zoophyte-races to find clear proof of this latter statement. Imitating the plant-creation in the fulness of their vegetable growth, the tribes of zoophytes—and the tapeworm-race with its millions of ova, and indefinite reproductive power as well—unquestionably possess as their chief end the perpetuation of the race. How changed is the physiological prospect in higher existence! There the energies are devoted to the improvement, sustenance, and development of the individual. There is less devotion to the species as compared with what obtains in lower forms; and the colonial interests, whilst still represented and conserved, are limited in their scope and direction to the development of new tissue-matter. The higher animal, in short, is not obviously "colonial" in the sense that a zoophyte or a "sea-mat" is compound, because the energies and forces, as well as the material, which in the lower being reproduces readily the form of the organism, are devoted to other functions. Life in the lower and compound organism is made up of one common interest, namely, the increase of the colony and species: in the higher animal, life becomes a far more personal matter, and its aims are more distinctly individualised. Existence in the colonial zoophyte is passed, so to speak, in marriage and giving in marriage; and the interests of the race are bound up in the work of its own extension. In the higher organism, individual interests and the life of the single organism occupy the greater part of its energies, so that, to use an expressive dictum, "the organism is like a society in which everyone is so engrossed by his special business, that he has neither time nor inclination to marry."

There is abundant illustration at hand of the view that the cultivation of individual interests destroys, by concentration of energy, the colonial organisation. Such an opinion finds its confirmation in the details of higher animal existence, and in the disappearance of

those powers of bodily separation after injury which characterise lower life. The organic republic or colony, in which every unit is as good as its neighbour, is typically and perfectly represented in the zoophyte. But this thoroughgoing republicanism is as impossible of continuance in higher physical existence and in spheres biological, as it is found to be incompatible with the political development of nations. That is to say, as, in the life political, here and there special developments cause men to shoot ahead of their neighbours and to distance their competitors in the struggle for existence by individual strength and excellence, so in the life biological there is the same tendency to development of individual faculties and powers over the common interests, and the same conversion of the colonial organisation into the concentrated structure and functions of the individual organism. In the plant-world there is a similar tendency towards concentration as the concomitant of higher life. The colonial nature of many of the lowest plants (e.g. *Volvox*), which consist of aggregated masses of protoplasm, is undoubted. But in the highest plant-life also (Fig. 15, 1), the colonial nature is far more strongly marked than in many animals of by no means the highest grade. Where the leaf-type (*e e*) repeats itself indefinitely, where bud resembles bud, where there is witnessed the gradual transformation of leaf-type into flower-type (*h*), and of flower into the full fruition of plant-life, there is presented to our mental view an exact picture of the budding zoophyte (Fig. 15, 2), with its series of similar units (*e e*)—here and there modified, now for this function, now for that; and ultimately exhibiting the closest parallelism with the plant, in that its reproductive bodies (*f*) are but modifications of the ordinary members of the colony; as the flower, in turn, is but the last term in the modification of the leaf. Thus, as Asa Gray well puts it, "In the ascending gradation of the vegetable kingdom, individuality is, so to say, striven after, but never obtained; in the lower animals, it is striven after with greater though incomplete success; it is realised only in animals of so high a rank that vegetative multiplication or offshoots are out of the question—where all parts are strictly members and nothing else, and all subordinated to

FIG. 17. DAISY.

a common nervous centre; it is fully realised only in a conscious person."

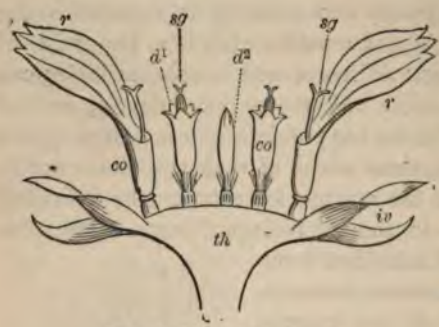

FIG. 18. SECTION OF DAISY.

Yet, whilst the plant-world has not as a whole advanced towards the higher phases of individuality, we may discern here and there within its limits, signs of that universal progress which evolution postulates and which biological research reveals. Here and there we witness among plants a progression from the prevailing colonial organisation towards singleness of type. The *Composite* race of plants derive their name from the fact that each flower of the order is not a single flower, but a collection of florets. A thistle (Fig. 21) or a daisy-head (Fig. 17 and 18), for example, is not one flower, in the sense in which a buttercup or lily is single, but is an aggregation of small stalkless flowers (18, *co*, *co*) closely packed together on one main stalk. If we examine the thistle-head, we shall find it to consist of numerous little flowers (21 *c*, *c*), of similar appearance, each containing the essential organs and parts seen in other single flowers. In the Centauries of our waysides and cornfields, we witness the same composite structure of the flower-head; but here, the outermost florets (20*a*) of the "head" have begun to develope into petal-like organs, and have lost their stamens and pistils. The Centaury, in other words, has developed the beginning of a low individuality; it is losing its completely compound nature, and is advancing towards the singleness of type of ordinary flowers. Thus, in *Centaurea nigra*, these outer florets vary in size; they may resemble the inner ones in size, or may be larger, and they may want both stamens and pistils. In another species (*C. scabiosa*), stamens and

FIG. 19. DANDELION.
b, Ripe flower-head.

pistils never occur in the outer florets; and in *Centaurea cyanus* (Fig. 20) likewise, these florets (*a*) are useless for reproduction, and are passing towards the type and function of ordinary petals. So also in the familiar dandelions (Fig. 19), we may witness a stage in advance of the thistle. For whilst the latter plant has its florets similar and inconspicuous, the dandelion (Fig. 19) has added to its similar florets the bright corollas, which serve to render this wayside plant so conspicuous to insect eyes as well as to our own perception. When the dandelion appears with its outer florets expanded, while the inner florets have still to unfold, the flower bears no inconsiderable resemblance to the ordinary type of single flower. Far more advanced, however, towards the individuality of other plants, are the marigolds, daisies (Figs. 17, 18), and their allies. Here the likeness of the single flower deceives the non-botanical observer into supposing that each daisy in reality corresponds to each buttercup or primrose in its constitution. For the outer florets of the daisy and marigold have developed, as those of the centauries (Fig. 20, *a*) are developing, into long petal-like organs (Fig. 18, *r*). Moreover, these outer florets are losing the reproductive organs they still possess in the dandelion. The stamens have disappeared in the outer white and yellow flowers of the daisy and marigolds respectively, leaving the pistil alone represented (Fig. 18 *r*, *sg*); whilst the yellow central florets (d^1 d^2) possess both stamens and pistil, and are therefore the true producers of seed. It is foreign to our present inquiry to notice how this arrangement of the flower parts, by placing the brightly coloured parts on the outside, imparts to these plants their conspicuous nature, and thus, by attracting

FIG. 20. *Centaurea Cyanus*, or CORN BLUEBOTTLE.

FIG. 21. HEAD OF THISTLE SHOWING NUMEROUS FLORETS.

insects, gives them a very marked advantage in the struggle for existence, through securing more frequent fertilisation. How or why this greater attractiveness has been acquired is immaterial. That which is all-important for us to note is, that concurrently with a conspicuous dress there is being developed in such flowers as the daisies and marigolds a return to that singleness and individuality which was in all probability once represented in their race, before the work of aggregating once separate flowers to form one flower-head had begun. The thistles remain types of a true flower-colony. The dandelions and centauries lead us from the thistles with similar florets to an intermediate type, wherein we see being developed those features which, along with abortion of part of the outer florets, are causing the compound flower to assume the dress of its simple neighbour; whilst in the daisies specialisation has advanced a step further, and has developed a very marked likeness to the simple flowers around. If these modifications progress in the future as in the past, we may naturally expect that the "floures white and rede" of Chaucer, and their allies, will develope a still more marked individuality, and will leave the compound nature of their race further and further behind.

It may be, lastly, interesting to note that the crowding together of flowers on a "flower-head," seen in the daisies and their neighbours, is susceptible of explanation through a study of the modifications and gradations witnessed in the arrangement of flowers on their axes. From cases in which we find flowers situated each on a distinct stalk of its own, as in the *Corymb* and the *Umbel* (Fig. 22) of botanists, to the condition of the "flower-head," we can pass by easy gradations. If we cut short the stalks of the umbel, and thus crowd the separate flowers on the end of a common stalk, we obtain a fair idea of the possible origin of a flower-head by abortion of the flower-stalks of an umbel or allied floral arrangement. The fact that such crowding of flower-heads on a common stalk is not limited to the *Compositæ* or Daisy-tribe, but occurs in other plant-

FIG. 22. *a*, SIMPLE UMBEL OF CHERRY; *b*, COMPOUND UMBEL OF FOOL'S PARSLEY.

orders, argues powerfully in favour of its acquired nature as the result of common modifying conditions. Thus a head of clover essentially repeats the condition of the thistle or centaury. And we can obtain a fair idea of the effect of modification by the disappearance of flower-stalks, if we look at a simple umbel, seen in the cherry (Fig. 22, *a*), or a compound umbel, seen in fool's parsley (Fig. 22, *b*), and, by crowding the flowers together, *minus* their stalks, imagine their growth in one stalkless group to represent the "flower-head" of the daisy or thistle.

Summing up our studies in organic individuality, we may say that, firstly, the original and primitive condition of all organic beings is a colonial condition. This phase is exemplified, primarily, in the segmentation of the egg and in the cell-multiplication of plant-germs; two features of so universal occurrence that we may lawfully claim for them a great importance in the evolution of the organism and a high antiquity in the history of living things. It is likewise imitated in the so-called asexual reproduction of the lowest animals, represented by the gregarinæ and amœbæ. A second conclusion that follows from the teachings of development may be expressed by saying that this tendency to division of substance is most typically seen in lower organisms, where, as exhibited in the sponges, zoophytes, and their allies, the constitution of the individual is undeniably compound, and where its advance is marked merely by the multiplication of new types of colonial and connected units. We discover, thirdly, that the tendency to degradation and retrogression may likewise plainly develope the compound and colonial state. It is highly probable that the tapeworms, the ordinary worms, and even Articulate animals themselves, illustrate cases in which a primary development of like segments or colonial units through arrest of growth, and through simple bodily division and repetition of like parts, has paved the way for succeeding modification of the colonial type. If the evolution of the centipedes, insects, spiders, and crustaceans from a lower worm type be accepted as proved, or even as probable, the characteristic features of these animals must have been fundamentally derived from those colonial tendencies we see exhibited in the worms of to-day. A fourth conclusion teaches that the plant-world is markedly colonial even in its highest types. The vegetative repetition of bud, leaf, and flower is simply a pure indication of colonial constitution exhibited in all that perfection of detail which has escaped the more forcible modification of the animal series. A fifth inference directs attention to the essentially colonial constitution of even the highest animals, as exhibited in their cellular

structure, and more especially in the independent constitution of many of their component cell-elements. And a sixth and final conclusion is deducible from our studies—namely, that concentration of structure and function, and the metamorphosis of the colony into the true individual, is at once a cause and a result of the progressive tendency of life at large. The higher we rise in the scale of being, the more united and specialised do structure and function become. Such a tendency is represented, as we have seen, even amongst plants, in which the colonial and compound type tends to resolve itself into the simpler and more individualized phase. At the same time, we must recognise that, despite the functional unity of the highest animals, there remains in their relative cellular independence the traces of a colonial constitution, once universal, and still linking them by real as well as by transcendental bonds to lower and antecedent phases of existence.

The topic of the personality of living beings, like most other biological subjects, relates itself more or less indirectly with matters personal and ethical which are far beyond the scope of the present paper. But it is permissible, in a closing sentence, to remark that many of the characteristic traits of the life of the higher animals, including man himself, may perchance be traceable to an unconscious perpetuation of habits and customs which find their beginnings and germs in the lower colonial organisms whose history has just been discussed. The nervous acts of man and the higher animals generally, for instance, convince us that many of the functions of the brain, and the automatic actions of the body depending on the independent constitution of our nerve-centres, may be legitimately explained by referring them, as regards their origin, to an originally colonial constitution, and to a primitively colonial ancestry. Even a glance at the serial repetition of the bones (or vertebræ) in the spine of man or other backboned animal, eloquently enough testifies to the apparent colonial constitution of these forms. There is a striking analogy, which has not escaped biological notice, between the arrangement of these segments in the Vertebrata and the similar disposition of parts in the Articulata or worm and centipede-type. However the Vertebrate's serial arrangement has originated, it may perhaps be held as legitimate evidence of compound nature; just, indeed, as the colonial nature of Vertebrate tissues demonstrates that nature in another fashion. And so, also, with other phases of human relationship and functions. As the various detached buds of a hydra, or the free-swimming buds of a zoophyte, are still part and parcel of the individual constitution, or as the plant-lice and bees, apparently

of distinct personality, are in reality only parts of the connected colony, so, in the sphere of human relationships, the origin of the tribal connection or of the family constitution—itself the most expressive of all human institutions—may perchance be found to exist in germ-form in the hidden transcendental bond which the philosophy of the lower animal individuality discloses. The deep-seated affections and relationships which, collectively, we call "society," may have had their first beginnings in the connected series of interests which even the zoophyte-series discloses to view. In other words, we are constituted as we are, gregarious, social, and ethical, because we are physically "colonial" by constitution, and because in our origin we are essentially of colonial and compound nature. And if such a thought be regarded as too improbable for realisation, it should be borne in mind that our structural beginnings themselves are of the lowliest and simplest description. If the structural germs of the highest life begin, as they certainly do, under an animalcular guise, is it overstepping the possibilities of natural facts to suggest that the social traits and characteristics to which that germ attains may likewise have had a lowly and material beginning? Such an idea, so far from possessing any elements of impossibility, is grounded on a rational basis—namely, on that opinion which teaches that community of origin may, and often does, entail similarity of results. Sufficient has been said to show that in human existence reign many of the colonial traits of lower spheres. And if, perchance, some dim echoes of such lowly traits may linger in the scientific mind when contemplating the highest existence of all, the mind will regard such similarity as founded upon no chance basis, but as having originated from that continuity of cause and effect which runs unbroken through the warp and woof of the universe of life.

ANDREW WILSON.

SPRING TROUTING.

THE Spring Fishing of the year 1881 was everywhere bad, and the only mitigating thing about it was this—the prospects were so hopeless that anglers generally refused to place themselves within reach of the cruel torment of disappointment. They remained at home, hoping for better times, wondering if that terrible east wind would *ever* blow itself out, and the waters receive purgement and replenishment from warm rain and wholesome flood. The experienced man would know to a nicety what to expect after a month's cold east wind, with scarcely a shower of rain. He would count his chances, and with mathematical precision pronounce them *nil.* An east wind is enough to discourage, without going further; but when to it must be added water clear as crystal, and at its minimum condition of depth, the data upon which to build a forecast are complete. And, as we know, this was the state of affairs in March 1881.

No more will the east wind of the British Islands find friendly apologist in me. I now know him for the ruffian that he is. Formerly, if I did not hail him, or pretend to hail him, as a fine roystering sort of fellow, I certainly did not join in the popular execrations which greet his blusterings; nay, might even, in presence of some acquaintance whom he had nipped, have touched him up with faint praise. He had never harmed me, nor inconvenienced. Personally I bore no grudge. But I link myself here and now with the great Galileo and the great Cranmer: I make public recantation. Coming across the Bay of Biscay towards the end of March, after an absence in climes where the east wind is a welcome guest, we naturally looked for the fag end of the Equinoctials. To our astonishment, the dreaded Bay was calm and quiet; calm by lack ot wind, and quiet because the dark waters were not troubled by the famous swell which so often, even when the weather is calm, makes you sickly sad in those latitudes. But running away from Ushant one night, we met an easterly gale which roared in our teeth all the way up channel, and, spite of bright sunshine, cut into our marrow-bones. Within four-and-twenty hours of landing, that east wind caused me

to take part in a melancholy duty in Brompton Cemetery. An elderly relative coming into town from Kew, turned the corner of a West-end street: a furious gust met him, knocked off his hat, and tore open his overcoat. The hat was soon recovered and the coat rebuttoned, but my poor friend had in that brief space of time received a death grip which in three days accomplished its fell work. Small matter by comparison with this was the suffering of those of us new from the lands of the sun—the influenza, the doctor's stuff, the despair of ever again feeling hopeful and warm. But it enters into the indictment with the rest, and warrants a charge of ruffianism—treacherous, merciless ruffianism—against the east wind.

Down in Westminster, one cold gloomy morning, an angling conclave met at breakfast, for the express purpose of talking trout. One had just come from Devonshire, reporting dismally of the prospects of sport there. Derbyshire? Worse still: indeed, it was much doubted whether Dove, Derwent, or Wye had a trout left to ring them by a solitary rise. Ireland, too far: Scotland, ditto. For certain choice streams, preserved, but accessible perhaps as a favour, the season was too early; for any stream, in short, the conditions were in the highest degree unfavourable. The meeting, so agreeing without division, threw its cigar-ends into the grate, and scattered. For myself, I had a charge to keep. For a couple of months I had determined upon a bit of spring trouting. In tropical seas, as the good ship pounded on, day and night, nor'-west-and-by-nor' (more or less), approaching every twenty-four hours some three hundred miles nearer home, the determination was not weakened. East wind or none, this trouting had to be tried.

After watching the weather-cock daily on fourteen successive mornings and evenings, and finding the dragon's head of the vane obstinate between north and east, there came a Saturday morning when, peering through the Venetian blinds, I found the smoke from the chimney over the way telling a cheering tale in its own dumb fashion. The wind had shifted a few points south of west, and blew without a sting, steady and genial. The auspicious moment had arrived for hasty preparations and a prompt start. The preparations were soon made—rod, winch, fly-books, landing stick and net, wading gear. It is always best to tick them off on the fingers. Nothing makes a man look so sheepish as to unpack his materials by riverside, perhaps hundreds of miles from home, and discover that everything has been provided with elaborate care, even to scissors, pliers, thread, and india-rubber for straightening out the cast—

everything but the winch and line. Flies one need scarcely ever trouble about for home fishing, except in very remote parts : they are best procured in the locality to be operated upon.

Preparations made, there arose a rather important question. To what place should I go? The morning's *Field* lay on the table. Now, the reader had better understand at once that the angler who shapes his movements by paragraphic inspirations must take his chance of being disappointed. The paragraphs are occasionally misleading by accident; there is no reason for thinking design to be other than a very rare occurrence. But the rivers open to the public are becoming so few, that the angler who puts his brethren upon a reliable track is conferring upon them a benefit, and the reader shall on that consideration have my experience in the business.

Taking up the *Field*, then, I made up my mind that if nothing eligible offered in its pages, I would betake me to the Yorkshire wolds, in whose brooks I had been assured plenty of small trout were to be taken. The telegraphic news was discouraging enough, in all conscience. It would be so as a matter of course, the wind on the previous day being in its worst quarter. "Not a fly of any kind on the river yesterday." I should opine not, indeed. This was the Test : "River very low and clear. Wind north-east, fish not rising." So much for the Usk. It was a model statement; a complete essay leading up to a severely logical conclusion. The Yore and Swale, with my wolds scheme simmering, interested me most. The telegram evidently was evasive, but there could be no mistaking its meaning: "Weather keeps dreadfully cold—very few natural flies on the water —surface anglers doing next to nothing—good dish of trout is a rarity," &c. &c. Such were the salient features of the announcement.

This being a sample of the very latest intelligence, it seemed idle to turn to that valuable column of angling records, "Notes and Queries." Yet a paragraph, side-headed "*The Verniew* (*Montgomeryshire*)," attracted my attention, as they say in the law courts. It referred to another paragraph in a previous number, and that, unearthed, expressed wonder why the Verniew was never mentioned as an open river, and gave some definite information that seemed sterling. Returning to the later copy of the paper, I found two paragraphs from different correspondents, and they agreed in their statements that the trout were small, but plentiful; that permission was easy to obtain, where the water was not open; and that the accommodation was good. What finally settled me was the sentence :—"The only reason I can assign for its being so little known is that it is rather inconvenient to reach." The very place. Anglers perhaps are a trifle selfish—

exclusive, perhaps, is the more accurate expression. Llanfair was "so little known." This decided me, and per nine-something train from Euston, to Llanfair I booked.

In the small hours, in a deserted railway-station dark and dreary, pacing up and down, I discovered a fishing-basket and rods amongst somebody's luggage waiting to go on with the train into Wales. We resumed our travels soon after the pale dawn had chased part of the gloom from the station (at Shrewsbury it is not at the best of times a place for hilarity), and, as a matter of course, the bearer of my fishing-basket found himself occupying a carriage with the owner of that other basket. Somehow, these fishing-baskets by a silent and unassisted process do often gravitate towards each other in this friendly manner. The owner was accompanied by a bright-eyed young lad, to whom that midnight journey, with fishing at its terminus, was evidently an adventure to be spoiled by neither cold nor hunger. We did not exchange visiting cards, but we did exchange paragraphs snipped from the *Field*. We had sped on our errands under the same monitorship of the morning. Mine, as I have explained, was sending me to Llanfair: his was taking him to the Artog Hall Hotel, between Dolgelly and Barmouth. We wished each other good luck at Welshpool, at which station I left the train, nevertheless half-minded to abandon Llanfair, and proceed with my newly-made acquaintances, who would have sea-fishing and a yacht at their disposal—a most valuable *dernier ressort* at all times for the land sportsman.

After a night journey, with wearisome stoppages at indifferently appointed stations, it is not the most enjoyable of things to be deposited in a small country town before it is astir. How cold it was, too, for April! Yet, it might have been fancy. The blackbirds and thrushes, bless them, were making music *fortissimo* in the shrubberies, and I listened to them with an appreciation peculiar to any country-loving person who has not heard them, or their tribe, for years. The shutters were up, which, it being Sunday and in Wales, was not surprising; but the butt-end of the fishing-rod freely applied to the front door, in a reasonable space of time brought down a ruddy-armed damsel to open the hotel.

"Pool," as the natives call their town, is a quiet, comfortable-looking place, as country towns go, with a canal, and the usual public buildings. At some period, I suspect, it has been trying, on its smaller scale, to assimilate itself to Shrewsbury, which is but a score of miles distant, and no doubt to many of the inhabitants the highest type of what civilisation can produce in the shape of a city. A climb

up the side of the very steep churchyard gave me a fine view of the neighbourhood, which, by reason of Powys Park, and other country seats, is far above the average of rural beauty. The ever sweet clanging of the Sunday bells continued during breakfast-time, and at their call the town, by eight o'clock, was evincing incipient tokens of waking up. The rattle of our waggonette wheels sounded hollow and startling at that peaceful hour, and cottagers appeared at window and door to scan the novelty. On week-days there is a coach to Llanfair, but on Sundays you have to remain in Welshpool, or indulge in the luxury of posting.

A lovely drive of nine miles brings you to Llanfair. The road for the most part runs along the side of a slope. On the other side of the valley you have the park surrounding "Red Castle," the baronial residence of the Earl of Powys, of this part the respected magnate. In these days, when suburbs of unadulterated streets by the score call themselves parks, I ought perhaps to explain, in the language of the driver of my waggonette, "Yes, sir, this is a park, and no mistake." It is the kind of domain where the gnarled trees can reckon their age by centuries; the deer have miles of varied roamage land; the woods stretch away out of ken; and the wanderer may everywhere discover thickets and dells of wildest sylvan beauty. But the spring was late in coming. The vernal advance was much more delayed than in southern England. The hedges were displaying their tender leaflets, and waxen buds tipped the branches of trees. In the hedgerows, too common for rifling by the children, masses of primroses of the largest petal and daintiest colour stood clear out from the strong leaves, from which, save at the zenith of their maturity, they love to seek protection. The fields were gay with buttercups and amazing patches of full-blown daffodils. The woods as yet had no leaves, and the only approach to green was upon the young larches, cultivated in these parts upon every available space, to supply the coalpits with props. Not here will I pour out my praise of the larch, the herald of spring in the plantation, as the violet, primrose, and anemone are in the hedgerow. The wind may pierce and rave defiance, but when the larch puts forth that wonderful green that belongs to itself, you may read a sure promise that winter is as good as gone. The other trees had no tint other than that which is so hard to describe, but which is so characteristic of the time of the year. Mr. Sawyer, in one of his musical poems, does however describe it thoroughly in the line:

The wine-dark masses of the wood.

The oak woods in Powys Park on that Sunday morning seemed as

if they had been washed in red wine. I know that purple tint well. It will change very rapidly, for it always exists just before the shooting of the leaves.

For the latter half of our journey the river ran in the valley, often overhung by the woods, not often violently broken, but distinguished by an even ripple that would at sight commend it to the angler. Crossing a bridge, I saw a salmon break some distance up the stream, and then learned that, if the salmon are not numerous, some are taken every season.

Llanfair is too small to rank as a town, and too large to be dubbed a village. Homely as it is in itself, the immediate surroundings are very picturesque, of the Welsh order of picturesqueness, when it is a portion of the Principality that is well wooded. The river Banw—a branch of the Verniew, which is a branch of the Severn—runs through the place. You cross it by a bridge on entering the lower part of the town, and, by the narrow winding street, get high above it in a few minutes. From the comfortable—comfortable in proportion to their unpretending character—anglers' true head-quarters, the "Goat Inn," glimpses of the river might be seen. The angler on his roamings should always be quartered, when possible, in a room from which he can see the water if he be so minded. Angling pictures on the wall may at a push serve as a substitute, but for comforting, soothing, inspiring, and encouraging the angler, there is nothing so effective as the close vicinity of a stream; and if it makes itself heard, be it only a murmur, its power is much enhanced. It will enter into his dreams. In the morning, in slippered ease, when his bosom is full of hope of what the day, viewed through the meshes of the landing-net, may bring, he will nod a recognition before equipping himself for his excursion. At eventide, luxuriously tired in his arm-chair, reviewing, with such heart as the amount of spoil will regulate, what has been done, seen, said, and felt during the day's sport, he will soon learn to detect the faintest change in the never-ceasing undertone, and hope or despair afresh.

A Sunday afternoon stroll down to the weir, where a few idlers dangled their feet over the rocky river-bed, discoursing of a phenomenal trout seen the day before by workmen making repairs, and up the stream through the meadow and wood pathways, convinced me that there were no flies about. East wind again, I suppose! The fly which dances so madly over the gravel, from which it takes its name, ought to have been out in swarms. It is the favourite spring fly here, but here it was not. Nor was the ghost of a March brown to be found, nor the pretty iron-blue dun which loves to tower

in the air, poising itself perpendicularly on its tail till it is out of sight. At odd hours of calmness and sunshine during the week I saw solitary specimens; but I believe the fly famine lasted till the middle of May, if, indeed, it is even now at an end.

On my first fishing morning of course the wind was in the north again, with west and east alternately striving to put in a flavour, but with the most contemptible result. The clouds were low on the hills, woolly and slate-hued. Still, there was a day's work to be done, and any angler is aware that eight hours' steady fly-fishing, wading, now over ridges of slate, now over large boulders, slippery by lengthy surcease of flood, and often throwing a long line across a foul wind, is verily hard work. You earn your fish, and you earn it by the sweat of your brow. The day's work in my case was sweetened by eight trout, or one trout per hour. The fish were small, say five to the pound, and not in good condition. Yet they were game fellows, and went for the March brown honourably. To complain of them would be dastardly ingratitude. To complain of the modest sum total, made the most of on a willow-pattern dish by an artistic cushion of graceful young fern fronds, would not be fair, seeing that it exceeded any estimate founded upon the morning's careful calculations. I did not observe a fish rise all the day. The water was so clear that, when the bank and bushes were favourable, you could see every pebble at the bottom for a considerable distance, but there was not a trout visible.

The fish were at home, which, to the fisherman, means too truly not at home. It does so happen sometimes, and all that is left is to call again, and again, even to seventy times seven, until you are favoured with an interview. If the samlet had been trout, my dish would have numbered fifty brace at the lowest computation. The voracious samlet, with its frosted silver vesture slashed by delicate bars, is a pretty object, but, for all that, a downright nuisance. At every throw, often two at a time, regardless of the size or description of fly, it was nothing but samlets from three to four inches long. They wore out one fly completely. The shallow streams must have literally swarmed with samlets.

The dismay of a sharp little Welsh boy, who was installed as henchman during my stay, was ludicrous when he found that the samlet were to be returned to the water. He was too naturally polite to speak his thoughts, but he was fearfully depressed when once he had overcome his original incredulity. This mental condition he arrived at after the return of some half-dozen, and when he was convinced that the infant salmon had not accidentally slipped

out of my fingers. Then he tried the artful dodge, and would encouragingly, and with an admirable simulation of glee, exclaim, as a very pronounced samlet wriggled on the line, "Nice little trout, sir."

By-and-by the boy opened his mind, and gradually was wheedled into telling me that the native fishermen of the poorer class hold potted samlet to be a toothsome dish, as in truth it is. No doubt the people habitually kill the samlet, and they adopt other destructive methods for obtaining fish that should be stopped. They wire the trout, net them, and pursue an extensive system of tickling. Worm-fishing probably cannot be prohibited, and as there are two or three old men who get a living by the sale of trout, perhaps this method may be overlooked. But I never saw a river where the holes and deep runs, when it is low, were more favourable to worm-fishing. After a while, in consequence, I gave up seeking trout in the precise spots where good ones would lie; it was plain that the worm would be used in them by the knowing natives, and the fish being not "on the move," the place of the captured veteran would not be quickly taken again by that other veteran that is always supposed to be ready to possess it. This is to be deplored, for all the streams thereabouts are the perfection of trout water, and not to be despised as haunts of the salmon. The evil is stated to be diminishing, but the conservators should know that the open rivers still require looking after. The fee of a shilling for a trout and charr licence will not be a restraint. I had the gratification myself of destroying two night lines, in pursuance of the principle that, while the angler need not be a spy, he should always be an amateur keeper.

In the sitting-room of the "Goat," returning in the gloaming, I found a corner table strewed with a rod-bag, spare tops, and other evidences of a newly-arrived companion. He soon came back with two or three trout. We smiled at each other.

"*Field* paragraph?" I asked laconically.

"Yes," he replied.

The young gentleman had taken the bait as I had. There were four of us now abroad on the faith of a paragraph. Right glad had I reason to be, however, that the new-comer had done so, for the accident gave me a delightful companion. He was an Oxford undergraduate, recovering from illness, desiring a quiet corner for repose, and a handy stream for his favourite recreation. The pure air and wholesome fare did him a world of good, and though, wading being impossible for him, he was at a discount with the trout, he agreed with me that the scenery made ample amends, and was satisfied.

There are several streams and brooks within a few miles of Llanfair, and the landlord of the "Goat," himself a sportsman, will be the angler's adviser-in-chief. Flies may be procured from local makers, and there is an iron-blue dun which should never be left off the cast in the spring. Nor, indeed, should the March brown be ever forgotten. A second day's hard work gave me ten brace and a half of trout, the largest of which should have plumped the scales at three-quarters of a pound, yet he was only half a pound, and a consumptive-looking creature at that. The day was, for a wonder, favourable, warm, showery, and dull, and the fish were mostly picked out from the broader portions of the river, where the stream was from one to two feet deep, and flowing with even undulations. The wind enabled one to wade stealthily up in the middle and cast straight ahead with a comparatively short line; and a very artistic fashion this is, if the angler can keep it up. By three o'clock in the afternoon the position became all at once untenable, owing to a change of wind from the cold quarter, and for the rest of the week similar good luck did not return. Still, I did in five days contrive to kill twenty-five brace and a half of sizeable trout, and leave more or less of a mark upon innumerable samlets daily.

The slaying of thirteen chub one morning with a March brown afforded me as much sport as gratification. The big-headed chevin is as objectionable in a trout stream as any of the coarser fish that prey upon their kind, and no consideration of time or season should stay the fisherman's hand. Then, too, the sport was so totally unexpected. I had driven over to the river at Pont Robert, and had carefully fished up stream without touching a trout. Above a primitive weir there stretched perhaps a quarter of a mile of wood overhanging the water, which swept, by a gentle curve, under a high bank, and was in places unusually deep and broad. Making a stand in the middle of the river, the fly was despatched on a trial trip of little short of fifteen yards, over an eddy where, if anywhere, it seemed that there would be a trout poising. Something by-and-by came with a rush, but more suggestive of a small pike or large dace than trout.

On feeling the fish, I knew exactly what its breed was: chub for a ducat. It proved to be, in fact, a chub of about a pound weight; and, of course, not far from the spot from which it had been enticed, there would be others of the same sort. By keeping quiet and never losing a fish; by getting your captive away from the general convocation without floundering on the surface; by avoiding the fatal mistake of pricking a short-rising fish; and by never so much as moving a leg as you stand with the stream meandering softly by your knees—you are

almost certain, with chub on the feed, to catch on till there is nothing left to catch. Following those mental directions, I was kept in good temper for an hour and a quarter, proceeding leisurely, allowing a decent interval between the takes, and making never a false cast. Then the trout-basket was full to the cover, and the burden heavy to bear.

It was at last necessary to wade ashore, deposit the chub on the grass, and begin again. So, for form's sake, catching one more—a good two-pounder, and the largest of the set—and taking him as he lay in the landing-net to the bank, I heaped up the victims and returned to experience, as in truth I feared, that the fun was at an end. Either I had depopulated the haunt, or had frightened the remnant into a deep unapproachable hole, fifty yards below. The chub, ranging between three-quarters of a pound and two pounds, looked handsome enough lying in a bed of daffodils in the meadow, but being out of condition, they speedily lost their firmness and colour. The most singular feature of this unlooked-for amusement was its ending. A farmer—a farmer, be it remembered, living in a district where trout were abundant—begged for a brace of chub, on the plea that he had not enjoyed the luxury of a fish dinner for a weary while; and as a man who can eat chub ought to be encouraged, I relieved my conscience by warning him that they were scarcely in the primest order for the table, and bade him accept the lot. This he did, rejoicing and thankful, and in the afternoon, at a clean little inn higher up, I heard that he had been magnifying my good qualities, and presenting the smaller fish to his favourite neighbours with open-handed liberality.

On this day my undergraduate friend had with me chartered a dog-cart, and tried lower down the river with the phantom minnow, but with indifferent success. But he had been run after by several pike, and on our way we had seen one of the most entrancing of valleys in a land where the valley scenery is second to none in the British Empire. Scotland and Ireland give mountain and river scenery grander and oftener, but Wales surpasses both in its soft unbroken valleys. The valley of to-day was never more than a couple of miles wide, but it wound charmingly between the mountains, was level and green, and dotted here and there with cottages overhung with trees, where surely nought but peace ever reigned; and it stretched westward until it became narrowed by distance into a faint dreamy passage through the misty hills.

The young gentleman who had sought his fortune nearer the coast kindly redeemed his promise of informing me, when our excursions were over, how he and his friend had fared. I had asked him

to do so out of curiosity to know how far the paragraph in the *Field*, which had brought him out of London into Wales, had justified the faith he had reposed in it. For myself I was quite content, but this is his report, which I take leave to re-report as a pendant to my own experiences of the faith of a paragraph.

> In our three days we got seventy-five trout—that is, we took home seventy-five, some we returned—to three rods, but my young friend did not contribute very largely to our bag. Artog is a very pretty place, and commands a fine view of the sea, Barmouth, and the hills. There is plenty of fishing to be had in streams, &c., near the place, but we only fished in two lakes, the right of fishing in which belongs to the landlord of our hotel. They are fished by means of boats, which are rowed up to the windward side of the lakes and allowed to drift slowly to leeward. The fish we caught were small, but very game; nothing above half a pound, but they told me the bigger fish had not yet risen to the surface. Like yourself, we experienced very indifferent weather.

A badger is not perhaps the kind of fry the reader would look for in an article on Spring Trout Fishing, but the writer on angling is always permitted a large amount of license in the matter of gossip; and as I have a badger on hand, perhaps I may have the privilege of dragging him into these pages head and shoulders. The landlord of our hotel had, on one very cold morning, correctly prophesied that the fish would not rise, and had invited us, as the next best thing to do, to accompany him and assist in unearthing a badger. If I had little hope of killing trout, I was absolutely incredulous as to the badger. But at night we were taken to the malthouse, and there, in the bottom of a big dry barrel, lay, very out of heart and even sullen, one of the finest badgers I had ever seen, with a pretty baby badger nestling against her, in a state of high bewilderment. The unearthing had been effected after four hours of desperate work with pick and shovel. This fact may be interesting to those who have been taught that the badger is an almost extinct animal.

REDSPINNER.

RISING ARTISTS.

THERE are a dozen different ways of trying to estimate the exhibitions of the year. There is the laborious and detailed valuation of a thousand individual paintings. There is the judgment that is pronounced on the mass rather than on the separate pictures. There is the careful comparison between this year's shows and those of the last season. There is the endeavour to detect the tendencies of the day by reference to the work chiefly of our younger men. But in the present rapid and necessary superficial piece of writing, it is with a more modest effort that I shall be content. Leaving inevitably aside much admirable work of famous people, and, among "rising artists," not essaying to include one in three of those who might have some claim to remark, I shall yet, with little regard to "tendencies" in art, draw attention to certain pictures that remain in the mind as somehow pressing for notice. Some of them have already received it, very much, and others have been considerably ignored. "Rising artists" will have to be used as a tolerably elastic term. It is not, however, generally held to denote those who have displayed only the very beginning of promise. One "rising" in his profession is one who is already fairly on his way. Sometimes he may even be not only esteemed, but celebrated. The term may be elastic even if it is not intended to include either on the one hand the high-priests of Art, or, on the other, the strangers who have but strayed into a temple whose manner of service they do not know.

Men of the rank of which I speak are naturally to be found abundantly in the Royal Academy; their work generally, however, a little shunted by the more admitted claims of Academical brethren, or, it may be, lost in the crowd of the honoured and the unhonoured, the excellent and the mediocre. Indeed, it is in the Academy that, in spite of all disadvantages, one has chiefly to meet them. But they appear at the Grosvenor Gallery, and this year, owing to the enforced absence of Mr. Burne Jones, much room has been made for them, and places of privilege have been assigned to one or two of their number. They appear likewise at the two Water-Colour Societies—at the old "Society" and

at the Exhibition of the Institute. Here they will probably be found to be new or recent members.

Mr. Gregory puts in an appearance both at the Grosvenor and at the Institute, and in each case the appearance is an incontestable success. If he is not quite in his first youth, he may certainly be reckoned among rising men. His advance this present year has been particularly marked, and he has perhaps hardly been before the public long enough to be celebrated—celebrity even in that wherein it is achieved more swiftly than in Medicine, or Law, or Literature, is yet rarely won with extreme rapidity, save through the aid of qualities that are more eccentric than sterling. Along the line of portraiture and in the line of genre-painting Mr. Gregory has pushed his way. To the Institute he sends his admirable water-colour, *Last Touches*. This is a picture of comedy, unrestrained by refinement of conception; fearless in its presentation of every fact that the painter has seen; thoroughly realistic, yet with a realism generally artistic. The scene is a rich studio. The easel, with its creaking mechanism, is big and hard in the foreground. Just behind it, tilting back in his arm-chair, and with all that is commonplace and all that is awkward in his big legs and loud trousers accurately and elaborately painted, is the artist whose "last touches" form the theme of the work. These last touches dissatisfy him very much. His face, over which the weariness of middle age is stealing, bears on it now at the moment the more poignant weariness of a task over-laboured. He is profoundly bored with something considerably short of a success. Far in the rear of him—with her back to the blazing studio fire, and screening herself by hands behind her holding a great fan—stands, beautiful but pert, a well-made, small-boned damsel, lithe and thin, awaiting, with much of shrewdness and something of patience, the completion of the labour. Approving of herself very much, she has yet a little approval to spare for the picture that represents so many hours of effort on the part of her friend. Mr. Gregory's people are not exactly pleasant, but they have the interest of individuality and of awakened intelligence, and his work is an exceptional and admirable instance of accurate draughtsmanship and of decisive painting. It is carried out to the end in the fashion in which it was conceived. A piece of keen observation; displaying no sense of serene or exalted beauty; demanding no high sentiment, no chastened imagination.

You feel that the wonderful portrait of *Miss Galloway*, at the Grosvenor, may well be by the same painter. It speaks equally of honest intention, and of brilliant vigour of hand. This is a young woman in the flush of health and the radiance of becoming attire—

Miss Galloway at a party, or Miss Galloway at the theatre—the plump wrists encased in the white gloves of ceremony; the fluttering of pale blue feathers in a fan held high against her head; the small grey eyes cool and watching; each turn of the flexible figure felt under the white satin gown. Perhaps the most noteworthy matter in this picture, beyond the mere dexterity of its painting, is the absolute ease and naturalness of expression and posture. Here, again, Mr. Gregory has been able to do completely all that he designed to do. Such work can only be qualified by one commonplace word—"masterly." Conceivably, it might have aimed to be more; but it could not have become more thoroughly that which it aimed to be.

But in at least one portrait, Mr. John Collier presses hard on Mr. Gregory's success. His *Lady Lawrence*, at the Grosvenor, is among the great portraits of the year, and it is so in part by its quiet possession of a refinement which is often the most engaging side of strength. Mr. Collier, both as regards pure draughtsmanship and as regards brush-work, is one of the best-trained and best-equipped of our younger artists. It seems that all advantages have been his, and it seems also that he has known how to use them. Studying in Munich and then studying in Paris, he gave fair signs of advance, and he afterwards had the benefit of continuously watching one of the most dexterous of living craftsmen engaged in the exercise of his craft. Mr. Collier's *Daughter of Eve*, at the Grosvenor—the lightly draped girl straining downwards to gather a desired fruit—shows Mr. Alma Tadema's influence; but, in a subject that might have been Mr. Tadema's own, Mr. Collier has retained his individuality. With him the character is more than the accessory—the life more than the raiment. In the *Lady Lawrence* it is the character—the tranquil grace of carriage with which character has so much to do—that dominates altogether; yet the painting of accessory, of tasteful dress, of pearl and lace and grey plum-coloured silk, has not been neglected. The picture is in a light key: very silvery, gladsome, and cool—to look at it is like looking at a cascade in summer. In his important figure-piece, at the Academy, which has been bought under the terms of the Chantrey bequest, Mr. Collier has been face to face with a more difficult task, and one that the tasteful appreciation and executive skill that sufficed for *Lady Lawrence* could hardly alone conduct to a satisfactory end. Imagination and dramatic insight were wanted for the due realisation of the *Last Voyage of Henry Hudson* and his pathetic circumstances; but the very choice of the theme gave proof of the possession of at least some measure of the gifts required to treat it. And though the

canvas may show certain deficiencies which a perfect maturity of talent would no longer display, it is the impressive qualities which engage us the most. Dramatically, with a manly pathos, with no maudlin sentiment, Mr. Collier has told us the terrible story of the sailor's final voyage, when the crew mutinied, and the old man was set adrift with mariners who were infirm, and a son who was a child.

Mr. Britten and Mr. Weguelin deserve to be mentioned together. Both exhibit at the Grosvenor. Neither is in any sense complete as an artist, yet both have reached a point at which promise has passed into achievement. In a great decorative picture, fitted by its lightness and its fire rather for the salon of a restaurant in vogue than for a judgment hall or a council chamber, Mr. Britten has boldly tackled a luxurious yet spirited theme, *The Flight of Helen* from Sparta, with Paris—the disturbing beauty lying back wildly in a rough country cart which, dragged by plunging horses, bears her to the sea and to her lover's galley—Venus cheering her on. The merit of the picture is in its energy and "go." In its incompleteness it is at least unconventional, and in its force it is refreshing. Allegory has no place in Mr. Weguelin's canvas; no Venus need smile approval of the feat that is there recorded. *A Roman Acrobat*—a strapping girl making her perilous way along the tight-rope, and watched by wondering eyes as the arms balance each other and the bare feet press and squeeze round the narrow cord—is a subject that most of the few painters fitted to deal with it at all would have been tempted to make too carefully antiquarian. A painful realisation of the furniture of antiquity—a small truth to a small matter—would have left little room for the greater truths of character and the higher interests of beauty and action. From this permanent error—which yet would have ensured that passing popularity which waits on the adroit display of mere learning and craftsmanship—Mr. Weguelin is freed. One's first thought is not of the artist, of his fund of antiquarian knowledge and his laborious battle with technical difficulty. One takes, instead, a frank and simple pleasure in the picture. It is of excellent draughtsmanship and expressive action—at once imaginative and real. Mr. Weguelin is hardly shown by it to be a skilled colourist, but he is a vivid painter of open-air light, in which it may be that colours strike one as less subtle. Mr. Weguelin's work depends less, however, upon any single highly developed gift of technical skill than upon a union of many gifts which are considerable already, and will improve by and by.

At the Royal Academy, notice is rightly taken of the large marine pieces of Mr. Walter Shaw, whose first studies of green seas

were contributed, I think, to Suffolk Street. Of the two companion pictures at Burlington House—hung pleasantly as a pair, and thus securing an attention that might otherwise have been missed—the one described as *A Comber* is surely the finer. Mr. Shaw is a painter of the sea alone, and a painter of the sea alone must paint it well, or paint it strikingly, for it to win any attention at all. Moreover, while Mr. Shaw's theme may conceivably be unattractive, it is bound to be difficult. For he is a painter of the sea in action, more than in rest—that is, he is a painter of movement as well as of colour and line. At present there is more of force than of subtlety in his work; there is some simplicity in his aims as well as in his means. Has he learnt already that in Art of every kind much must be voluntarily abandoned if anything is to be won? And is his comparatively triumphant treatment of themes which are difficult, but which are yet less difficult than ambition might make them, due in part to a deliberate avoidance of superfluous intricacy? Is the practice based on a theory?

Mr. Leslie Thomson is a landscape painter to whom the Academy this year has failed to do justice, and the failure is the more regrettable because there is nothing in Mr. Leslie Thomson's work which courts the general notice. In his pictures no immediate attractiveness of theme nor impressiveness of treatment comes to win away attention from his neighbours' canvasses: the quietude and restraint of his own work are a part of its excellence or of its promise. If a *Brickfield, Norfolk*, and *A Grey Day* were both hung where they could well be seen, the people who have formed a high opinion of Mr. Thomson's ability would not need to justify that opinion chiefly by a reference to last year's show. A steady observer of our English landscape as it is, and not as our poets would have it to be—a painter impressed with the necessity of a liberal compromise between the claims of formal beauty and the claims of truth—Mr. Thomson has probably before him some not undistinguished future. He is not alone in the will to address himself to prosaic subjects. Many violent realists in England and France have shared this disposition and have displayed it more conspicuously than he has done. But there are not many of our painters who approach so delicately, and yet so fearlessly, a landscape defaced by industry which is not of the soil—a Nature half a prey already to that invasion of modern mechanics with which artists, whether they like it or not, have presently to count.

I wish one could think of Mr. Blair Leighton, a painter of figures in interiors, and of Mr. Logsdail, a painter of figures in out-of-door light, that which is perhaps the most charming thing of all to be able

to think of the workers of any art—that they give us a new impression, that they tell us something which we did not know before. I do not know that any very special individuality—other than that individuality of colour which is rarely wanting in the work of a man who can be a colourist at all—belongs to either artist. But neither is visibly imitative of any one master, and both contribute to this year's Academy pictures we would not willingly miss. Mr. Logsdail's most considerable canvas is that which he calls by the name of the building he has represented, *St. Anne's Almshouses, Antwerp.* The grey-and-purple-coloured buildings close round the almshouse square, each detail of stone and angle and window seen clearly in the sharp cool sunlight of the north. It is steady and faithful, if not precisely fascinating, work. It is topography become artistic—subdued to the conditions of painting which may demand the picturesque—but it is not the architecture of a city absorbed and transfigured in the imagination of an artist to whom everything must be personal, and by whom, in a high sense, everything must be peculiar. Mr. Blair Leighton, by his *Gossip* and his *Gage d'Amour*—both at the Academy—shows fair capacity to tell a story not very moving, not very passionate, and not exceptionally funny; but he shows a higher capacity in the more limited business of painting. His colour and draughtsmanship, his disposition of light and of shade, are all praiseworthy, and in one work at least he has pushed a careful skill in the imitation of texture, in the realisation of light, to a point beyond which it is hardly reasonable to ask that it shall go.

Mr. Van Haanen is a painter who until last season was almost unknown in England, and who is by no means a veteran in years, though he may chance to be a veteran in his particular practice, and among the yet younger men who knew him in Venice as a master. His picture of *The Pearl-Stringers*—the fully realised interior of a Venetian workroom, with its crowd of light girls, and its heavy woman, indulgent to their chatter and presiding over their toil—took the town by storm last season. It revealed to all of us an artist fully equipped, and observing life for himself, and in strange places, and amusing us by the perfection of his familiarity with that which is known to so few. For it is one thing to paint the mere features of a foreign town, and another to paint its intimate existence—its common people, not for their costume, but for their character, for that mixed comedy of humour and pathos which is rarely found on the surface, but which generally lies at the bottom. Venice has been seen and felt by Mr. Van Haanen as it is seen and felt by no superficial visitor. A draughtsman, a colourist, an observer of the world, an

observer of comedy, Mr. Van Haanen is able to transcribe quite completely whatever passages of Venetian life impress him the most. This year, with a less popular, a less striking subject than that of *The Pearl-Stringers*, the painter has produced a picture not less excellent in all that is essential. Two lithe and buxom girls stand on the steps of a Venetian doorway, and the steps descend to the waters of a side canal in which certain clothes—no very great bundle of them, though the picture is called *The Washerwomen*—are about to be washed. And the girls are preparing for the work. One leans to the water already, her gold-red head bent low against the sober but glorious blue of her skirt; the other, with something of the impudent consciousness of charm, energetically turns up her sleeves to free them as high as may be on her long muscular arms. And then to work also! The passage behind the figures is deeply shadowed; below them the blue-green water sluggishly laps the steps and the house-front. Though the picture may not strike at once, it impresses lastingly, and it does this by its excellence at all points, by its perfect attainment of all that it has aimed to record. Mr. Van Haanen knows Venice as Mr. Burgess knows Spain. Both artists are colourists, as men must be if they would deal with the lights and hues of the South; both men have sense of humour and of character; both are capable of telling a story. But while Mr. Burgess generally insists upon having some story to tell—some anecdote, it may be, of juvenile precocity or priestly fun—Mr. Van Haanen is content to possess the capacity, and is not always bent upon exercising it. His genre-painting deals less with effective incidents; more with the common current of everyday pursuits. When those pursuits have for the mass of picture-seers the fascination of novelty, his canvas—*The Pearl-Stringers* of last year, for instance—may catch the popularity of Mr. Burgess's *Juvenile Prodigy*. But this year, wide popularity eludes the admirable picture of *The Washerwomen*. Do we trace the influence of Mr. Van Haanen in the works of Mr. Woods, a young English artist familiar with the same scenes, and treating them with very notable skill? He has two pictures in the Royal Academy, and in both the charm of Venetian light and colour is successfully conveyed. In one it is associated with the common aspects of a Venetian crowd—a cosmopolitan gathering of tourist and fruit-seller, gondolier and grisette—by the steps of the Rialto. In the other it is accompanied by a more detailed study of one or two persons and their particular fortunes. It is *The Gondolier's Courtship*—quite the pleasantest occupation, it seems, for the gondolier's afternoon of leisure—and with a quiet truth to nature, a delicate reticent humour, worthy

almost of the best of the seventeenth-century Dutchmen, the incident is painted. So much for Mr. Woods and for Mr. Van Haanen. Nor are theirs the only works in the Academy which reveal the new sources of interest that Venice holds for the artist, even when its skies and its architecture, its waters and its craft, have been painted by Turner and James Holland, by Ziem and Miss Montalba.

One of the very cleverest genre pictures in the Academy is sent by Mr. Hindley; and here again the neatness and veracity, the twinkling humour, and the absence of exaggeration, with which the incident is presented, recall the spirit of the better Dutchmen, of those who were the least gross, of those who most relied on the faithful unforced expression of character with humour. *Cruel only to be Kind* shows us an old-world interior, with large hearth darkly shadowed, and with ancient furniture, and with tapestried wall. A soldier in playful mood has taken up a child's doll on the point of his sword, and there is the doll held aloft and now impaled. A quiet approving old woman, a very little surprised and tranquilly amused at the warrior's jest, stands by the fire, and the small child, whose inanimate companion is the subject of this atrocious outrage, plants herself in the middle of the floor, powerless and amazed, howling in a comic agony. The expression of each of the *dramatis personæ* is of exact and curious truth—the high-spirited soldier who thinks he is going to be amusing, the quiet silly gentlewoman, and the perturbed child whose trouble is noticed by none. It is all accurately imagined and admirably realised.

Then, again, there is another genre picture which is bound to be noticed, whatever else may be omitted, and that is Mr. Theodore Ralli's *Marionettes in the Harem*. It is easy to assert that something of the success of this work is due to the choice of a subject that has the interest of novelty; but there would be small encouragement to our painters to be on the watch for freshness of theme if, when freshness of theme was discovered, there was credited to it all the merit of their labour. The truth is that often a novel subject demands an even more than average treatment to justify it in our eyes. We are singularly apt to be satisfied again with that which has satisfied us once. This picture of Mr. Ralli's pleases because it is so perfectly done, and by no means only because it is so novel. First, there is the darkened daylight of the Oriental palace; the cool quietude of the place, in which trifles wax exciting; then the indolent onlookers, the pretty girl who manages the marionettes and crouches bare-shouldered on the floor, absorbed in the control of them. And all the truth to human expression is equalled, not excelled, by the

painting of accessories. The wonderful inlaid box, with the light gleam of mother-of-pearl,—that is painted about as admirably as the fair bared flesh and as the vivacious action of the manageress of the show.

Here then, in the department of painting—and exclusively in painting in oil—we have considered, shortly and superficially, the work of a dozen men, some of them celebrated, some of them hitherto unrecognised, but all of them promising good things and doing good things already for the honour of Art in England. A visit to the rooms of the Old Water-Colour Society and to those of the Institute would show that both these companies of painters are drawing some fresh and worthy recruits. The Institute is the stronger in its younger men, especially in its figure-painters ; but Mr. T. Collier, Mr. Charles Green, Mr. Towneley Green, Mr. Carter, Mr. Clausen, and Mr. Fulleylove have already been long enough before the cultivated public that appreciates them to render it unnecessary to treat of them here ; and—a selfish reason, which the "gentlest" of readers will appreciate—I want some day, when there is time, to speak of them in their special connection with the progress of English water colour. At the Old Society, Mr. Pilsbury is the latest sensation. He adds something of his own to a Birket-Foster-like treatment of Dewint-like themes. One welcomes fresh elections to these water-colour societies, whenever they are wise at all, because a fresh election seems to say—though it sometimes says untruly—that here are men planning to give their lives to painting in the exquisite medium which is so peculiarly English. Too many painters have lately been tempted by big prices and by the higher estimation conventionally bestowed upon oil-painting to abandon the delicate medium of their original choice. It may be hoped that, when the Institute of Water-Colour Painters establishes itself in Piccadilly, and has an open exhibition and perhaps a Royal charter, the bestowal of outward honours upon this branch of Art will prevent the defection of wavering members and encourage a warm devotion in those who have yet to begin.

As it is, nothing strikes the outsider more ludicrously, when he thinks of the two Societies, than the manner and heat of their rivalry. It seems that what the one Society has done, the other must, as promptly as may be, do. The artistic talents of the Royal family are fairly divided between them. If our Princess Royal belongs to the one, our Princess Louise belongs to the other. In that there is no great matter of surprise, though the two princesses must be far too genuinely artistic not to know that if a Society of

painters in water-colours were profoundly strong in personal achievement as well as in tradition, there would be something a little childish in undue eagerness to claim Royal members. The princesess, however, can give the grace of their patronage—and the princesses can paint. The rivalry of the two Societies is not confined to a struggle for the possession of these Royal ladies.

Turning from water-colour painting to the art of sculpture, we are met by the assertion, made by the generally competent, that the interest in sculpture is increasing, and that there is an accession of life and of individuality in the work produced. To some extent the wish is father to the thought—the thought will probably be more unquestionably true when the new encouragement offered to sculpture by the Royal Academy itself shall have had time to bear fruit. But that there is some slight revival of interest, some fresh display of ability, no one can doubt; though the condition and the history of English sculpture contrast very curiously with the history and condition of sculpture in France, where for about a couple of centuries there has been an unbroken succession of masters and of schools. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's *Teucer* is the piece most talked about at the Academy—its display is contemporaneous with the young artist's election to the Associateship. *Teucer* has great virtues —Academical virtues, but still precious ones—of reticence and restraint. Type and manner are all classical—the slim figure still braced for the action that has just been fulfilled. The appeal of this art is to the learned. Towards popularity it hardly makes even a legitimate claim. Such a claim is made to the full, however, by Mr. Brock's *A Moment of Peril.* Mr. Mullins's work, both at the Academy and at the Grosvenor, is that of a refined student and a fresh observer. But in neither exhibition is he seen at his best. In a delightful group displayed a while ago at the Dudley Gallery, and, yet better, in a beautiful panel illustrative of the sentiment of *L'Allegro* (visible for a time at Mr. Agnew's before it went onward to its destination in an English country house), it was made clear that Mr. Mullins is a young artist who must be ranked high in any estimate of the revival of the art of the modeller in these latter days.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE TRANSVAAL QUESTION

ENGLAND finds herself at the present moment in a somewhat singular, if not altogether unparalleled, position—that of endeavouring to repair a national mistake, of acknowledging and retiring from a position wrongfully seized, by restoring the Transvaal to the Boers. Hitherto it has been a generally received rule amongst us that voluntary retreat on our part is impossible, and that, right or wrong, we must stand by our own actions. All over the world has the evil of this doctrine of ours been exemplified, and nowhere more markedly so than in South Africa, where it has again and again enabled individual governors to inaugurate a line of policy which, however gravely it might be objected to by the authorities at home, and the English people generally, has been upheld, and the wrongs committed perpetuated, on the ground that to reverse an action already taken in the name of England, and thereby virtually to censure her representatives in the colonies, would injure our prestige there. Our rulers in the mother country have hitherto appeared blind to the fact that England's honour has been infinitely more injured by injustice and falsehood perpetrated in her name than it could be by any frank avowal of mistakes, and attempt to repair them.

No greater error exists concerning the natives of South Africa than the very common notion that fear is the only motive they can understand, that they must be ruled by it, and that they are ready to put down any indulgence on our part to weakness. On the contrary, they have a keen sense of justice, and the respect which they have always felt for England, although it has been sadly injured by our behaviour towards them during the last few years, very considerably depended on their belief in her truth and justice.

But the last ten years have been fruitful in instances of the mischief that may be done by the unreasoning tenacity alluded to above. A series of wrongs have been committed by the authorities abroad, admitted and regretted by those at home, censured by a large proportion of the English people, but never redressed, because

it has been against our principles to step back. In 1873 the chief Langalibalele, with his tribe, were ruined, and the latter dispersed, while the chief himself remained a prisoner in our hands. The accusations against him proved afterwards to be so groundless as to evoke the strongest condemnation of the whole affair from the then Secretary of State, Lord Carnarvon, who informed his subordinates in Natal that, even had the charges brought against Langalibalele and his tribe been true, the punishment meted out to them would have been far beyond their deserts; but that, as it was, after the utmost explanation and fullest possible statement of their case, the said officials had failed to produce anything like proof of there having been any grounds for the suspicions on which they had acted in so hasty and tyrannical a fashion. Nevertheless, on the supposition that an official mistake, once committed, is irrevocable, he did not command the release of the chief and restitution of the tribe, but merely recommended that all possible alleviation of the sufferings so unjustly inflicted should be attempted—of which recommendation not the smallest notice was ever taken by anyone concerned.

He did, however, order the liberation of another smaller tribe, that of Putini, which had been "eaten up," to use their own expressive phrase, by our forces, for no particular reason except that they happened to be in the way. But the injustice in this case had been so glaringly apparent that the Natal Government itself had been obliged to acknowledge it as a mistake; and the restoration of the Putini people had, in point of fact, already been effected by the determined efforts of a just man, the late Colonel Durnford, R.E., to whose influence the Natal Government officials owed the only action in the whole affair which reflected the slightest credit upon them. Lord Carnarvon's order (including the restitution of the property of which the Putini people had been stripped—which command, indeed, has never been obeyed to this day, except in the most partial and niggardly fashion) showed something of the spirit in which our present Government is acting: but it stopped short of doing full justice; for the larger tribe despoiled were as innocent as their neighbours, yet nothing has ever been done for them, while the poor harmless old man, their chief, still languishes in miserable captivity, and his tribe is still dispersed and homeless.

Again, in 1879, we attacked the Zulus, and took their king Cetshwayo prisoner on grounds which have vanished into thin air upon thorough investigation. Not a single one of Sir Bartle Frere's accusations against the Zulu King but has been turned inside out,

and shown to have had no foundation in fact; and although Sir Bartle and his supporters have a habit of repeating their statements from time to time, entirely ignoring the apparently unimportant circumstances that they have been, not merely *denied*, but completely disproved, that does not alter the facts of the case, though unhappily it misleads many readers who have not happened to see the complete refutations which have been published.

Between these two dates England was led into another mistake, that of annexing the Transvaal, which is the point under present consideration.

It is useless now to point out how we *might* have done that same thing justly and righteously, and in defence of a subject race. At the time we did not profess such a motive, and were even anxious to disclaim it, since any such profession would have tied our hands inconveniently. Native interests would have to be sacrificed if the Boers were to be pacified, and any qualms of uneasy conscience were allayed by the comfortable consideration that eventually British rule must be for the good of both black and white. Had we made any such professions, our conduct towards the natives since would sufficiently have proved their emptiness. We might, indeed, have taken possession of the country of the Boers to force them to keep their side of the Sand-River Convention, to put an end to the cruel war which they were waging against Sikukuni's tribe, and to prevent their endangering the peace of South Africa by their continual encroachments upon Zulu territory, and acts of violence towards the rightful dwellers in it. If such action of ours had resulted in war with the Boers—which was not at all likely while the balancing power of the Zulus existed—we should at least have had the approval and sympathy of Europe instead of its almost universal reprobation. But then we should have had to act up to our professions. We should have had to make an easy peace with Sikukuni without further bloodshed, and we should have had to do justice to the Zulus by giving up to them, at once and unconditionally, the long-disputed country of which the Boers had taken possession, but which our English Commissioners, after careful and honest inquiry, decided to be rightly and wholly belonging to the Zulus. There would have been no need to spend one single life in fighting either Zulu or Basuto, and had we been forced to go to war with the Transvaal, it would have been a just and honourable war—and the only one in South Africa. The fact remains, however, that we expressed and acted upon an entirely different set of motives, and that, had not the Government at home been misled as to the wishes and condition of the Boers, the annexation would never have been attempted.

Her Majesty's permission to Sir Theophilus Shepstone to annex the country rested expressly on the condition that the majority of the inhabitants should desire it. At the time it was made to appear that such was the case, but since then it has been amply proved that it can never have been so. A noble lord in the House lately argued that the coloured inhabitants of the Transvaal are as much part of the population as the Boers, and that their votes would heavily turn the scale in favour of British rule. That is probably true, and the principle is a good one; but as it happens that the natives were not considered, and were certainly not consulted in the matter in the remotest degree, it is an argument of which we have not the slightest right to avail ourselves, any more than that we interfered to protect the tribes whom we afterwards crushed at our leisure.

We annexed the Transvaal wrongfully, and, now that the matter is thoroughly understood, the country is to be restored to the Boers, while the only grounds on which the righteousness of such restoration can be doubted is that, since the annexation, we have wrongfully crushed and disabled two native races upon the borders of the Transvaal, whom we have no right to abandon to the mercy of the Boers, and whom yet we shall find it difficult and costly to protect in any serviceable sense of the word. Nominal protection and security on paper we can give, of course, as we have ever since the Sand-River Convention, which has never prevented the practice of what was a most brutal slavery in all but name.

There is no denying that strict justice to the Boers required that we should give them back their independence, that is to say, self-government and the management of their own affairs, though not of the lives and liberties of other races; and, although it is deeply to be deplored that the action was not taken six months sooner, before the late lamentable defeats, so that the lives of our brave soldiers should not have been needlessly sacrificed, nor the glory of our army dimmed, yet the defeat in itself does not alter the justice or injustice of the cause.

But we must not stop here in our work of restitution, doing justice to the Boers only. If we have wronged them, we have doubly wronged the Zulus; and if the error of the late Government in the one case is to be righted, how much more should it be so in the other? Since the Transvaal is to be relinquished, on what possible grounds can the Zulu king be kept a prisoner still? The Boers were not altogether innocent, and had we really desired only to maintain justice and mercy, and had our own hands been clean, we

might have found ample grounds against them, but against the Zulus and their king we had absolutely none.

There is nothing to be gained by keeping Cetshwayo a prisoner, nothing to be lost by restoring him to his people, who are persistently imploring us to do so, on whatever terms we may choose to impose. We greatly owe the good behaviour of the nation, under circumstances of exceptional temptation to retaliate upon us while we were engaged with the Boers, and considerable provocation from some of the rulers whom we hastily and foolishly set over them, to the hopes of the people that we shall yet listen to their prayer and give them back the king to whom they have proved their devotion to the highest point, in individual cases, which human nature can reach—that of enduring torture rather than betray him to the British enemies who were hunting him down.

We have beaten the Zulus, although not without such difficulty that, probably, had we known of it beforehand, we should never have forced the war upon them, and the fact of their being a conquered race makes it all the easier to do justice to them now. No reasonable person can really believe that we give up the Transvaal because we do not feel strong enough to beat the Boers; still, unhappily, circumstances are such as to give our enemies a chance of making the unpleasant assertion, and to prevent our giving a practical and immediate refutation to the charge. The restoration of the Transvaal under such circumstances shows an amount of national moral courage which, if the course commenced be carried out consistently, will probably be better appreciated in after ages than in our own time, while painfully excited feeling prevents our seeing quite justly and clearly.

But there is no such wounded pride to be stifled, no such difficulty to be overcome, in the way of our doing the still more apparent justice of restoring the Zulu king to his people. Here the path of duty is clear before us, the task an easy one, fraught with neither danger nor humiliation to ourselves or others. We need even make no confession of wrong, but can, if we choose, play the part of generous conquerors, pardoning the faults against us which have never been committed, although we have punished them so severely. The inconsistency of perpetuating the injustice committed towards the Zulus, while righting that done the Boers, would be so glaring that history can hardly fail to give one explanation of it, and that will be one which will imply as much want of courage on our part as though we really were afraid of the Boers. The Zulus are but a coloured race, whose friends—that is to say, those who are ready to

work and to suffer for their good—may be counted upon the fingers. A few voices are raised on their behalf, and against the cruelty and injustice which they have met with at our hands, but those few can be disregarded, and, in the course of a very short time, the wrongs which they denounce will almost have slipped from the memory of the civilised world.

But the Boers, although the lower and more numerous classes amongst them have sunk to a degraded level which places them, as human beings, far below the average Zulu, have white skins, and are of European descent. Injustice towards them on our part is not allowed to pass unnoticed by Europe, whose loudly-spoken indignation against us on their behalf contrasts somewhat sadly with the careless indifference with which she has witnessed our far greater injustice towards the Zulus and Basutos. If, while doing difficult and painful justice to the victorious Boers, we refuse, where it is no less a duty, to show simple and easy mercy towards the conquered Zulus, it can but be said that we *dared* not fly in the face of European indignation, and that the Zulu has no friends.

FRANCES ELLEN COLENSO.

A MOTE IN THE PARLIAMENTARY EYE.

SPEAKING at Birmingham the other day, Mr. Chamberlain said: "There are some people who think that the time may shortly come when a review of the position and functions of the House of Lords may not be an inappropriate subject for the consideration of the English people; but I venture to say that the urgent question of the moment—the point to which every reformer should now direct his first attention—is the reform of the procedure of the House of Commons." A week earlier Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking at Manchester, had made a remark of a similar character, and emphatic declarations to the same purpose have been made by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington. The reception of the statement by the audience addressed, whether it be a public meeting or the House of Commons, has been universally the same. Prolonged cheering, unvaried by a single indication of dissent, has approved the determination. Hearing this unanimity of opinion among leaders on both sides, and noting the unanimous approval on the part of the public, the intelligent foreigner may be forgiven if he marvels that nothing should come of it. It would seem that all that is necessary is that Mr. Gladstone, as leader of the House of Commons, should bring in certain proposals designed to meet the universally admitted necessity; and that, though it is probable Mr. Parnell and his friends might offer some objection, they would be powerless against the unanimous opinion and desire of the majority of the House. With such a consensus of opinion between the two governing parties, urgency, it seems, would incontestably be voted, and the matter might be disposed of at least within a week.

The necessity being so clear, and Ministers being so much in earnest, it will naturally suggest itself to the intelligent mind that there is more in this than meets the eye, and that, for some reason not plain upon the surface, Mr. Gladstone refrains from attempting to do what everyone is agreed should be done. Such, in truth, is the fact, well known not only to the right hon. gentlemen who talk so bravely

about the necessity of change, but to the little band of Irishmen who nightly outrage order and even the decencies of debate. It is easier to abolish a Church or pass a Land Bill than to induce the House of Commons to reform its laws of procedure. The thing has been tried more than once, when the tyranny of the obstructionists has temporarily driven authority into a condition of desperation. The late Government tried it, as the present Government has done; but the result has uniformly been that the attempt has been altogether abandoned, or the measure of reform introduced has been whittled down till it became a nullity. When, at the beginning of the current session, it was necessary to pass a Coercion Bill, and it was found impossible to do so under the ordinary rules of the House, an exceptional opportunity presented itself and was made the most of. Accident further favoured the Ministry—a disorderly scene, which culminated in the wholesale expulsion of the Irish members, prefacing the discussion of the new rules. But the whole course of the debate made it clear that this was an exceptional condition of affairs, and that the minority was determined that it should remain so. The Conservatives had no objection in the world to assist in the passing of measures designed to restrain the obstructive power of the Irish members. What they were careful for throughout was that the chains they were forging should be kept for the exclusive use of the Irish. In that direction they would give with both hands. But when it came to any possibility of the new rules becoming applicable to themselves as a minority, they were exceedingly careful to give them other shape.

In this respect the Conservatives in no wise differ from the Liberals when they were in the minority. When in the last Parliament Sir Stafford Northcote proposed a series of resolutions designed to cut the wings of Mr. Biggar and gentlemen of his persuasion, the Liberals scrupulously examined them with intent to discover the possibility of danger to themselves as a minority. This is the keystone of a business that may well puzzle ordinary intelligence. The rules of the House of Commons are framed with noble generosity towards the minority. It is the honour and crown of a free state that this should be, and all men who love freedom will rejoice that, within certain limits of reason and common sense, the House of Commons should be found, as it is, unwilling to tamper with its constitution. Moreover, in ordinary circumstances, the rules of the House are adequate to changing necessity. They were framed upon the tacit understanding that men selected by the constituencies would be gentlemen of ordinary good breeding, and capable of a certain measure of deference to the authority

of public opinion. As long as this expectation is fulfilled, there is no need of despairing cries such as Mr. Chamberlain uttered at Birmingham, or Sir Stafford Northcote at Manchester. But we must take facts as we find them, and it is a notorious fact that the rules of debate in the House of Commons require alteration.

That they will be altered some day is certain, unless by beneficent changes, to be introduced by the Land Bill or otherwise, the further fulfilment of Mr. Curran's prophecy, quoted by Mr. Mitchell Henry, be stayed, and it be agreed that by the selection of Irish representatives made for the last Parliament and the present one, the wrong accomplished at the time of the union has been amply avenged. That such reform will not take place this session is certain; and I very much doubt whether, unless circumstances speedily make Lord Hartington leader of the House of Commons, it will take place during the existence of the present Parliament. Mr. Gladstone, with the instinct of a man who has spent forty years of his life in the House, shrinks from laying rude hands on its constitution. He jumps with eager hope at the slightest surcease of obstruction, and, after two quiet nights, believes that the two previous months, during which authority was flouted and the House turned into a bear-garden, was but "an evil dream." Lord Hartington is capable of wrestling with this dragon, and is much inclined for the combat. But we all hope it may be a long time before Lord Hartington is called upon to take the lead in the Commons; and, in the meantime, how is the Queen's Government to be carried on?

Happily, there are one or two points, small in themselves but important in their influence, upon which reforms might be introduced without the necessity of formal resolutions or pitched battles. The habit and the policy of all Speakers run in the direction of laxity. The Speaker, as Mr. Brand frequently has to remind the House, is not in a position to initiate disciplinary rules. He is not the master but the servant of the House. But there are a vast number of regulations affecting procedure which have grown up insidiously as customs grow. Those not resting upon Standing Orders are variable at the expressed pleasure of the House, which the Speaker, having ascertained, gives effect to. One very simple but important change, introduced last session, will illustrate this peculiarity of the government of the House of Commons. When a member proposes to put a question to a Minister, he writes down the terms of his interrogation, and hands it to the clerk at the table. It is carefully read and, if unobjectionable in form, is printed in the list of questions for the day indicated by the member desiring to put it. If it is not in due form, it is altered

by the authority of the Speaker, and made conformable to certain rules, some written and some understood, which guide procedure in this matter. Up to 1874 it was the custom, when the time came for a member to rise in his place and "beg to ask the Home Secretary," or the Secretary of State for War, or whomsoever the question was addressed to, "the question which stands in my name, No. 000 on the paper." This was a long-established usage, agreeable to the most elementary rules of common sense. Every member in the House holds in his hand a copy of the Orders on which the questions are printed at full length. Copies are also supplied to the representatives of the Press. Everyone interested or uninterested could see for himself what a particular question was, and to read it aloud was so many seconds or minutes wasted. In the last Parliament, more particularly in the earlier years, when there was very little serious business to occupy the attention of the House, some members, who took a pardonable delight in their own composition, began to do themselves the pleasure of reading their questions aloud. The practice quickly spread, and before the end of the second session became established. When the new Parliament met, members re-elected returned to the practice, and new members, thinking it was all right, followed suit. The consequence was that, with fifty questions on the paper, occupying some five or six pages, the mere reading of them began to make a serious inroad on the limited time of the House. One night Mr. Joseph Cowen publicly called attention to the matter, which, being once named, struck the House as so preposterously undesirable that, after a brief resistance on the part of the Irish members, the practice was abandoned, and a saving of time was effected which practically adds the length of a week to an average Session.

This was a great reform, accomplished in a single night, at a time when Ministers had been struggling for weeks to bring about by formal resolution a more ambitious saving of time. A great deal more might be effected in the same direction and in the same unpretentious manner. A cognate reform is suggested at the other end of the noisy and not always useful course of a question. Out of the same rank soil of personal vanity whence grows the practice of reading questions, there springs a habit of publicly giving notice of them. Some members—never the most useful—when they have laboriously evolved the terms of a question, rise in their places and interrupt the progress of public business by insisting upon reading out their little composition. This is what is called "giving notice of a question," and is considerably less defensible than the habit of reading a ques-

tion when actually put. No practical purpose is served, save that of flattering the vanity of the member giving notice. The ostensible object is, that the Minister to whom the question is to be addressed may have time and opportunity to make such inquiries as shall enable him to answer it. But the Minister may not be in his place at the moment; certainly he will not catch the full purport of the notice; and if he did, his office being closed, he would not be able to devote himself to the institution of the necessary inquiries till the next morning, when, in the ordinary course, he would find the terms of the notice on the printed paper. It is only a few members, of well-known temperament, who thus abuse the good nature of the House. It would be as easy to stop this as it has been to put an end to the practice of reciting the terms of questions when put. It is questionable whether any practical good comes of publicly giving notice of a motion. That is, however, an old-established custom, which does not here come under challenge. Notices of motion are more or less serious matters, which may merit the prominence given them by public notice being given. But the practice of giving notice of questions is one that has been impudently grafted upon the older custom by the fussy, vain, pretentious men who are to be found in all assemblages where talking is part of the daily business, and who are not absent even from the House of Commons.

A still more important reform, which might be introduced forthwith, without debate or division, is also suggested by an abuse of the right of putting questions. It is obviously a requirement based on common sense and common fairness that, when questions are put, opportunity should be afforded of considering their terms and making the inquiries necessary to full and trustworthy answer. This is the daily practice of the House; and it is carried to such lengths that, unless the question be of a class reasonably within the personal information of the Minister, it is held to be necessary that several days' notice should be given. But, thanks to the honourable indisposition of the Speaker too frequently to interpose his authority, there has grown up of late—and is increasing week by week—the habit of supplementing printed questions by verbal ones. This takes many forms, all equally pernicious. Quite the newest is to supplement a printed question by a verbal one in which an attempt is made, with more or less cleverness, to place the case in point in quite a different light from that thrown upon it by the original interrogator. This is a habit which, like much else to the detriment of the House of Commons, has grown out of the action of the Irish members. Being for the most part gentlemen of ingenuous and

trustful nature, they are frequently imposed upon by designing constituents, who send to them harrowing details of alleged outrages, either of landlords or magistrates, which they cast in the form of a question—or rather of a series of assertions, with a note of interrogation at the end of each sentence—and address to the Treasury Bench. Thereupon a Conservative Irish member hastily rises, and, taking up the original question as it appears on the paper, traverses all its assertions. Between these two fires, a Minister stands and delivers his modest answer. What follows is only too familiar. Two or three Irish members jump up at the same time from below the gangway and "hurl back in the teeth" of their countryman above the gangway whatever he may have said. Reminded by the Speaker that they are out of order, they, as they say, with a sarcasm that has long lost its point, "to put themselves in order, will move the adjournment." Then are the heavens opened, the floods come, and practical business is postponed for an hour, or sometimes three.

A practical illustration of what happens as a direct consequence of the irregularity of putting questions without notice was furnished on the day the House adjourned for the Whitsun Recess. When the questions on the paper were disposed of, there was the usual rigmarole of supplementary questions. Amongst these was one by Colonel Tottenham, in which he asked whether it was true that there had been an attempt on the life of Lord Dunsandle's son; and whether this was not the third murder, or attempt to murder, in the same locality, which might be traced to the action of the Land League? If Colonel Tottenham had taken the proper course of giving due notice of his question, he might have been spared the trouble of putting it by the discovery of two facts: first, that there had been no attempt on the life of Lord Dunsandle's son; and, secondly, that Lord Dunsandle has no son. What followed on Colonel Tottenham's sitting down was the uprising of two or three Irish members to defend the Land League against the insinuation. A motion for the adjournment was made, the Babel of tongues broke loose, Mr. O'Kelly was suspended, and an interruption extending over three hours prevented the House resuming Committee on the Irish Land Bill. In the course of frequent remarks the Speaker had to make, he said that, if he had seen the terms of Colonel Tottenham's question, he would have eliminated as irregular the reference to the Land League. If that had been done, the House would have been spared the disgraceful scene which followed, and it would have been done if Colonel Tottenham had followed the older and reasonable practice of placing his question on the notice paper before putting it

After this there appears nothing to be said except that the House goes on precisely the same as it did before this incident. Questions are put night after night without notice, angry recrimination follows, and motions for adjournment are not infrequently made. An examination of the circumstances under which motions for the adjournment have been irregularly made during the present Session shows that three times out of five they have arisen upon a question, the putting of which without notice was of itself a disorderly proceeding. Even where this ultimate evil does not follow, the putting of questions without notice is to be deprecated as a loss of time. In many cases a Minister declines to answer, requesting that notice may be given. But in the meantime the waste of time has been effected. There has been so much time taken for the putting of the question, and so much for the Minister to request that the ordinary rule may be followed.

Here are two reforms which might be effected whilst we are talking largely and waiting wearily for the introduction of a constitutional measure of reform of the procedure of the House. They do not look much, but everyone familiar with the proceedings in the House of Commons will know that they mean a great deal. They might be carried out from next Monday night at the instance of the Speaker, who would find support for his action in older-established customs of the House. But Mr. Brand is constitutionally averse from assuming authority. He habitually shrinks behind a request for an expression of the pleasure of the House. Such an expression might be elicited by the Leader of the House at its next meeting. If Mr. Gladstone, in the course of a few observations on the business arrangements of the week, were to allude to these two well-known affronts to the spirit, if not breaches of the letter, of the law, he would draw from the House an expression of opinion that would be sufficient for the Speaker to act upon. When the actual procedure of the House is brought into full accordance with the existing rules, we may with some hopefulness turn to the consideration of the necessity and desirability of amending the rules themselves.

THE MEMBER FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The "Box of Electricity."

I TAKE it for granted that the readers of these Notes have read some of the accounts of the above which have appeared in the daily papers, and therefore I need only to remind them of the main facts, viz., that M. Faure has improved the well-known "secondary battery" of M. Plante, by coating the plates or electrodes with red lead, which greatly increases their efficiency. The newspaper chorus was started by a letter dated May 14th, signed F. I. R. S., that appeared in the *Times*, in which the writer describes one of these secondary batteries placed in a square wooden box of about one cubic foot capacity, the whole weighing 75 lbs.

Everybody has seen the old experiment of charging a "Leyden Jar," and remembers how the operator laboured on at the winch of the electrical machine, while the sparks crackled out between the knob of the prime conductor knob, and that of the jar; how the electric energy was thus accumulated, not *in* the jar, as some suppose, but on the surfaces of its opposed coatings, and how a mimic lightning flash or painful shock was produced on supplying a means of communication between the coatings.

M. Faure's "*pile secondaire*" is an apparatus which does for the voltaic battery nearly—not quite—the same as the Leyden jar does for the electrical machine. This may be called a "bottle of electricity," as fairly as that may be described as a "box of electricity," the differences being due to the differences of electric tension in the two cases. The Leyden jar is charged with electricity of such high tension that it discharges in one instantaneous flash if supplied with a good conducting path, and oozes round gradually by a sort of electric leakage when exposed to ordinary vapour-charged air. This difference is due to the different conditions of electric force originally supplied.

I have been somewhat amused at the brilliant anticipations which this box of "condensed lightning," this "little witch," as Sir William Thomson called it, has created. One writer says, "What

possibilities this *portable natural force* will realise in the future it is too soon to predict. With the invention before us it would be hardly rash to say that hereafter it will lighten our darkness, supply us with heat, carry us on our journey," &c. "It seems as if we were within measurable distance of the time when we shall be able to tap, so to speak, the forces of the universe and make them our servants. It is quite possible that, in an age not very remote, coal itself will be useless, and that men will wonder their ancestors lived in dread of its extinction."

These anticipations afford a striking confirmation of the paradox, "that nothing is so deceptive as figures excepting facts." The fact has been conclusively demonstrated that the box of electricity carried by F. I. R. S. from Paris to Glasgow contained an amount of potential energy equal to one million of foot pounds, that the electric force there stored or imprisoned was sufficient to raise one pound a million of feet, or one million of pounds one foot. It is just this fact and these figures that have deceived this writer and many others.

A million foot pounds seems a great deal, but let us examine it a little further. A steam engine is said to have one-horse power for every 33,000 foot pounds of work it can do per minute, therefore this wonderful box of "portable natural force" is just capable of doing one minute's work of a 33-horse power engine, allowing only one-third of a horse power for loss in transmission to any sort of machine. The loss would practically far exceed this. If F. I. R. S. had carried his figures a little further, he would have learned that more power was expended in transporting his box of energy from Paris to Glasgow than the million foot pounds it contained; and that the idea of using such an apparatus as an economical means of transferring *mechanical* power is preposterous.

I find by reference to John Bourne's "Treatise on the Steam Engine," published in 1847, page 81, that the duty done by the Holmbush Cornish pumping engine, so far back as 1836, was 140,484,848 foot pounds for every 112 lbs. of coal consumed. A lump of coal of the size of this "box of electricity" would weigh about 80 lbs., or 5 lbs. more than the box.

Now, what is the nature of this lump of coal in reference to the uses we make of it? It is a package of concentrated fossil sunbeams, in which is stored or imprisoned more than a hundred times as much of "portable natural force" as the sensational box of electricity contains. The amount of energy thus bottled up in the coal is actually far greater than this, but I only count the amount that was

practically available in 1836—much more is now obtainable, though even now a vast quantity is lost. F. I. R. S. says that the "advantages to science and humanity at large which this discovery is destined to afford are of such transcendent importance that we cannot for the present form any correct estimate of their magnitude." With all due deference to F. I. R. S., Sir William Thomson, the *Times*, &c., I do venture to estimate the *mechanical* magnitude of the potentiality of the 75 lbs. sample in question, and assert that it is less than that of three-quarters of a pound of coal, and that the idea of practically using any such an apparatus for the storage of *mechanical* force is but a baseless dream.

The writer who regards this invention as bringing us within measurable distance of the time when we shall be able to tap the forces of the universe and make them our servants, does not seem to understand that we have been thus tapping and using such forces ever since the primæval savage kindled the first fire and made any use of its heat. On the same ground that Plante named his apparatus a "secondary pile," I may claim for a piece of coal or other ordinary organic fuel the name of a "secondary sun." We "tap the forces of the universe" that have been stored for ages when we open a coal-mine, the coal giving by its combustion exactly the same amount of heat as the plants which form it absorbed from the ancient sunbeams; and this heat or expansive energy is convertible into mechanical, electrical, and other forces, as our daily experience proves.

Even the box of electricity itself was supplied with all its energy by coal or wood, whether charged by a battery working by the oxidation of zinc, or by a Gramme's or Siemens' machine. The zinc ore was reduced by the oxidation of coal or wood, and the machine driven by the same great source of power.

As a scientific achievement, M. Faure's pile is very interesting indeed, and it may be useful as a means of transferring *electric* force for surgical purposes, &c., where expense need not be considered, and chemicals would be inconvenient. It may possibly become an adjunct to electric light apparatus in order to meet such a contingency as that which temporarily darkened a part of London lately, but I am very doubtful of this. I cannot see why a *secondary* battery should be used when a primary one can in such cases always be available, and may be set going in less than a second by merely lowering the suspended plates into the exciting liquid. Such a battery ready for instant working might easily be kept at hand in connection with every dynamo-electric arrangement, where a tem-

porary hitch in the machinery is a serious matter. Though more costly than the steam-driven machinery, it would be cheaper, quite as convenient, and more reliable for continuous working than any secondary pile that has been, or is ever likely to be, invented.

The most hopeful suggestion is that the secondary pile may perform for electric generators the function of a fly wheel, by receiving and storing the overflow of surplus power when the demand for power falls short of its supply, and giving it out when this condition is reversed.

The Isthmus of Corinth Canal.

THE invincible Lesseps is said to have obtained from the Greek Government a concession for cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, and the newspaper comments that are made upon it refer to difficulties to be encountered, and the modern advantages afforded by the blasting of rocks by dynamite, &c., &c.

Many years ago, when I was young and headstrong, I ventured, in spite of brigands, to make some excursion from Athens into the beautiful but wretched country of rural Greece. One of these trips was to Corinth, where from the Acropolis, which commands a magnificent panorama of classic ground, extending to the Athenian Acropolis, 50 miles distant, I saw the Isthmus and all its surroundings lying like a map below. It thus appeared so narrow, so nearly flat, and so easy to cut through, and thereby save the long sail round the Morea, that I determined to examine it closely, and accordingly spent the greater part of the following day in exploring it alone, and on foot.

The impressions conveyed by the bird's-eye view were fully confirmed by this closer survey. The isthmus is merely a tongue of limestone, "a kind of conglomerate limestone," as I find it described in my notes. The cutting through such material is mere child's play to modern engineers. As the isthmus is so nearly flat in some parts, the depth of cutting would be but small, supposing that all the canal be cut through this foundation rock—which may be unnecessary, for I found, beside the conglomerate limestone, a deposit of soft gravelly rock or partially consolidated gravel following or filling up what appeared to me to have been originally a natural channel, the bed of a stream that once connected the Gulf of Corinth with that of Egina, as the Bosphorus connects the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora. If I am right, the cutting

of this canal will be merely a matter of holiday recreation to such an engineer as M. Lesseps.

Nero commenced a very respectable ship canal from the Corinthian side. It was 200 feet wide, and is traceable to a distance of about 1200 yards. The absence of any serious elevations is evident from the fact that there was a level roal across the isthmus, the *Diolkos*, over which small vessels were drawn on rollers from one sea to another.

The Great Irish Telescope.

AT the Dublin meeting of the British Association in 1878, the members had the privilege of examining the great telescope then in course of construction by Mr. Grubb at Rathmines. The tube and all its framing appliances were completed, and the great object-glass was ground but not polished. It is now finished, and about to be forwarded to its destination, the Imperial and Royal Observatory, near Vienna.

It is the largest refracting telescope that has yet been constructed, though our American cousins are threatening something still bigger. The tube, with its glasses, &c., weighs 7 tons, yet it is moved in any direction by a touch of the hand. The steel dome forming the roof of the observatory temporarily erected at Rathmines is 45 feet in diameter, and weighs 15 tons; but I turned it easily with one hand by a direct push or pull, though it was then but imperfectly levelled. The tube of the telescope is 33½ feet in length, 36½ inches diameter in the middle, lessening to 27 inches at the object end, and 12 inches at the eye end. It is made of lapped and rivetted steel plates.

The object-glass is 28 inches in diameter, with a working surface, or "aperture," of 27 inches. The difficulty of obtaining such a mass of glass without flaw, and more especially of equal refractive power throughout, is one of the primary limitations to the possible size of a refracting telescope. Another is the difficulty of grinding and polishing accurately, and mounting without flexure.

As an example of the accuracy demanded, I may mention that when I saw the glass there stood upon it a little instrument called a spherometer or tripod micrometer. This measures the curvature in its own diameter to $\frac{1}{80000}$ of an inch, but was not a sufficiently delicate measure of the uniformity of convexity. It was only available in roughing out the glass. Optical tests were necessary for finishing. After a glass has been accurately ground, it may be

spoiled in the polishing, and therefore, when the optician has got his curvature correct, he will leave the surface a little rough, rather than risk the figure for the sake of fine superficial polish. It is easy enough to obtain high magnifying power, but the combination of correct definition with this is the difficult problem.

In using such a telescope, or even a much smaller one, the rotation of the earth becomes strikingly evident. If the telescope is fixed, the moon, the planet, the star, or other celestial object runs away, and is presently out of the field. The motion of its rising or setting is magnified as well as the object. To meet this the telescope has to be mounted so as to rotate on an axis which is parallel to the axis of the earth, and so arranged that the "optical axis," or line of sight of the telescope, is at right angles to this. Thus, the telescope moves upon this axis just as the whole vault of the heavens appears to move. This arrangement is called an "equatorial mounting," and when thus arranged, clockwork may be attached which moves the telescope as it might move the hour-hand of a clock, but at half the rate, *i.e.* once round in 24 hours. By this means a star is followed when the telescope is turned in the opposite direction to that of the earth's rotation. To follow the moon or the sun is not so easy.

To learn the direction in which the telescope is pointing, or in other words the position of the object seen, there are divided circles which measure the vertical, horizontal, or other inclination of the instrument; "right ascension and declination," corresponding to terrestrial longitude and latitude extended to the skies, being the principal requirements. In an instrument of such magnitude these limbs or graduated circles or arcs are far away from the eyepiece, but by means of mirrors and suitable illumination, Mr. Grubb has brought them within the nearest possible reach of the observer using this telescope. He has only to look through another eyepiece, near to the main one, and there he sees the magnified divisions of either limb and its vernier by simply turning a handle, which moves the prismatic mirrors in such wise as to reflect that which he requires to read directly to the eye. The divisions are engraved on an alloy of one part pure gold and one pure silver.

I should add in explanation, for the benefit of those who are not learned in telescopes, that the absolute size of this telescope is far less than either of Lord Rosse's, but these are *reflecting*, not refracting, telescopes, and the possible limits of size of a metallic mirror are far greater than those of an achromatic object-glass. I walked down the tube of Lord Rosse's larger telescope, and found that the top of this tube was nine inches higher than I could reach with my arm extended

upwards above my head; length of tube, 53 feet—thus forming a respectable tunnel.

Trappist Monks and Naturalists.

IN the *Globe* of April 19 last is an article in which the Island of Herm and its attractions for the marine zoologist, the mineralogist, the botanist, &c., are well described by a writer who evidently understands the scientific part of his subject, but who nevertheless bases his communication on a mistake. He warns the naturalists to hurry there and see it at once for the last time, telling them that the island "is passing from the hands of the late popular secular proprietor into those of the monastic Trappists; and once these ascetics fairly establish themselves on its soil, good-bye to incursions, either for science, for sport, or for pleasure."

I am not an admirer of monkish institutions, quite the contrary; but as a matter of justice to the Trappists, and to prevent naturalists from being scared from this interesting islet, I state the following facts:—

In 1830 the Trappist monks of Meilleraye in Normandy were expelled from France, as others have been recently. They settled on the flanks of the Knockmeledown Mountains near Cappoquin, and there have done wonders in reclaiming the waste land, planting timber, &c. In the summer of 1876 I sailed up the beautiful Blackwater river from Youghal to Lismore, then walked to Cappoquin and up to the monastery, reaching it after sunset. The monks were all in bed, but one of the brothers got up, let me in, gave me supper and a comfortable clean bed in a decent though very unpretending room. I had breakfast next morning and was shown throughout the establishment, which is very extensive, including the residence of the monks, a large church, a guest-house, in which I slept, and two schools; one free for the poor, and the other a boarding-school for paying pupils.

When I left I offered payment for board and lodging, but it was refused, and there was no box as at St. Bernard; but a copy of one of my books, sent afterwards by post as a contribution to their library, was accepted with many thanks.

On my way across the mountains in the morning I met one of the monks, Father Basil Foley, and walked and talked with him during some two hours, discussing the land question, &c. &c. He invited me to come again and spend a week at the monastery.

Two years after I was at Waterford just when the new railway to

Cappoquin opened. It was Sunday morning, and there was an excursion to Cappoquin. I took a ticket and revisited the monastery. This time I was one of a party of seventy or eighty visitors, excursionists, who hired every car obtainable at Cappoquin, and drove in procession to besiege the monastery. The monks received the motley crowd, including a few priests, entertained them in the guest-house with bread and cheese, ale and stout, and sherry for the ladies —making no charge, but on this occasion receiving the voluntary contributions of their unceremonious guests.

While I was engaged upon the bread and cheese, Father Foley recognised me, drew me aside, and asked me to come with him and "take pot-luck." What that meant I presently learned when I found myself in a refectory within the regions of silence, and one of a select few of favoured guests who were regaling on hot roast and boiled joints, with potatoes, greens, and bottled beer. It was a curious repast, the visitors and lay-brother waiters communicating by signs, and a father in his white woollen robe preaching a sort of sermon in short semi-rhythmic paragraphs or propositions, with pause between each. Though the monks thus entertain their guests, they themselves only drink water and eat bread and vegetables.

The reader may judge from the above whether the naturalist need despair of revisiting Herm when the Trappists are in possession. Some of the remarkable hospitality of Mount Melleraye may be attributable to the irrepressible geniality of the Irishman which breaks through all restraints; but it is evident that Trappism, however severe upon its own devotees, may be very indulgent to outsiders.

Coal-dust Explosions.

COLLIERY explosions have been cruelly frequent of late, in spite of the Davy lamp, skilful ventilation, and inspection. A certain proportion are probably attributable to the carelessness of colliers, and some to preventible causes connected with the management of the mine. Recent investigations have proved that they are more frequent when a low barometer indicates diminished atmospheric pressure, and most especially when the fall has occurred suddenly. The reason of this is easily understood. The hydro-carbon gas that escapes as "fire-damp" is chiefly supplied by what the colliers call "blowers"—small jets or streams of gas that comes hissing out from its long imprisonment when the miner's pick removes the solid impediments to its escape. As the face of the coal, like all else

upon the earth and under the earth, is subject to the pressure of the atmosphere, the force of this emission must be equal to the excess of the elastic pressure of the coal-gas above that of the atmosphere. Lessen the atmospheric pressure, and the force of such emission must increase proportionally. Or in cases of gentle oozing of gas due to very small excess of pressure from within, the variations of atmospheric pressure may determine whether there shall be any escape at all beyond what is due to gaseous diffusion.

Warnings are now given in order to induce special caution when the barometer is unusually low. Careful attention to the movements of the barometer has saved many a good ship, and may possibly save the lives of many colliers.

It is commonly believed that fire-damp, or coal gas, is the only cause of colliery explosions. There is, however, another explosive agent quite distinct from this. In dry dusty mines explosions have occurred where the character of the coal is such that there are no sudden outbursts of fire-damp, and very little can ever be found. In these cases the explosion is accompanied by the production of clouds of smoke and deposits of soot; the timbers, the floor and roof of workings being covered with a crust of coked coal-dust. Faraday and Lyell reported to the Home Secretary in 1845 that in the Haswell colliery "this deposit was in some parts half an inch thick and in others almost an inch thick." These explosions are analogous to those which take place in flour and saw mills, and are due to the sudden ignition of particles of combustible dust suspended in the air.

This subject is so little understood, that some of my readers will probably hesitate to accept the explanation. The statement of a few demonstrable facts may remove this scepticism.

At a lecture delivered June 1, 1878, at Minneapolis, Minnesota, by Prof. L. W. Peck, he showed a number of experiments demonstrating the terribly explosive powers of flour, starch, powdered sugar, and other kinds of organic dust. A gas flame was placed near to weighed quantities of the dust, which by means of a pair of common bellows was then suddenly blown towards the flame. Thus, three-quarters of an ounce of starch placed under an inverted open box, and suddenly puffed up while a flame was burning near it, threw up the box, weighing 6 lbs., to a height of 20 feet. Half an ounce thus burned in a box closed with a loose cover, threw up the cover 3 inches, with a heavy man standing on it. A closed box of 4 cubic feet capacity, having five sides $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, and the other side $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick, was similarly charged with dust. On its ignition the thin side of the box was blown out, and a flame shot out "half-way across the stage."

At first sight this may appear contradictory to our ordinary experience, but it is not so. The explosion of the starch, flour, sugar, wood-dust, mill-sweepings, &c., is almost identical in its origin and character with that of gunpowder, the difference being that the oxygen is supplied to the latter in a solid instead of a gaseous state.

Gunpowder is charcoal-dust and brimstone-dust mixed with saltpetre, which salt, when heated, gives out oxygen, that combines with the dust particles, forming compound gases and evolving heat, the expansive action of which constitutes the explosion. The flour-dust, sugar-dust, starch-dust, &c., when diffused through the air, consist of minute particles, each of which is surrounded with a little atmosphere of its own, which atmosphere contains oxygen. These particles and this oxygen, when heated, unite, with evolution of more heat, and consequent expansive force, each expansively-burning particle firing its surrounding neighbours just as each grain of gunpowder fires those surrounding it, or, more strictly speaking, as each minute grain of carbon or sulphur-dust, of which the visible gunpowder grains are composed, does so.

Flour contains about 40 per cent. of pure carbon; one ounce of such carbon combining with $2\frac{3}{4}$ ounces of oxygen will evolve heat enough to exert an expansive force capable of raising 35 tons to a height of 10 feet, supposing none of the power were wasted. To do this completely, the one ounce of dust must be equally diffused through about $9\frac{1}{2}$ cubic feet of air. In any other proportions, or if unequally diffused, the combustion of the dust would be incomplete, and the effect proportionally diminished. It is well for us that such correct adjustment of proportions does not often occur by accident.

Coal-dust explosions are more easily preventible than fire-damp explosions, as the dust may be laid by water. In ordinary mines there is water enough, commonly too much in some parts, though even in very wet mines certain parts of the workings may be dry. As we proceed in our present course of reckless consumption, we are driven to deeper and deeper seams; the deeper we go, the hotter and drier the mine, and the greater becomes the danger due to this additional explosion-factor, the coal-dust. So far as present experience shows, it appears to have acted rather as an adjunct to the fire-damp than an independent explosive. In the explosions of flour-mills and saw-mills the combustion of the dust does all the mischief; in coal-mines the first outrush of explosive expansion and the subsequent return rush into the partial vacuum thus produced, stir up every particle of dry coal-dust, and may thus produce a secondary explosion.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

The Meiningen Court Company.

THAT our stage has much to learn from that of other countries is the impression forced upon the mind by the successive troupes, French, Italian, Dutch, German, that come over and play for our delectation and benefit. In individual actors we stand as high as any country in Europe. I could name six or eight comedians now on the English stage whose merits "may speak unbonneted" to those of any artists that have come to us from abroad. In stage management, meanwhile, and in the drilling of supernumeraries, our position, in spite of all that has recently been effected in the way of improvement, is contemptible. It is impossible to believe in the reality of action, when those supposed to be most deeply concerned in it are gaping at the ceiling or casting bovine glances into the pit. An effect such as is produced in the performance of "The Twelfth Night" (*Was Ihr wollt*) by the Meiningen Court Company recently in our midst, when the message of Viola, disguised as Cesario, is given to Olivia in the presence of ladies in attendance, who take a smiling and cultivated interest in what is going on, and whisper gently one to another concerning it, is as far out of our present reach as is the more vaunted, but less effective, presentation of the mob in "Julius Cæsar" listening to the oration of Mark Antony, and roused by it to madness and mutiny.

Excellent as is the German stage management, as illustrated in the before-mentioned company, it is not faultless. In the disposition of individuals, and in that of crowds, the artifice is apparent. When a conversation is being conducted in the front of the stage, those who walk behind are affected and unnatural in gesture; one waves gracefully his hand towards some imaginary object out of sight, as drawing his companion's attention to it, and a second points to what is going on, like a schoolmaster indicating to his young friends what to admire in a landscape. The same thing is seen in the groups, in which, as in a melodramatic picture, the art of arrangement is too evident, and the attitudes in which men are placed are picturesque

rather than conceivable. This is scarcely hypercriticism. There is in these things defect which may be remedied, and the fact that blemishes so minute make themselves felt attests how admirable is the general representation.

One critic has pointed out that the students and others, who in "The Robbers" are represented as joining Carl Moor in his wanderings, are middle-aged men, whereas they should be youths. This observation is just. The class which has always been most turbulent under oppression is the youth at the Universities. From the very formation of Universities this has held true. Stimulated by reading in the classics, and especially in Plutarch, of the heroes of antiquity, and filled with theories concerning freedom, youth has always been eager for reformation and change, and often ready for the most reckless of deeds. Of the same class as these scholars depicted in "The Robbers" are the students who are said to be the most energetic among the Nihilists. It is not only among students that youth shows itself violent and reckless. Speaking, the other day, to one of our most eminent police officials, I was told that most burglaries and desperate actions are committed by boys of eighteen to three- or four-and-twenty. With more knowledge, the criminal becomes more circumspect, and takes to less adventurous, if not less remunerative, forms of offence against society.

Intellectual Expression in Old Age.

THERE are few who have not seen in happy and reverend age the kind of beauty to which Donne refers when, in his ninth elegy, he declares—

> No spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace
> As I have seen in one autumnal face.

The phenomenon is indeed far from rare. In masculine as in feminine physiognomy, a softening and beautifying power is exercised by the weakening and relenting influences of age. I have frequent opportunity of contemplating old men belonging to the operative classes, farm-labourers and the like, who are in receipt of parish relief or who have accepted shelter in an almshouse, and I have been struck by the social and intellectual superiority to the class from which they are drawn that their faces disclose. In the period of ripe manhood, when the fight of life is most keen, the average human face, sharpened and set for combat, is seen at its worst. Infancy finds, of course, in its helplessness an appeal to which the whole world responds; childhood

has all the grace and beauty of promise which in the works of nature as in those of man are, nine times out of ten, superior to those of performance. Then comes the ripening charm of adolescence and nubile years. This period, when—to use the splendid lines which the author of "Festus" wrote, and of which the author of "The Angel World," whose chief mission it seems to be to dishonour his early work, is, I suppose, ashamed—

> The blood is bright, breath sweet, skin smooth,
> And limbs all made to minister delight—

is, of course, the crowning period of beauty. With increasing years features as a rule grow more accentuated, tricks of style develop into uncomfortable mannerisms, the smile hardens into the grimace, and the whole aspect has not seldom, when the individuality most strongly asserts itself, something of caricature. This state of things lasts until the arrival of age, when modifying influences make themselves felt, and when returning feebleness and the foreshadowing of dissolution bring back something of the pathos and grace of childhood. In the faces of men whose occupations through life have been purely mechanical, habits of observation and thought, small as they may be, give the look something almost akin to culture. I do not expect these views to pass undisputed or unchallenged. They may be accepted, however, as observations from life; and the more a man thinks upon the question, the more speedily he will come to similar conclusions. I do not say that the illustration holds true in every case. I think, however, it is general enough in application to have the force of a law.

A Novel Tax.

OF many proofs ot Yankee ingenuity, the most remarkable that has lately come under my notice consists in the effort to substitute direct for indirect taxation with regard to the liquor traffic, which is being tried in Indiana. A Bill is at present before the Legislature of that State, the effect of which will be to impose an annual tax of ten dollars upon every man who wishes to drink intoxicating liquors. A sum like this, which constitutes more than the annual earnings of a ryot, is, of course, considerable. It represents, however, but a small portion of the tax which the middle-class Englishman annually pays the State in the shape of liquor-duty. It is worth notice, as restraining the privilege to get drunk which the possession of a licence might seem to imply, that the "permit" is to be forfeited on the first conviction for intoxication. Out of the sum

raised by the licences it is intended, moreover, to maintain asylums for inebriates.

Our Linguistic Accessions.

IN the case of a language so composite as English, the introduction and assimilation of words taken from foreign sources are natural and familiar processes. Some opposition is at first encountered by the new-comer, but if it serves any purpose we end by giving it welcome. In this respect, our treatment of foreigners, whatever their nature, is the same—commencing in shyness and reserve, and ending in effusiveness and hospitality. Words and phrases like *chauvinisme*, *morgue*, *sommité*, *mise en scène*, and others which, in one sense at least, have no exact equivalent, or supply the place of a periphrase, have already found acceptance; while others, such as *matinée* applied to an entertainment musical or dramatic, *caucus*, *Geist*, and the like, linger on the threshold. A style surcharged with Gallicisms, Americanisms, or Teutonisms, is to be avoided. There is, however, no reason to oppose neologisms, whatever their source, when they fit the genius of our language; and the fact that we have words of almost the same meaning, affords no reason why we should not enrich our tongue with synonyms or equivalents, if we can get them. The only real danger to our language comes from the over-employment in scientific matters of Greek terminology. In the attempt to denote certain forms of animal or vegetable life, and certain developments of disease, a jargon wholly alien from our language is employed. I, for one, prefer talking of the parrot tribe by that name to calling them the *Psittacidæ*, and I maintain that intellectual vision is darkened rather than illumined by the use of such words as *chylopoetic* or *chylificatory*.

Our Linguistic Donations.

MEANWHILE, it is curious to see the kind of words that our neighbours consent to accept at our hands. That the vocabulary of sport in France is mainly English, furnishes little cause for pride. In adopting a word like *groom*, the French but return our lead in taking *valet*. A complete interchange of words bearing upon certain trades has been introduced, but is confined to the districts between which an active commerce prevails. Rheims in Champagne, or Turcoing on the Belgian frontier, and Bradford in Yorkshire, have thus what may almost be called a *lingua franca*, or pigeon English,

in which commercial affairs are carried on by those who are ignorant of the language of one another. We have, however, given the French the word *comfortable*, and we may in time supply them with *cosy*, to which also they have no equivalent. It is amusing to see that *gentleman* has now almost superseded *gentilhomme*, which should have precisely the same signification. The one word, however, supplies a French notion of the gentleman, and the other the English. *Gentleman* appears in the Dictionary of Littré. Among other words to be found therein are *tramway*, *express* as a substantive signifying a train, *flint-glass*, *jockey*, and *steamer*. So much less elastic is the French language than our own, that the acceptance of words such as these shows how urgent are the needs of intercommunication. *Ticket* has not found its way into Littré, but that word, with *performance* and the announcement, *Great Attraction*, are all common in the theatrical world. A *punch* and a *grog* have long been established.

Kindness to Animals an English Attribute.

WHEN we sum up the advantages of modern days, and endeavour to estimate to what extent we are better than our forefathers, there is one aspect of improvement which the veriest pessimist will not deny. In morals we may be where we were a hundred years ago, or earlier. We have at least learnt the lesson of kindness to animals. It is a very significant fact that we are teaching to those who are supposed to be the most humane race under the sun—to the Hindoos, that is—the lesson of humanity. On account of our flesh-eating propensities, we are regarded by the Hindoo as detestable, disgusting, and accursed. Those, however, who are so reluctant to put animals to death, have no notion of treating them with mercy. A branch of that excellent institution, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—to which, in spite of its unpopularity, it is largely owing that our streets are not like Pandemonium—has been established in Calcutta, and the inhabitants of that capital have been taught by penalties that they may not withhold water from captive animals, carry them with their heads downward, or otherwise inflict upon them needless and cruel suffering. In no respect is England so worthy of the pre-eminence she enjoys as in setting foreign nations this example. When I think of the cruelty I never fail to see in every part of the Continent, and compare it with our own more merciful ways, I wish we could send out missionaries to preach the doctrine of love to animals throughout the length and breadth of *soi-disant* civilisation.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1881.

THE COMET OF A SEASON.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GAMES OF CROSS-PURPOSES.

"GIVE me a call to-day at half-past four; I want to see you particularly; be sure to come; no puttings-off, mind."

Such was the tenor of a little note Montana received from Lady Vanessa about noon of the day which had opened for him by the death-bed of his father. He was in little mood for the whims of a great lady. He would have evaded Vanessa's peremptory invitation if he could. But there was a straightforward strength of purpose about Lady Vanessa which always impressed him, and he felt sure that if she sent for him it was really because she had something to say which it would be well for him to hear. Besides, he began to think that it probably had something to do with the meeting between Geraldine and himself in Berkeley Square. It might be important for him to hear what the sprightly lady had to say on that subject. So he was punctual in his visit. Exactly at the appointed hour he was in Vanessa's drawing-room. Montana always prided himself on his punctuality. He had but one hero in his boyish, romantic days, and that was the Count of Monte Cristo; and the Count of Monte Cristo had an impressive way of always turning up at the exact moment, even if he had to come from the other end of the world. Half-unconsciously Montana was often playing the part of his boyhood's hero even still.

"So, here you are!" was Lady Vanessa's gracious greeting. "I knew you would come; I want to talk to you."

Lady Vanessa had just as much cruelty in her disposition as is consistent with general good-nature; that is to say, she felt kindly towards most persons, towards nearly all whom she knew, and she would have been glad, if it were put to her, to do a good turn for any man or woman. Nor would she under any circumstances have carried a freak of cruelty to the extent of inflicting serious pain. But within these limits she occasionally liked to be a little cruel, even to those for whom she had some regard. It gave her a pleasant sense of power when she was annoying people. She liked to sport with them, and make them seem ridiculous. Now, she had taken somewhat of a liking for Geraldine—"the little American," as she called her—but she was none the less glad of the opportunity given to her to hurt the little American's feelings slightly, and to sport with her.

"What is the address of your little American?" she asked Montana abruptly.

"Do you mean Miss Rowan? She is not little, and she is not American."

"Oh, I call her little," said Lady Vanessa, conscious of her own superb height. "She is little to tall folks like you and me; and I call her American because she has been a long time in America, and picked up the ways of the people there."

"Another correction I would suggest," Montana quietly said. "You call her *my* little American, and she is not mine in any sense."

"But she is going to be, ain't she? I suppose you don't confabulate with girls in the public squares at midnight—girls like that, I mean—unless there is an engagement between you. I don't see what better you could do, my good friend. She is a very pretty girl, and clever and good, I'm sure. But if I were you, I wouldn't have meetings by moonlight alone with the girl I was going to marry. It won't do her any good in people's eyes. Now, I mean to go and see her and give her a warning. She is as innocent as a goose of all our ways here, and it is only Christian charity to put her up to things. You know that I am nothing if not Christian and charitable."

Montana was annoyed at the way in which Lady Vanessa spoke, but thought it hardly worth while to take it seriously, and make any objection; and he was not perhaps in his heart sorry that she should go to Geraldine and tell her of the risk she ran by meeting him at night in the square. So he gave Lady Vanessa Geraldine's address, and Lady Vanessa straightway drove off to Captain Marion's house and asked to see Miss Rowan.

Geraldine was not much in the humour for visitors of any kind that day; especially was she not in the mood to encounter fashionable ladies of Lady Vanessa's style. But she received the great lady, and tried to put on an air of composure and of friendly welcome.

"Look here," Lady Vanessa began, coming to the heart of the question, "I have come to give you a piece of advice. You are a good girl, I am sure, and very clever, but you are not up to our ways. In England it would never do for a girl to go meeting a man at midnight in one of the squares, even though she is engaged to him, or going to be engaged to him."

Geraldine was surprised and distressed by such a greeting. Her first feeling was one of resentment, and she gave expression to it.

"I am much obliged to you, Lady Vanessa, for thinking of me at all, and coming to give me this warning, but I really don't want it. I do understand English ways quite well, and I knew what I was doing, and what people would say if they came to know of it. I suppose people *will* come to know of it now, and I can't help it. As far as I am concerned, they may say what they like. I meant no harm, and thought no harm."

"Of course you didn't," Lady Vanessa said; "and there is no harm done, child, anyhow. Nobody saw you but myself, as far as I know, and I shan't spread the story any further. I could not help chaffing Montana a bit about it, because he sets up for such a saint, don't you know. But I really did not come to chaff *you*—only to give you a friendly hint. Nobody supposes you thought any harm. I am sure I don't. But still, don't do it again, there's a good girl."

"I shan't have occasion to do it again. But if there were occasion I should not shrink from doing it again."

"Oh, well, don't let there be occasion," Lady Vanessa said. "There need not be occasion, I should hope, for I don't advise you to make it a long engagement."

"There is no engagement," Geraldine said, "between Mr. Montana and me, long or short—there never will be."

"Come, now! that won't do, you know. I have too high an opinion of you, Miss Rowan, to think that you are a girl to go philandering about with a man like Montana at night in a public square, unless you were going to marry him. I know he wants to marry you. He hasn't told me so in so many words, but he allowed me to understand it; and there are lots of girls, let me tell you, would be only too glad to be in your place. So don't talk about not being engaged to Mr. Montana—at least, to a sensible woman like me."

"But I am not engaged to Mr. Montana," said Geraldine firmly,

"and I never shall be. If you care about knowing anything of my affairs, Lady Vanessa, you may as well know that at once—I shall never marry Mr. Montana, or be engaged to him."

"But he has asked you?"

"I don't think I ought to tell you anything about it," said Geraldine, "more than I have told you. I would not have told you that if I could have avoided it."

"Oh, bless you, I know it all," Lady Vanessa declared. "I know that he is wild about you, and I know that he has asked you to marry him, but I certainly did not know that you had made up your mind the other way. I can only say, I don't understand you at all. I am sure you mean no harm, but let me tell you—a girl who refuses a man, and then goes about afterwards with him alone at night in a London square, will be apt to be considered an eccentric sort of young woman."

"I don't mind," said Geraldine. "I can't help that."

"But look here—now, don't be offended; I mean this in all kindness—will you let me advise you? You are awfully proud, of course, and you think me very rude and intrusive. Well, perhaps I am a little intrusive, but I only mean it for your good. I understand our London world, and you don't. Do, pray, like a good girl, if you don't mean to marry Mr. Montana, keep out of his way, and make him keep out of your way, and be resolute about it."

Lady Vanessa now felt more and more interested in "the little American," and anxious about her, and wished her well.

Geraldine felt profoundly humiliated. She did not doubt the good intention of Lady Vanessa, whose frank smile indeed spoke only good-nature, and she did not much mind Lady Vanessa's eccentric ways; but it was a bitter humiliation to her to know that even one woman thus regarded her with wonder, and felt bound to endeavour to intervene in her affairs. She did not know how far Lady Vanessa's promise of secrecy could be trusted, and anyhow it was a humbling thought that the promise of secrecy should be offered, and should be held necessary. She felt that the chain which had been so strangely drawing itself around Montana and her was in its mysterious way bringing them closer and closer. She could only strengthen her courage by saying to herself, "I must get away. I must escape from all this, and go back to America." She said as much aloud.

"I am going back to America very soon, Lady Vanessa; my mother is in America."

"Then, the sooner you go back to your mother the better, my dear girl, if you really don't think of marrying Mr. Montana. But I

should think that over, if I were you. He is a splendid fellow in many ways. You might do worse."

Geraldine shook her head.

"No? well, then, go back to America. Let me tell you, I don't think you'll find it such a very easy thing to get rid of Mr. Montana if you stay here much longer. He's a man to have his way in most things. That's one reason why I like him. I like a man, or a woman either, who says, 'Now, I want this or that, and I'm going to have it.' That's the sort of man *he* is, don't you know. In many ways I think he's a good deal of a humbug—between ourselves, and since you say you don't intend to marry him. I've often said almost as much to himself. Well, good-bye, Miss Rowan; and I hope you'll forgive my intrusiveness. I'm awfully wilful; but I generally mean well. On the whole, I think I'm glad you don't take to Montana; but all the same I am not by any means sure that you are free of him. I should think he'll manage to have his way in the end."

Lady Vanessa went away, leaving Geraldine much disturbed and distressed. What especially troubled her was the consciousness that in her secret soul she had misgivings now and then that corresponded with Lady Vanessa's doubts as to the possibility of her maintaining her will against Montana.

"Oh, why am I not madly in love with somebody!" the girl said, half seriously, half in that kind of miserable jesting mood in which men and women with a certain poetic dash in them are wont to laugh at their own weaknesses and perplexities. "If I were only in love with some one, I should be safe. Why am I not in love with——" and then she stopped and got very red, and felt as if she had been going to say something shameful. What she was going to say was this, "Why am I not in love with Clement Hope?"

"Poor boy!" she thought. "Melissa is trouble enough for him."

She was almost sorry that Lady Vanessa had gone. It was a relief to have any one to speak to on the subject that engrossed her. To her unspeakable delight, a day or two after, Captain Marion returned suddenly to town. He came back, he said, to look after poor Clement Hope. In truth, that was only one reason for his sudden return. He did not like the progress of the inquiry his friends were making in the north. It was far too like the work of a private detective, he thought, and said as well as thought. In vain Aquitaine and Fanshawe endeavoured to impress him with a sense of the imperative duty that they believed was imposed on them to settle the question of Montana's identity. Marion could only say that he detested such work; that he believed in his friend Montana,

and scorned to make any inquiry about him. His mind was misgiving him, all the same. He would not admit it even to himself; but one source of his annoyance was this growing misgiving which he would not acknowledge and could not shake off.

His coming determined Geraldine. She would speak to him at once. She must have some friend and protector, and he was best of all. She was fond of him and trusted him; she knew he was fond of her and trusted her. There was no woman on this side of the Atlantic to whom she could possibly have opened her mind.

No sooner resolved than done. She invaded Captain Marion in his study. She had never made quite so free as this before.

Marion welcomed her, but seemed embarrassed too.

"I want to speak to you, Captain Marion," Geraldine began, almost breathless. "You have always been so good and kind to me, that I think I ought to tell you of something that troubles me."

"There! I knew it," Marion thought. "The girl's been made miserable by these ridiculous reports! She thinks she ought not to stay here any longer."

"Well, Geraldine," he said, "I have tried to be kind to you, but it was a selfish feeling, I am afraid; "and then he stopped, and thought to himself, "Oh, hang it all! that will never do. That seems like making a declaration of love to the girl, and justifying all these fools say." "Selfish, you know," he said with an effort to be very resolute and calm, "because it was so pleasant for my girls to have a companion like you."

"I want to speak to you," she said again, "of something that troubles me."

"Well, well, my dear!" Marion said. "Geraldine—I mean, Miss Rowan—"

"Miss Rowan?" she asked, with open eyes of wonder. "Why Miss Rowan? You are not offended with me?"

"Oh, good heavens, no!" and there was unmistakable earnestness in Marion's tone this time. "How could I be offended with you, my dear girl—I mean Geraldine?"

"Then, why did you call me 'Miss Rowan'?"

"Well, if it comes to that," said Marion, more embarrassed than ever, "you are Miss Rowan, you know."

"I am not generally Miss Rowan to you."

"Well, I will call you anything you like," he said, "and I will do anything you like, for you know how fond I am of you. I mean—that is—of course, you know what I mean is—that you know what a high regard I have for you."

"There is something strange in your manner," Geraldine said, looking up at him frankly with open eyes. "You don't seem like yourself. I almost think I ought not to come troubling you about this trouble of mine."

"No, no; there is nothing wrong with me," Marion said, "and nothing wrong with you, I am sure." "What am I saying?" he mentally interjected. "But I don't know, Geraldine, that there is much good in talking about this. It is all folly and nonsense. Let them say what they like. They can't compel you."

"Can't compel me to do what?"

"Well, I am sorry to put it so bluntly," said Marion. "They cannot compel you to marry, if you don't like."

"Oh, no," said Geraldine, "that is quite true. I tell myself that again and again, and yet I am so troubled, somehow. But how did you manage to guess beforehand what I was going to talk to you about? I did not think any one here had thought of it but myself."

"Yes; I have thought about it," said Marion, "because I have heard foolish talk about it."

"Then it has been talked about?"

"Talked about! Oh, yes, my dear girl; everything is talked about now. It has been talked of to me, and I make no doubt it has been talked of to others. But I do assure you, Geraldine, in all sincerity and truth, I never said or thought anything which could give the slightest encouragement to talk like that."

"Oh, no," said Geraldine, dreamily. "I never supposed you did. Why should anyone suppose you did?"

"People suppose all sorts of things," Marion said fretfully. "People seem to think that a man can't be kind to a woman without trying to make her fall in love with him and marry him. They seem to forget that there is such a thing as difference of age."

"Oh, well," said Geraldine, "I am afraid, Captain Marion, you lay too much stress upon that. I don't think you quite see all the difficulty that troubles me. The difference of age would not be much of an obstacle."

"Not much of an obstacle!" Marion thought. "Where are we now? What does the girl mean?" A sudden thought flashed across him. "*Is* there such a very great difference? She is a charming girl, and—oh, but that's nonsense!"

"Well," he said aloud, "difference of age means a difference that increases, and not diminishes, every day."

"Then you are entirely on my side?"

"Entirely on your side? I am always on your side. But I

don't think I quite understand. It is all in your own hands, Geraldine. No pressure whatever can be brought to bear upon you."

"But that is what I am afraid of," said Geraldine. "There is a kind of strange mysterious pressure that I cannot understand or explain which is put on me, and I sometimes begin to be afraid that it will break down my will and all my power of resistance."

Marion was now utterly puzzled. What did she mean? Was she ascribing to him some power of unconscious fascination which he was not even trying to exert, but which threatened to prove too strong for her will?

"That's why I come to you," she said; "I want shelter, and strength, and protection."

"But, Geraldine, I really don't quite understand. Is not this only giving a countenance to what people say? Why come to me for shelter and protection—shelter and protection against what?"

"Against myself, sometimes, I am afraid—against my own want of firmness."

"Surely you do not want firmness! Why, you seem to me to be a girl of the strongest character and the clearest purpose. You ought to know your own mind if any woman does. Do you know your own mind in this? Do you really know what you want to do and what you do not want to do?"

"I know what I wish to do," Geraldine said plaintively; "I know that well enough. I know what I hate and dread to do. I am afraid I cannot make any one understand what my trouble is. I must seem a silly and stupid girl to you when I tell you in one breath that I am afraid of being brought to do the very thing I should most hate to do. I know that my life is entirely in my own keeping, and that no one can compel me—but still I come to you, and I must open my heart to you—I have no one else here—and tell you that I am weak and cowardly enough sometimes to fear that I may be persuaded to give way. So I want you to support me and defend me."

Marion now began to find that they were really at cross-purposes, and that things were not as he was supposing them to be.

"I think, Geraldine," he said, "we had better have a little very plain speaking, and put what we mean into precise words. What do you want me to do? What is the danger you want me to protect you against?"

Geraldine stopped for a moment. She was disappointed. Either Marion really did not know her trouble, or he would not relieve her

from the pain of explaining it in words. It had been a great relief to her for the moment, when she fancied that Marion could guess at what she wished to say without giving her the pain of saying it. This made things more easy, even although it brought with it the humiliating knowledge that she had been talked about. Now the momentary relief was gone, and she had to put her case plainly. She made up her mind, and came to the point at once.

"I want you," she said, "Captain Marion, as the dearest friend I have here, to stand between me and Mr. Montana."

Captain Marion started to his feet. This was a surprise indeed. Of this he had never thought. How ridiculous now seemed the absurd conjecture that a moment before he had allowed into his mind!

"From Montana!" he said; "from Montana, Geraldine? Do you really mean that? What has Montana been saying?"

"Can't you guess?" she asked.

"For heaven's sake, like a dear girl, let's have no more guessing. I have been guessing already, and guessing wrongly, as I dare say you may have seen, and very likely to make a fool of myself I was."

Poor Geraldine had seen nothing of the kind, nor thought anything about it. She was too much engrossed in her own trouble.

"Well, it is this," she said. "I suppose I ought to be much flattered and very grateful. Mr. Montana professes a great liking for me. You know the kind of way he talks. He professes to think me a woman just suited for him, and for his career, and for his work, and all the rest of it, and has asked me—well, to marry him."

Marion walked uneasily about the room. The news troubled him. A few days ago he would have been delighted to hear it; now he was distressed by it. Not that his faith in Montana was shaken as yet, but that he did not like the idea of even Montana offering himself as a husband to Geraldine while any manner of suspicion or doubt about him and his purposes remained on any one's mind. And then—and then—she was a charming girl, and Marion was very fond of her, and people had talked as if it were possible that she might marry him; and although Marion did not want her to do so, yet for the moment there was in his heart a sort of revolt at the thought of her marrying anyone else.

"And you have answered no?" he said at last, stopping in his walk, but not looking at her.

"I have answered no; and I mean no."

"Very well; then I suppose there is an end of it, isn't there?" There was something strangely fretful in his tone.

At that moment a letter was put into Geraldine's hand. It was in Montana's handwriting. She looked up at Marion with such an expression in her face that she might as well have told him at once the letter was from Montana. He could not but know it. "From Montana?" he said.

"It is. I don't know what he is writing to me about."

"Hadn't you better open it and see?"

Geraldine read the letter aloud, not without some trepidation. It was very short. It only begged her to come to him at once. "There is good reason," Montana wrote. "Even you, when you come, will see that I was right in sending for you."

"What absurd mystery is this?" Marion asked. "What is coming over everybody? We are all going in for mysteries and mysterious inquiries, all over the place. Not one of us is a bit like what he was or she was two months ago. You can't go to him, Geraldine."

"Oh, no," she said at once. "I don't know what he can want of me. I can't go; it's out of the question." Then suddenly remembering Melissa and her unlucky correspondence, she stopped in embarrassment, and with a growing colour on her cheek, she said, "Yes, Captain Marion, I must go to him. I can't help it."

"Another mystery!" he said. "You say you won't marry Montana, and that you don't like him; and yet he has only to send for you, and you run to him! He has only to whistle, and you fly to him. Geraldine, you shan't go."

"I must go, indeed," she pleaded. "It is something I am sure that does not concern me, but it does concern someone else. I must go, Captain Marion."

"Let me go; I will talk to Montana. He is a man, and has some sense."

"Come, you are turning cynical now," Geraldine said, with an effort to be pleasant, "and you must have your fling against women too. You say we are changed, Captain Marion. Is not this something of a change in you?"

"Well, I dare say it is. I suppose some wrong twist is getting into my mind as well as into the minds of all the rest of you. Anyhow, let me go and talk to him, Geraldine."

"I can't, indeed. I must go. Pray be kind to me, and don't ask me anything. It is all right—at least, it is not all right, and it might be all wrong, but I don't want it to be so; and I want to go and see him, and I must go at once."

"Then I will go with you."

"Yes, come with me, by all means," Geraldine said, very glad of his presence and protection; "come with me, and wait for me. I shall be obliged to speak to Mr. Montana alone, but you can come and wait for me, and you can cut the interview short when you think it has lasted long enough. I shall be very glad to have you with me. Only, come; we must not lose time."

Chapter XXIV.

"She's left her home, the graceless girl!"

An hour or so before this talk between Geraldine and Marion, a panting, alarmed little fugitive was getting out of a train at Euston Square. The train was crowded, and there was a great deal of bustle at the station. The fugitive was able to escape unnoticed. Had there been less crowd and less confusion, less struggling for luggage, and hustling of porters, and clamour of cabmen, somebody must have observed that the fugitive was a fugitive, and was in much alarm and distress.

Melissa Aquitaine, when she got out of the train, looked so wildly about her, and then drew herself together with such an elaborate and determined appearance of absolute composure and utter indifference, that anybody who had time to observe her must have seen her confusion. She put aside intrusive porters who would ask her about her luggage. She told one such officious inquirer that she had no luggage; she asked another what it mattered to him; to a third she gave no reply but an angry glance. She ran the wrong way up the platform, and found that she was apparently making for the place whence she had started. She then turned round affrighted, and ran the other way, and passed the door of exit in her alarm, and got bewildered amongst the booking offices and telegraph offices, and refreshment rooms, and hideous men and odious barmaids. Then when she was actually in the open street it occurred to her that she had not the least idea how to get to the place she wished to reach. She turned back and hailed a Hansom cab, then changed her mind and got into a heavy four-wheeler, paying no attention to the importunate demand of the driver of the Hansom to be compensated for breach of contract. She told the driver of her four-wheeler to get on as quickly as he could, without telling him where he was to go. He saw clearly enough that something was wrong, and so drove her a little way from the station before he stopped to ask her any question.

He came down from his box, and put his head in at the window, convinced that it was a case for quiet and confidence. Her manner fully confirmed his idea, for she whispered the direction to him in as low a tone as though there had been anybody near to hear it or care about it. She named the street where Montana lived. She was going in this affrighted way to see Mr. Montana. She had come from her home for the purpose. She had, in plain words, run away.

During the last day or two she had heard talk of some vague kind between her father and Mr. Fanshawe about Montana. She knew that they thought they had found out, or were on the track of finding out, something to his disadvantage. She lay awake at night thinking of what she should do. She thought of writing to him, and began a letter, and then stopped. She could not explain to him in a letter all her grounds for alarm.

Then, a letter might not reach him. She could not remember the number of the house in which he lived, although she could have found the house easily enough if she were there. Why, then, could she not go there? In this long, wakeful, miserable night, that thought came more and more into her mind, "Why not go and tell him?" If she could see him in time, and put him on his guard—what a service that would be to offer him! Perhaps he would be grateful. Perhaps he would understand what risks she had run, and how much she had sacrificed for him. Perhaps, out of being grateful to her, he might come to care for her. At all events, he could not but speak kindly to her and pity her. She rose from her bed half a dozen times at night, and walked up and down her great, lavishly-ornamented Moorish-Turkish-Japanese room, in whose decorations she had once taken such pride and pleasure, and about which now she cared so little. She walked up and down, looking like a perturbed and restless little ghost. She looked out of the window at the growing dawn, and tried to keep her composure, and to think over things, and to make up her mind. When the full morning came at last, and the household were stirring, she listened for every word of conversation among the men that might give her some hint of the danger which threatened Montana. Frank Trescoe, she found, had suddenly come down from London—what did that mean? She did not hear much, but still there were words let drop now and then, and there was sullen resolve enough in Frank Trescoe's tones, to make her feel convinced that there was a danger, and that they were all set on doing some injury to Montana. It never occurred to her to think of anybody else being in the right, and

Montana being in the wrong. Trescoe and Fanshawe she regarded as mere conspirators against a good and great man; vile, malignant, evil-minded conspirators, who, out of their sheer wickedness, were bent on injuring him because of his mere goodness. Her father she regarded as one meant for better things, but drawn into a base conspiracy through the delusive arts of unscrupulous acquaintances. The more she thought, the more she raged against the conspirators, and the more she became determined that it was her destiny and her duty to baffle the conspiracy and to save the noble victim.

A plan soon shaped itself in her mind. That day Mrs. Aquitaine had promised to take her to an art gallery in the town, to meet some girls, cousins of Melissa's, there. Melissa knew well what that would come to. Mrs. Aquitaine would be sure, when the moment came, to say she could not go. She would not quit her beloved sofa. Then Melissa would pout at the disappointment, and the easy mamma would allow her to go alone in the carriage. Once she was free of the house, anything might be done. She turned the whole matter over in her throbbing little brain, and she began to think that the stars in their courses were fighting on her side. She would be expected to pass many hours in the art gallery, looking at the pictures with her cousins, who passed for having ideas about art. It was now twelve o'clock. She would not be expected home before six o'clock at the earliest. Even if she were missed after that, half an hour or an hour, at least, would be allowed to pass before her absence would cause any alarm. She was observant enough of anything that interested her at the moment, and she had been quite enough interested in the going up to London and the coming back from it to bear in her mind the length of time the journey took, and the hour at which the train left from either end. She remembered that there was a train about one o'clock for London. If she went by that train she also knew that she would be in London actually before her absence could create any alarm at home. She would be in London, and she would have accomplished her purpose. She would be able to warn Montana even before a letter could do it. She would have won some claim to his regard. She would have shown him that she was really devoted to him. It was as wild a scheme as ever entered the mind of a foolish, lovelorn, impassioned girl. Perhaps, considering the difference of time and place and all conditions, it was at least as wild as that of Juliet herself. But Melissa was now as devoted as any Juliet. There was scarcely any risk she would not have run, any folly she would not have committed, now that the fit was on her.

All that was known of her that day at home was that she went with her maid in the carriage to the art gallery, where she was to meet her cousins. She dismissed the maid and the carriage, and gave directions that they were to call for her at half-past six in the evening. She entered the gallery, went once rapidly round the first room, came down the stairs again, and passed out. The man at the door of the gallery noticed her sudden departure, and thought she had gone to call back the carriage, or give some message, or look for something she had forgotten. He paid no great attention to the matter; only, he did remember afterwards that he had seen the young lady come in and very soon after go out again.

Melissa was gone, and had her five or six hours' law all to herself. She got into a cab and drove to the station. She was still some half an hour too early when she had bought her ticket, her hands trembling all the time with nervous excitement so that she could hardly take up her change, the money rattling about in a piteous and confusing way. Then she left her ticket behind her, and had to be called after and reminded of it. When all this was done she sat in miserable anxiety in the waiting-room, dreading lest at any moment some chance acquaintance should come in, or that her father, put in some strange way on the scent of her departure, should suddenly present himself at the door. The time seemed as if it never would pass. A kindly porter took pity on her, thinking that she was some poor girl who had to leave her home, perhaps to go to a strange town as governess or something of the kind, and wondering very much why it was that no friend could be found to come with her and see her off. He took her, therefore, under his charge, at first much to her alarm. When the train was ready he found a carriage for her, and saw her safely into it. She pulled out her purse, and, to his surprise, gave him a whole handful of silver, some of the shillings in her agitation falling on the platform. In a few minutes the train was gone, and Melissa's flight was safely made.

It was nearly seven o'clock when Montana got rid of the last of the visitors at his evening reception. He was weary, and full of ominous, uncomfortable feeling. His nerves, always highly strung, seemed now like musical instruments that vibrated to some unseen extraneous influence. Suddenly he was told that a lady wished particularly to speak with him for a few moments. This was vexatious. He was not in a mood to care for the spiritual confidence of any perplexed soul, and he assumed it was on some such business the lady was coming. His own soul was perplexed enough to occupy all his attention. He said he could not see anyone; but a pressing message

came back, saying that the lady must see him—begged him to see her. He gave way at last, wearily. To do him justice, he was not ill-natured at heart, and seldom denied any petition, no matter what inconvenience it brought to himself. He rather submitted to the lady's coming in than gave her permission to come; and he was determined to make her visit as short as possible, and to induce her to tell her story in the fewest possible words.

It was growing dusk, the evenings falling in now early, as the summer was waning; and Montana, his mind quite abstracted from all around him, did not recognise at first the little figure that stood upon his threshold.

Panting, palpitating with excitement, with fear and hope and anxiety of all kinds, the girl said, "Mr. Montana, don't you know me? I am Melissa Aquitaine."

"Miss Aquitaine!" Montana said, greatly surprised, his mind suddenly coming back to the mysterious letters of which he had received so many. "I am very glad to see you; I didn't know you were in town. Why are you alone? Where is your father?"

"My father is at home," she said; "and that is why I have come here. I have come to tell you something, Mr. Montana—to warn you about something. I don't know what it is, but they have found out something, or they think they have, that concerns you; and it is something bad, they say; and I believe there is danger about it, or they are going to do something—I don't know what—but I could hear enough to know that there was danger for you, or something unpleasant for you, and I thought I would come and tell you of it."

"When did you leave home?"

"Only to-day. I came by the train; at one o'clock, I think. I came away as soon as ever I could. I would have come any length to save you."

"But," Montana said, "my dear young lady, I don't know what danger could threaten me, or how any warning could avert it."

His mind misgave him, nevertheless. He was in a mood to anticipate danger. But he was not now, and never was, in a mood to show this.

"No one has anything to say against me, Miss Aquitaine. If I have enemies, they are enemies on public grounds, and I have no reason to dread them. Most certainly your father is not one of them."

"I don't know," said Melissa. "I almost think he is now. Not that he would do anything unfair, of course; but he has something on his mind. They think they have made some discovery about you."

"Who are 'they'?" said Montana. "Your father—and who else?"

"My father, and young Fanshawe, and Frank Trescoe, and others too, I think. They have been rummaging out evidence amongst all sorts of people where we live, you know, and they think they have found out something."

"Do they know of your coming up to town?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said Melissa; "they would never have allowed me if they knew. But I was determined to risk everything in order to warn you. I didn't care about the risk. I ran away, Mr. Montana, and that's the truth of it. I ran away from my home, and I don't care. I am not ashamed, or, if I am ashamed, I am not sorry."

"I don't know how to thank you," Montana said; and, indeed, he was for the moment surprised and touched by the reckless generosity of the girl. "I don't know why you should do so much for me; or how I can show my gratitude."

"You don't owe me any gratitude," Melissa answered in piteous voice, and with eyes fixed on the ground. "I couldn't help it, Mr. Montana. I would die for you, if that would do any good. I should like to die for you, if you would only speak a kind word or two to me. Oh, I am so wretched sometimes—and now you know everything, and you despise me." She put her hands over her eyes and burst into tears. She had now completely broken down; the tension of excitement was relaxed; the physical and mental reaction had set in.

Montana was really moved. What man, after all, could ever be absolutely indifferent to such evidence of a pretty girl's devotion and love? She looked very charming, with her little child-like head bent over her hands, and her breast trembling and palpitating like that of an affrighted pigeon. For a moment Montana was filled with a feeling of pure and tender regret that he could not love the girl—that he could not be young again for the sake of loving her. If he could only take her to his heart and hold her against all, against friends and family and father, and make her his own! "Here stands my dove—stoop at her if you dare," is a noble line from Ben Jonson which exactly expresses the feeling Montana would have been glad just then if he too could have put into words and action. He spoke to Melissa in soft, kindly, reassuring words; not words of love—in all her confusion, Melissa could notice that—but words a little warmer than mere friendly interest inspires.

"It will all come right, my dear young lady. I will send a telegram to your father at once, and we will explain all to him. He is a just man, and he will know how to make allowance for your generous friendship."

Melissa shuddered. "I dare not see my father."

"Leave the explanation to me; I will tell your father—he is full of sympathy; he will understand. All will come right, believe me—you will be perfectly happy in your home again."

Melissa dashed the tears from her eyes.

"Happy in my home!" she exclaimed. "Do you think I could ever go home again? Do you think I could go back to be the scandal of the place; to be talked of everywhere as the girl who ran away because she was—because she was madly in love with a man who didn't care three straws about her? To have young Fanshawe and everybody else despising me, and preaching sermons about me? No, Mr. Montana, I'll not go home. I knew what I was doing well enough, silly and foolish though I am. I did it for you, and I would do it over again; but I'll not go home. Things never can come right again for me, and I don't much care now."

She seemed to have grown into a strange maturity of thought and speech within a few moments. She spoke with an almost icy composure. She had all the quiet indomitable courage of despair. She asked nothing now of fate.

Montana grew alarmed. There was no mistaking Melissa's earnestness of purpose. A woman who spoke like that was capable of any resolve. He tried to reason with her, but she put his reasoning quietly aside. Nothing on earth could move her, she said. She would never go back to her home.

"We can do so little for you here," he said. "I have not even a woman servant, Melissa."

Melissa's eyes lit up for a moment as she heard him call her by her name—for the first time. He saw it, and stopped short. Then she smiled a wild smile.

"You don't know what to do with me; I am terribly in the way. But I don't mean to put you to any trouble, Mr. Montana; I am going at once."

"My dear Miss Aquitaine, going where?" This time it was "Miss Aquitaine."

"I don't know—anywhere out of this. I have done all I wanted to do, Mr. Montana; fulfilled my mission, I dare say some of you would call it." There was a ring of her old petulance in her voice as she said these words. "I think there is some plotting against you going on, and I have come to tell you of it, to put you on your guard; and that's about the best mission I could have; and so, don't mind about me—I'm all right. Good-evening, Mr. Montana." She got up and held out her hand.

"You can't go out of this," Montana said, "until I have put you in the care of some relatives or friends who have a higher claim on you than I have. For the present, you must stay here. I am old enough to be your father—almost; no one will say a word because you have spent a few hours in my house. I owe you too deep a debt of gratitude not to take good care of you—and we are not so ungracious here as to allow young ladies to go wandering about. Come! can you make tea?"

She shook her head.

"I don't think I can; I can't do anything. You put some tea into something, and then you get hot water: but I don't know; I don't think I could do it."

"Come, then, I can do it; and I'll show you how. I have learned to do all sorts of cookery for myself in my odd life of wandering. I want some tea, and I know you do too. Now, then, you shall look on, and I'll give you a lesson in the art of making tea."

Montana was talking with a purpose—with two purposes. He wanted to turn the girl's mind away from the seriousness of the situation; to try to get her to think of it as something unimportant, not at all irretrievable. Also, he wanted to gain time. Nothing could have been wiser on his part. Melissa's high-strung despairing mood became a little relaxed and softened as he spoke thus in quiet cheerful tone. He felt that he was gaining ground. He rang the bell; he bade his servant get tea-cups; kept the servant in and out of the room; talked all the time to Melissa, and drew her out, and compelled her to talk commonplaces in answer to his commonplaces; left the room three or four times and instantly came back again—thus relieving Melissa from any idea that he was keeping guard upon her—and in one of these short intervals he wrote to Geraldine Rowan and begged of her to come to him at once. He felt much satisfaction with what he had done. In all his concern for poor Melissa, he was glad to make of her a means to bring Geraldine Rowan to him. She must come, he thought, and her coming would be a new bond to fasten her destinies to his. He passed some moments of keen excitement, for all his cool and cheerful manner. At last his servant came in and said:

"Miss Rowan, sir."

"Show Miss Rowan in." He rose with a feeling of triumph.

Melissa's eyes flashed fire. In an instant two things seemed to be made clear to her. She was captured, and Montana was Geraldine's accepted lover. She felt like a little panther caught in a trap.

Was there ever, she thought, any girl so disappointed, so degraded before? Ah, it was too cruel of Montana, of Geraldine, of Heaven! All the heroic and romantic glow of her enterprise had quite gone out of it now. She was not a heroine; she was treated only like some naughty school-girl who has played the truant. She was merely kept in durance until some severe friend could be sent for to take her back to home and angry parents and punishment. Geraldine Rowan was to be brought to see her disgrace and take charge of her; and Geraldine would pity her, and be kind to her, and would talk about her to Montana when she had gone, and would learn from him all that she had said in the wildness of her mad love; and the two would shake their heads over her; and Geraldine, for all her good nature, would condemn her as a very unwomanly and shocking girl. Even death would hardly save her now from being an object of ridicule. Yet, if there were any chance of death at that moment, oh, how gladly would our poor little outlaw have grasped at it! What a wild satisfaction it would have given her if she could have said to herself, "When Geraldine comes, she will only see my dead body."

"You sent for Geraldine Rowan!" she exclaimed, turning upon him with eyes that flamed.

"I did," he said. "She is the best person to help us; she is very fond of you."

"Oh!" was all Melissa's answer; a low cry of pain and shame.

Chapter XXV.

RECAPTURED, NOT RECOVERED.

The room was dim and dusk, and Geraldine, with her short sight, had to look closely to see who was there.

She did not recognise Melissa at first. Montana came forward. "Miss Aquitaine is here," he said, "and I am sure she would be glad to speak to you, Geraldine. That is why I sent for you so abruptly, and I knew you would come. I shall leave you two together for a few moments, and Miss Aquitaine will tell you why she came to town, and you will advise her."

He had purposely called her Geraldine before Melissa, and had spoken with the manner of one who has authority. He felt certain that Geraldine in her surprise at that moment would not stop to

repudiate any authority he might seem to assume, and that it would be a distinct advantage to his purpose that Melissa should see his manner to Geraldine, and Geraldine's acceptance of it.

When he went out of the room poor Melissa sat in a great arm-chair, leaning her chin upon her hand, and looking utterly haggard and crushed. She did not turn her eyes towards Geraldine, but kept them sullenly fixed on the floor.

At the first moment Geraldine was really not much surprised to see Melissa there. She had not had time to take in any of the meaning of the situation, and for a moment or two it did not seem to her more strange that Melissa should be in that house than if she had met her in Captain Marion's home. Now, however, looking at Melissa's crushed and desponding attitude, something like the truth came in upon her.

"When did you come to London?" she asked; "and why did you come here?"

"You needn't ask me any questions," Melissa said coldly; "you needn't ask why I came here. Guess for yourself; and if you can't guess, Mr. Montana will tell you. I suppose you are very angry with me, Geraldine, but that was to be expected, and I don't care. I don't care who is angry with me now. *Cela m'est égal*, as someone says in some play."

"Is your father in town?"

"He is not in town. If he were, I dare say I should not be here. You ought to feel grateful to me, Geraldine, although I'm sure you don't feel anything of the kind. I ran a risk to put Mr. Montana on his guard against people who are plotting and planning to injure him. That is more than you would have done, I dare say, although he is in love with you, and you are going to marry him."

"Dear Melissa," said Geraldine, "don't talk in that way. It is painful to hear you. Mr. Montana is not in love with me."

"Oh!" Melissa exclaimed, with a little start; "how can you?"

"No, I don't believe it," Geraldine answered, with some passion in her voice. "I don't call that love—I don't call —— Well, at all events, I am not in love with him, and I am not going to marry him. I am never going to marry him. I am not going to marry anyone, him least of all in the world. I am so sorry for you, Melissa. I feel so deeply for you. I wish with all my heart that I could help you in any way, but this is really dreadful. You surely did not leave your home, and your family, and your dear, kind, loving father, and rush up to London in this mad way?"

"Oh, but I did, though. That is exactly what I did do. I am not sorry for it, even still; although I know now, if I didn't know

before, how little good it was for me to make any sacrifice. But I was not thinking about myself when I did it, and I am not thinking much about myself now. It is done, and can't be helped."

Geraldine threw her arms round the trembling little girl, and kissed her tenderly again and again.

"You sweet, foolish, dreadful child!" she said; "you were not thinking of yourself, I know. It was wild of you to do it, and you ought never to have done it. But it was generous, and I can't be very angry with you."

Melissa struggled a little to get away. She was one of those who, however touched or tender at heart, are always inclined to rebel against any demonstration of tenderness or affection.

"Well, that's very good of you, Geraldine, I'm sure," she said. "I was afraid you would have been jealous, my dear, although you need not. There is not the slightest occasion for your being jealous about me, as you can see perfectly well." She could not keep her tongue from petulance, even at that moment. "But it was very kind of you, Geraldine, for all that, and what they call magnanimous; and I am sure you are sorry for me, more sorry than I am myself just at this moment. But it is all up with your silly friend, my dear, and I shall have to pass a life of penitence and scolding if I live at all, which I hope I shan't, and which I will not do if I can help it. Good-night, Geraldine; it is most improper of me to be here in a strange gentleman's apartments, isn't it? And it is not every strange gentleman's *fiancée* who would be quite so good-natured as you have been. Anyhow, it is time now for me to depart, as the heroines of the novels would say—or to take myself off, as I prefer to put it. Good-night."

"Where on earth are you going?"

"I am going," said Melissa, "to the Salwanners—in America, where the war is. That is Dickens, Geraldine—one of the few things I remember in Dickens—and I like it, although I don't quite know what it means. I am going there—it has a charming vagueness about it, and falls in nicely with my present state of mind."

"You are going home, I suppose?"

"I don't exactly know what 'home' is," said Melissa. "I am quite sure I am not going home to my father's house, like the prodigal young person in the Bible story. I should have a very chilly reception there, I rather think."

"Then, you are coming home with me; you are coming to Captain Marion's. That is your home in London."

"I shan't do anything of the kind," Melissa said, getting up and

rapidly tying her bonnet and adjusting her mantle. "Good-evening, Geraldine."

"You are certainly not going out of this alone," said Geraldine. "My dear little Melissa, if I had to hold you by main force, I should take care of that. I fancy I am a good deal stronger than you. I almost think I could carry you from this to Captain Marion's in my arms, and I will do it too, rather than allow you to go anywhere by yourself to-night. But it doesn't need all that. Captain Marion's here. I brought him with me, and he will take care of you. He is as kind as any father could be, although I am sure your father is kind enough. Mr. Aquitaine will come up to-morrow, and everything will be right."

"Ridiculous!" Melissa replied sharply; "nothing on earth will ever be right with me again. I had much better be dead. Everybody will be ashamed of me, and scold me, and preach at me; and I shall be a byword and a reproach."

Montana was not glad when, after leaving the two girls together, he was told that Captain Marion was in the house, had come with Miss Rowan, and wished to see him. Montana could hardly ever be described as disconcerted, but he was a little displeased at the news. He was not anxious to see Marion just then. He was not pleased to hear that Marion had come with Geraldine. Much of the dramatic effect of Geraldine's prompt answer to his summons would be taken away by her having come under the escort of Captain Marion. Then, again, he did not know whether Marion's return to town so suddenly might not have something ominous in it. All the time while he was reasoning with Melissa, and humouring her, and keeping up an appearance of the utmost calmness, his mind was far from being composed. No shadow on his face allowed the girl to suppose for a moment that there was anything to alarm him in the news she brought from the north. But he felt all the time that there probably was something in it. Of late he had begun to be conscious more or less vaguely that Trescoe disliked him. We have said already that Montana was not habitually an observant man, for the reason that he did not take sufficient interest in people in general to be observant of what they did or how they looked. But when anything aroused his interest, or his admiration, or his suspicion, then he could be keenly and closely observant, and he could look quite through the deeds of men or of women, unless they were men and women with souls deep and well guarded indeed. He saw that Trescoe disliked him, and that there was something inexorable in Trescoe's dislike; and he credited the young man

with much greater strength of will and purpose than those around him, even his wife and his father-in-law, were disposed to believe in. Naturally he was a little uneasy about young Fanshawe's share in the inquiries, whatever they were, now going on in the north. An exposure, or even a public inquiry of any kind, might be fatal to him just now. He knew that Geraldine suspected him, but that he did not heed. On the contrary, he thought he could give Geraldine some reasons for all that he had done which would satisfy her at least of his strength of purpose, and show her that he had a meaning in everything he said or did, and thus increase the influence which he already began to see that he was gaining over her mind. He had determined on making Geraldine his confidante. He knew well, from his experience of women, that a man can have no stronger hold over a woman than to confide to her some strange secret which deeply concerns him, and which no mortal knows but he and she alone. He had resolved to tell Geraldine something that very night which would have startled her ; and now that Captain Marion had come there was no chance of a conversation of five minutes alone with her.

He went to meet Marion with his usual composure, although uncertain whether he was about to meet friend or enemy. He smiled his usual sweet and serene smile. It had done duty with Marion before, and did not fail even now. There was something strangely fascinating to the few who were privileged to see it when that cold, beautiful, marble-like face was suddenly brightened with a smile of peculiar sweetness which seemed to have a special welcome in it.

Marion, on his part, was a little embarrassed, and awkward, and cold. He felt as if his friend had a right to reproach him because he had listened to any inquiries or suspicions about him, and he was not certain whether Montana might not have heard something of this, and might not show it in his manner. Then, he was perplexed by Montana's peremptory summons to Geraldine. Remembering Geraldine's appeal to him, he felt as if he ought to act from the beginning in the character of a protector to her against advances which she declared to be unwelcome.

So the friends met on altered terms. But Montana's smile had its usual effect upon Marion, and they shook hands as though nothing had happened to keep them apart. Montana came to the point at once. He never talked commonplaces. He never spoke of the fine weather, or greeted a newly-arriving friend with the indisputable truism, "So you've got back !"

"I have heard," he said, "something of what has been going on

among your friends in the north. So they think they have found out something about me, do they? Well, I am neither disturbed nor offended. If they make inquiry keen enough, they may find out a good many things about me that the world has not known. But without any boasting, Marion, I think they will find out nothing to do me any great discredit."

"That I believe to the full," Marion said earnestly. "I am almost ashamed to have been there at all, and listened to any of their talk; but I came away, Montana, that is the truth, because I could not stand any more of it."

"Well, don't let us talk of that," Montana said. "It is really of no consequence. It was not for that I sent for Miss Rowan. I did not know you were in town, Marion. I heard of all this in a strange sort of way. An unexpected messenger came and told me. It is a strange story, but many things in my life have been strange. If some suspect me and are untrue to me—some from whom I might have looked for better things, some are devoted to me to whose devotion I had no manner of claim. There is a sweet, generous, fond, foolish young woman in that room yonder whom I wished to give into Geraldine's charge. I give her now into yours."

"Good God!" Marion exclaimed, as for a moment a thought terrible to him passed through his mind. "Who is it?"

Pained as he was to hear of Melissa, and of her foolish flight, yet it was an unspeakable relief to him to hear only of Melissa.

"I need not ask you, I suppose, why the poor girl did this?"

"No," Montana said, "you need not. You can guess. But believe one thing, Marion—I had nothing to do with it. I hardly ever spoke a dozen words at a time to the young lady. But some young women of that age must always be romantic."

"Yes, I suppose so. If it is not the curate or the music-master, it must be the first good-looking stranger that turns up. We must take her home to her father."

"Do what you think best," Montana said. "I need not ask you to be kind to her. What she did was done out of mere generosity. I know Geraldine will be kind to her. I shan't see her again. I shall go out and not return till late at night, when I can feel certain that you and she are gone. I have something to say to you some other time about Miss Rowan, but that will keep. Good-night."

Marion clasped his hand with increasing warmth of friendship. In his eyes, now, Montana was invested more than ever with heroic and noble attributes. He now understood why Montana had sent for Geraldine, and why he had sent for her in that peremptory and

mysterious manner. He appreciated all the delicacy of his conduct and his words with regard to poor Melissa, and he felt satisfied that no plottings, plannings, or investigations could find out anything about Montana that was not to Montana's honour.

Presently Geraldine sent for him, and he went to her, and found Melissa in an unabashed and defiant mood. She declared that, do what he would, she would never go home. Geraldine and Marion did their best to soothe her, and to promise her that everything should be done to save her from any distress. Mr. Aquitaine was to be telegraphed to at once, in order to relieve him from alarm. Everything was to be made as smooth as possible—Marion would take care of that. Everything should be put in the gentlest way—Geraldine and Marion would take the responsibility of all that had been done. It is to be feared that Captain Marion sometimes went a little beyond the strict limits of the possible or the credible in his assurances that there were numberless ways of making the whole affair seem the simplest and most natural thing in the world to Mr. Aquitaine. Marion's heart misgave him even while he was most earnestly endeavouring to reassure the obstinate little fugitive.

Melissa herself gave unhesitating expression to her utter scepticism.

"Suppose," she said scornfully, "that we tell my father I got into the train by mistake, thinking it was a picture-gallery? He would be sure to believe that. Or why not say that I was walking in my sleep? Nothing is more common than for a girl to walk in her sleep; I have seen all sorts of odd stories in newspapers about such things. Or can't we say that Geraldine telegraphed for me to fly at once to her side, because she wanted my advice about a wedding dress? There are lots of explanations."

"We don't mean to tell lies, Melissa," Captain Marion said, a little angrily.

"Oh, don't we? I thought we did. If we don't, I am afraid we can't make much of it."

She was truly an unmanageable little object of sympathy. At last, however, she consented to go to Captain Marion's house.

"Let's have it all out at once," she said; "let Sydney preach at me, to begin with."

"Sydney shan't say a word to you," Marion declared sharply.

"And Katherine, too, will be glad to see me. We were in the same boat, I rather think, only she had the good luck not to fall out, and have to be rescued and pulled ashore, and made an object of pity."

"For shame, Melissa, to talk in such a way!" Geraldine remonstrated, with something like anger in her voice. Marion was silent. With all his kindliness of nature and his pity for Melissa, he did at that moment think her a very wicked little girl.

But it made no difference in his treatment of her, in his patient, gentle way with her. Geraldine felt her heart swell with gratefulness and affection for him.

As they drove away from the fated house, Melissa gave one wild sad look back. Then she shrank into a corner of the carriage and was silent for a few moments. No one spoke. Suddenly she looked up.

"Mind, I am not going home," she said energetically. "I go with you now, Captain Marion and Geraldine; but I'll not go back to my father's house; no, never, never, never. I don't care what is said or what is done; I'll not go home again."

The next morning Mr. Varlowe was buried. He was laid in a graveyard two or three miles out of London, clear of the streets and the crush of traffic, and the brick and mortar, and the fogs. The funeral was very quiet. Clement particularly desired that but few persons should be present. Montana was there, and Captain Marion, and one or two others, and that was all.

Clement did not exchange a word with Montana. They merely shook hands, and Montana's grasp expressed as much sympathy and kindliness and encouragement as a mere clasp of the hand could well be made to express. But he said nothing, and Clement seemed to avoid looking directly at him. To Captain Marion Clement said a few words, telling him frankly that he wished to be alone for a day or two, and to remain behind in the churchyard when the rest had gone. They appreciated his humour, and went away as soon as the grim ceremonial was over, and Clement was left alone. He stayed for some time in the cemetery, and looked sadly enough over the fair landscape spread out before him, the soft sloping hills and pleasant fields and gentle waters steeped in the sunlight of late summer. It was his humour to be alone there, and to walk home alone. The few miles of walk, he thought, would give him strength, and bring refreshment to his soul. He wanted to be alone, and to look the past and future steadily in the face, and prepare to meet life in his own strength. An absolute change, such as years might not have made, had taken place in him within the last few days. Before Mr. Varlowe grew ill he was still but a boy, with a boy's vague sentiments and whims and ways, and now he had turned completely into a man. He felt as he walked home that the time had come for emerging

straightway out of the cloud of half-poetic illusion and dream and sensuous intellectual reverie, and that he must make for himself a strong and a useful career. Of his passion for Melissa Aquitaine there was nothing left now. The rude wind of misfortune which had blown across him had swept that emotion away, as a gust of wind may sweep a faded flower from a window. It was too unreal and sickly a little passion to bear the keen atmosphere of genuine pain. He was conscious that the feeling was gone, and he was glad of it. He looked back on that stage of his existence with a sort of shamefaced pity. It seemed strange to him now that anyone could think seriously of Melissa Aquitaine, or fail to see her weaknesses, and her faults, and her incapacity for understanding anything serious or great.

He reached his lonely house. He opened the door with his latch-key and let himself in. He stood for a moment at a window that looked out upon the garden, and thought of the evening, which now seemed so long ago and yet was so very recent, when he stood at the same window with Geraldine Rowan. In all his suffering and sorrow, as he re-entered that house, spectral with the memory of the dead, he could not help recalling that evening, and thinking of the new and strange sensations which had come up within him when he saw her there, and looked into her kindly sympathetic eyes.

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ENGLISH.

FEW of the subjects with which modern science has had, and still has, to deal, are more interesting than the inquiry into the changes which a language gradually and, as it were, unconsciously undergoes, even among a people occupying one and the same region, and apparently exposed to few and slight changes from without. No one who considers the variety of dialect within our own country at the present time, or the evidence of continual change in the English tongue, from the time when it was first known as a written language, can fail to perceive that, apart from external influences (though, of course, such influences have not been wanting in England), a language is in a state of continual flux—in pronunciation, in the use and meaning of words, in manner of expression, idiom, and in various other respects.

The characteristics which distinguish the dialects of the northern from those of the midland and southern counties of England, or even the dialects of adjacent counties (as Lancashire and Yorkshire, Somersetshire and Devonshire, or Dorsetshire and Hampshire) from each other, were manifestly not the growth of a few years, but of centuries. The progress of our language from the earliest Anglo-Saxon days to our own time is, of course, recorded in the literature of the nation, which, carefully studied, reveals not only the more obvious influences of such causes as the Norman conquest and the sequent intercourse with France, but also the subtler changes which belong to the inherent growth of our language.

It is easy to perceive also how the spread of education has had its influence—and a very powerful influence—in checking changes which otherwise would have been rapid. We find, for instance, that in earlier times, books written in the English of the day, being read by few, had small influence in stereotyping, as it were, the use of words or phrases. But the writings of later times, and especially those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (above all, the translation of the Bible in the reign of James I.), have had a most marked effect in preventing rapid changes in the language. The

reason is obvious. Few read the earlier works, many read the later, and still more hear them read or quoted, and more still come into contact with those who have read them. So that the words and modes of expression in the later works remain current from generation to generation, while many of those in the earlier works have become obsolete.

Yet it is to be noticed that even this influence, potent though it unquestionably has been, has not prevented change altogether. In fact, it is clear that with the lapse of time its power must diminish. In the eighteenth century, for instance—but still more in the latter half of the seventeenth century—modes of expression used in James's Bible and in the Book of Common Prayer (which, though older, may be regarded as belonging to the same era in our language) were still employed in ordinary life; and the fact that they were so often heard in church, chapel, and conventicle, helped to retain them in such usage. But when once an expression had fallen out of use—which would happen even in the case of some expressions once familiarly employed—Bible reading and the weekly use of prayers, collects, epistles, gospels, psalms, and so forth, could not restore it to general circulation. The number of words, modes of expression, idioms, &c., which have thus passed out of use necessarily increases with the lapse of time, and in time, of course, the book which had for a longer or shorter time prevented so many expressions from becoming obsolete, would become obsolete itself. A new translation would, in other words, become necessary—not, as in the case of the present revised translation, because of increased knowledge of the original and increased facilities for interpreting it, but because the language of the Bible would have ceased to be the language of the people.[1]

It may be interesting to consider the various ways in which words, phrases, and expressions have fallen out of use since the time when the present English version of the Bible was prepared.

Some modes of expression seem to have died out without any very obvious cause. For instance, in the time of James I. the words "all to" were used where we now say "altogether." So completely has the former usage passed away, that most persons understand the words "and all to brake his scull" (when read aloud) as if they meant "and all to break his scull;" in reality, of course, the words

[1] It appears to me a circumstance to be regretted that those who have been at so much pains to revise the Bible, should not have been bold enough to present their revised version in the English of our own time, instead of the old-fashioned English of the time of Elizabeth and James. This, perhaps, is the first occasion in the history of Bible translation when men have expressed Bible teachings in a language such as they do not themselves speak.

mean "and utterly crushed his scull." Other words and phrases have lost their original meaning in consequence of the growth (usually in literature) of another significance. For instance, as the word "comprehend" gradually approximated in meaning to the word "understand," with which it is now almost synonymous, its old usage, shown in the Bible expression "the darkness comprehended it not" (that is, the darkness did not enclose and overmaster or absorb[1] the light), was gradually lost; at the present day, no one would think of using the word in its older and, in reality, more correct sense. In other cases, words have acquired a meaning almost opposite to that which they had when the Book of Common Prayer and the present English version of the Bible were prepared. Thus, we now use the word "prevent" as almost synonymous with "hinder"; but it is used in the opposite sense in the familiar prayer beginning "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings." So the word "let," which formerly corresponded very nearly with "hinder" or "prevent" (as at present used), now implies the reverse; so that there was nothing strange originally in the prayer that we might not be "let or hindered," though now the expression is certainly contradictory and perplexing (especially to the younger church-goers). Some words and phrases, without having taken a new meaning, or even lost their old meaning, have fallen out of use in ordinary speech or in prose writing, but are still freely used in poetry. Other phrases or usages have come to be regarded as ungrammatical—such, for instance, as the use of the word "often" for "frequent." ("Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.")[2]

As regards pronunciation, it would be difficult to follow and interpret all the changes which have taken place. Of some changes, indeed, we have no recorded evidence, while of others the evidence is but vague and doubtful. If the spelling, instead of being left free to individual fancy in former times, had been fixed as now, it would yet be (as it certainly is at present) no guide whatever to pronunciation. And, in passing, it may be noticed that the advocates of a phonetic system of spelling might find a strong argument in the circumstance that such a system would enable the philologist of the future to trace the various changes which pronunciation will hereafter

[1] *Con* intensative, and *prehendo* to grasp or seize.

[2] Compare Jaques' words, "It is a melancholy of my own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humourous sadness." In passing, note here the obsolete use of the words *sundry* and *humourous*.

undergo: while had such a system been adopted in the past, we could form now a fair idea of the way in which our ancestors during different centuries of our past history spoke the English language of their day.

There are, however, some indications which afford tolerably sure evidence as to particular changes which the pronunciation of certain words has undergone.

For instance, remembering that many of our words have been derived directly from the French, but have been spelt, almost from their introduction, in an English manner, we can infer what was the ordinary sound-value of particular letters, singly or together. Thus, since the French words "raison" and "saison" are represented in English by the words "reason" and "season," we may infer that the diphthong "ea" originally represented the sound which it still represents in the word "great." For we can be tolerably sure that the change has been in the English, not in the French, pronunciation of these words. There is no reason for supposing that in French the letters "ai" represent the sound ē, as do the letters "ea" in "reason" or "season." In fact, "ai" never could represent the sound ē. We infer, then, that the change has been in the English, and that two or three centuries ago the words "reason" and "season" were pronounced "rayson" and "sayson," as they still are in Ireland (not, as is commonly supposed, because in Ireland the pronunciation has been corrupted, but because there the old-fashioned pronunciation has been retained). We find thus an explanation of certain words and passages in old writings that otherwise seem perplexing. For instance, Falstaff says in reply to the request of Hal and Poins for "a reason," "What, upon compulsion. . . . Give you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason on compulsion!" a meaningless rejoinder, at least compared with the same answer when the word "reason" is pronounced like the word "raisin."[1] So the "nipping and eager air," spoken of in Hamlet, becomes intelligible

[1] There are reasons for thinking that in many cases the letters "ee," as well as "ea," had the sound "ai" in Shakespeare's time. Thus the two lines—

> She was a wight if ever such wight were
> To suckle fools and chronicle small beer—

probably formed a rhyming couplet. So also, probably, the lines

> If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
> If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

As the word "indeed" is pronounced "indade" in Ireland, there is reason for regarding it as belonging to the same category as saison, raison, mane, baste, tay, &c.

only when the word "eager" is pronounced "aygre," and so seems to be identical with the French "aigre," sharp or biting. If further evidence were required to show that formerly the letters "ea" represented the sound of "a" as in "fate," it would be found in the fact that in Pepys's Diary the word "skate" is spelled in one place "skeat," in another, "scate." It is clear, again, that the word "beast" was pronounced "bayst," though the play on the words "best" and "beast" in "Midsummer-Night's Dream" (see the comments on Pyramus and Thisbe as represented by Bottom, Quince, and Company) is not made much clearer by the change. Still, "bayst" is nearer in sound than "beast" to the word "best," even as now pronounced, and probably best was formerly pronounced with a longer and more open "e" sound than now.

In passing, we may ask how the word "master" was originally pronounced, for this word was often spelt "mester," though oftener "maister" and maystre." Derived from the French "maître" (contracted from "maistre," as in the old French), we can have little if any doubt that the word was originally pronounced "mayster," which would as readily be corrupted in one direction into "mester" and "mister," as, in the other direction, into the modern pronunciation, "master" ("a" as in "father," not as in "fat"). It is probable that the Scottish pronunciation of the word is much nearer to that prevalent in England three centuries ago, and still nearer that prevalent in the time of Chaucer and Gower, than is our modern English pronunciation.

In a similar way other vowel sounds might be discussed, but this would take me too far from my subject—which, indeed, I have not yet reached. Before passing to it let me note, however, that consonantal as well as vowel sounds have undergone alteration in England during the last few centuries. We have evidence of this in the familiar passage in "Love's Labour's Lost," where exception is taken by the pedant to the pronunciation "nebour" for "neighbour," "cauf" for "calf," and so forth, showing that formerly the letters "gh" in "neighbour" and other such words were sounded (probably gutturally, as in the Scottish "lough," &c.), and that the letter "l" was sounded in many words in which it is now silent.[1] It may be

[1] There are good reasons for believing that the letter "r" was formerly pronounced much more fully than at present. Certainly our modern "r" could not properly be called the "dog's letter," as the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* tells us it was called ("r is for the dog," &c.). We may thus explain the play on words in the passage where Celia ridicules the affected pronunciation of Monsieur Le Beau. "Fair princess," he says, "you have lost much good sport" (not pronouncing the "r" rollingly, as was doubtless then the fashion, but "spo't": to which Celia replies, "Spot! of what colour?" to the perplexity of Le Beau, as to that

noticed, however, that "l" had become silent in some words in past times to which it has now been restored. For instance, most persons now pronounce the letter "l" in the name Ralph, probably because the name is oftener seen than heard; formerly this name was always pronounced Rafe or Rahf. So, it is clear from a well-known passage in the play of "Henry VI." (only in small part from Shakespeare's hand) that the name "Walter" was formerly pronounced "Water"—as, indeed, might almost have been inferred from its former abbreviation into Wat—for, if it had been pronounced Walter, the natural abbreviation would have been Wally or Wal'r (as Captain Cuttle called Walter Gay). The prophecy that the Earl of Suffolk would "die by water" would certainly not have been regarded as fulfilled when he was beheaded by the order of Captain Walter, if the name had not been pronounced "Water" in those times.[1]

of many readers of Shakespeare. In passing, it may be noticed that many passages in Shakespeare are rendered obscure by changes of pronunciation. Thus, where Beatrice says: "The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil Count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion," we are apt to overlook the play on the words "civil" and "seville."

[1] The passage runs thus:—

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? Why start'st thou? What, doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *water* I should die.
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not, &c.

This reference to the sound of the word leaves no doubt that it was formerly pronounced *Water*. (So *Gualtier* is sounded Guautier, and has come to be spelt Gauthier.)

And here it may be asked whether the word "halter" was not formerly pronounced *hauter* (rhyming with *daughter*, *water*, &c.). For Lear's Fool sings:

A fox when one has caught her,
And such a daughter
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap could buy a halter,
So the fool follows after.

"After," probably pronounced as by the vulgar in our own time, *a'ter*. That "f" before "t" was silent in common speaking seems shown by *Wat* Whitmore's remark to Suffolk: "Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee (wa't thee) to thy death."

Nursery rhymes may perhaps seem an unlikely source of information respecting pronunciation, yet there are good reasons for believing that many old usages are preserved in those ancient rhymes. In particular, we may be sure that the

These considerations respecting the changes which our language has undergone—perhaps nowhere more than in the neighbourhood of the metropolis—have been suggested to my mind by certain remarks made by an American writer—Mr. F. B. Wilkie, of the *Chicago Times*—respecting our English way of pronouncing the English language as compared with the American method, which he regards as on the whole more correct.

I must premise that Mr. Wilkie's work, "Sketches beyond the Sea," though it opens in a tone very unfavourable to the English people, shows considerable fairness, on the whole. English manners are not perhaps calculated to impress strangers favourably at a first view. It may not be generally true that, as Mr. Wilkie says, "one who visits a strange country encounters first its most repellent qualities,"—in fact, the contrary is sometimes the case; but this is certainly true of England and the English. Mr. Wilkie is justified in saying that his "fault-finding is confined to what may be termed the external character of the English," and in adding "that there is no partisanship in his views, because he has nowhere failed to denounce the weaknesses and follies of his own countrymen whenever the opportunity to do so fairly presented itself." Of this the following humorous passage, which bears in some degree on the question of the American way of speaking English, may be cited in illustration:—

"If there be any particular thing which is calculated to make an American homesick, to make him feel he is indeed in a foreign clime, it is the entire absence of profanity." (Would this were as true as it is complimentary!) "Except what I may have overheard in a few soliloquies, I have not heard an oath since my arrival in England. The cabman does not swear at you," (he does, though, when he has a mind?) "nor the policeman, nor the railway *employé*, nor anybody else. Nobody in an ordinary conversation on the weather, or in asking after someone's location, or inquiring after another's health, employs from three to five oaths to

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rhyming, if not perfect, would be such as to appeal readily to the ear. Now, in Jack and Jill we find "after" rhymed to "water."

In passing, it may be noticed that in Shakespeare's time the "l" in "would" and "should" was probably sounded. For if "would" were then pronounced as in our time, "wou'd," we should scarcely find "wouldest" abbreviated into "woul't," as in *Hamlet*, Act v. s. 1:

> Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
> Woul't drink up esil? eat a crocodile? &c.

In further illustration may be quoted the old lines on the vanity of human pride, inscribed on the ruined gate of Melrose Abbey, from which we learn that either the "l" was sounded in "would" or dropped in "gold":

> The earth goes on the earth glittering with gold;
> The earth goes to the earth sooner than it would, &c.

every sentence. It's rather distressing to an American to get used to this state of things; to talk to a man for three or four minutes, and never hear a single 'd——n'; to wander all day through the populous streets and not hear a solitary curse; to go anywhere and everywhere, and not be stirred up once by so much as the weakest of blasphemies. What wonder that the average American becomes homesick under such a deprivation, and that he longs for the freedom and curses of his perrary home?"

Mr. Wilkie, finding that many words are pronounced otherwise in England than in America, and starting with the assumption that the American usage is correct where such differences exist, arrives at the conclusion that England "is rapidly losing its knowledge of English." "I have no less an authority than Earl Manville," he says, "for the statement that educated Americans speak the English language far better than educated Englishmen." I have yet to learn that Earl Manville is a very high authority on this particular question, whether from his exceptional knowledge of the English language, or from the opportunities he has had of comparing the way in which that language is spoken in England and in America. Not for the present considering pronunciation, and taking the English of those who are recognised as the best writers in that language as the best, it is, I believe, incontestable that on the whole a thoroughly educated Englishman speaks the language more correctly than even the best educated Americans; *only* it is to be noticed under what reservation I make this assertion. There are usages which have become recognised in America, and are adopted by the best American writers, and which are thus correct *in that country*, though not in accordance with the rules which—tacitly or otherwise—English writers follow. They are correct in this sense, that they are in accordance with general custom, "quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi." And although it may be admitted that some few of these usages belong in reality to the English of two or three centuries ago, it cannot be denied that many, if not most of them, are recent. I am here speaking of the form and construction of the language, not of pronunciation. As to this, it must be admitted that there is room for doubt respecting many of those points in which the two countries differ. As regards a few doubtful words, it would be scarcely worth while to inquire, but there are whole classes of words which are differently pronounced in the two countries, and it is in many cases doubtful whether the older (which may be considered the true pronunciation) has been retained in the old country or in the new.

"I have no doubt whatever," says Mr. Wilkie, "that were a wall built between England and America, so that there could be no inter-

course, in two or three hundred years a native of one country could not understand a word spoken by the other." Setting aside the manifest exaggeration here, and supposing for a moment that, contrary to all experience, so short a time as three centuries would suffice to render the English of America unintelligible to the people of England, and the English of England unintelligible to the people of America, it would be altogether absurd to infer, with Mr. Wilkie, that "this would be because England is rapidly losing its knowledge of English." Nor is there the least reason for supposing, as Mr. Wilkie does, that it is because "England has no dictionary, or, what amounts to the same thing, has a dozen," that the language undergoes continual change. No dictionary, however excellent, can stereotype a language, either as to the usage of words or their pronunciation.[1] In America changes are taking place at least as fast as in England, probably faster. Mr. Wilkie found, he says (though one wonders where he can have obtained such experience), that there are in England about as many standards of pronunciation as there are people who have anything to say. He is referring all the time, be it understood, to educated Englishmen. Yet he can point only to a few words, most of which are seldom used; whereas any Englishman who has travelled much in America could cite dozens of words, all in ordinary use, which are diversely pronounced there by educated persons. Thus, I have heard the word "inquiry" pronounced "ínquĭry," "quandary" pronounced "quándăry," "vagary" "vágăry,"[2] "towards" and "afterwards" pronounced with the stress on the last syllable, "very" and "American" pronounced "vury" and "Amurican" (u as in "furry"), and so forth, by educated Americans; while other educated Americans pronounce these words as they are usually pronounced in England. "Gladstone says *issoo*," remarks Mr. Wilkie, "when other intelligent men say *isshu*." He might have added that Lord John Russell used to say "obleeged," as many old folks do still, and that the question was once raised in the House of Lords whether the word "wrapt" should be pronounced to rhyme with "apt" or with "propt." As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Gladstone does not say "issoo," but "issyou," which is probably correct;

[1] If Mr. Wilkie had been at the pains to look over the introductory matter in *Webster's Dictionary*, he would have found that in quite a number of cases where he—Mr. Wilkie—finds fault with English pronunciation, Webster is against him.

[2] We see here the effects of the tendency in English speaking to throw back the accent. In England we have "cóntrary" now instead of "contrăry" as in Shakespeare's time: compare also the nursery rhyme "Mary, Mary, quite contrary."

at any rate, as much can be said in its favour as in favour of "ishyou." Of course "issoo" and "isshu," the two pronunciations given by Mr. Wilkie, are both as utterly wrong as "Toosday" or "Dook," modes of pronunciation, by the way, which are very commonly heard in America.

As the point is considered next by Mr. Wilkie, though not next in logical sequence, I may consider here his reference to the pronunciation of certain proper names in England which are spelled (and he considers should be pronounced) very differently. Of words of this kind he cites:

"Colquhoun—pronounced Calhoun—(really pronounced Cohoon); Cockburn, pronounced Coburn; Beauchamp, pronounced Beechem; Derby, Darby; Berkley, Barkley; Hertford, Hefford (where can he have heard this? Hartford, of course, is the accepted pronunciation); Cholmondeley, Chumley; Bouverie, Booberie (an unknown version); Greenwich, Grinnidge; Woolwich, Woolidge; Harwich, Harridge; Ludgate, Luggat (by cabmen, possibly); High Holborn, Eye Oburn (cabmen, certainly); Whitechapel, Witchipel (never); Mile End, Meelen (possibly by a Scotch cabman); Gloucester, Gloster; Leicester, Lester; Pall Mall, Pell Mell."

He might have added "Marjoribanks, Marchbanks; Cavendish, Candish; Salisbury, Salsbury," and a host of other names. But he mistakes greatly in supposing (as he appears to do) that these divergences between pronunciation and spelling have had their origin since America began—whether we regard America as beginning in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, or of the War of Independence. Some of them are at least five hundred years older than the States. But without expecting from every visitor the antiquarian knowledge necessary to establish the antiquity of the older of these modes of pronunciation, we might fairly expect that a literary man should be acquainted with the fact, that Shakespeare knew no trisyllabic Gloucester or Salisbury, that with him Warwick was Warrik, Abergavenny Abergany, and so forth.

If aught of blame is deserved for the continued use of old forms of spelling when the old modes of pronunciation have passed away, or for any divergence (no matter how caused) between pronunciation and spelling, we may meet the American with a *tu quoque*; we may say to him—

Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.

For either within the brief duration of our cousins' own history, the pronunciation of many proper names has diverged from their

spelling, or else those names were originally most incorrectly spelled. How otherwise does it happen that the trueborn American speaks of Connetticut instead of Connecticut, of Cincinnatah instead of Cincinnatti, of Mishigan, Mizzouri (in the South and West, Missouri is called Mizzoorah), Sheecahgo, Arkansaw, Terryhote, and Movey Star, instead of Michigan, Missouri, Chicago, Arkansas, Terre-haute, and Mauvaises Terres (pronouncing the last two words as French).

Taking other than proper names, Mr. Wilkie seems scarcely to have caught in many cases the true English pronunciation. For instance, one of the most marked differences between English pronunciation and that with which Mr. Wilkie would have become familiar at Chicago, is found in the sound of the vowel "a" in such words as "bath," "path," "class," &c. Now, although he mentions in one place that the "a" in the word "classes" is pronounced like the "a" in "father," (which is right), he adds even there that the sound of the word is almost like "closses," which is altogether wrong; while elsewhere he says that the "a" is pronounced like the "a" in "all," or as "aw." He gives "nawsty" as the English pronunciation of the word "nasty." He says, "an Englishman must inform some of his acquaintances during each day something about his bath, the *a* being sounded like *a* in *all*. Of course, no educated Englishman ever pronounces the "a" in "bath," "path," &c. like the "a" in "all;" nor, indeed, have I ever heard an uneducated Englishman so speak, though it is likely enough there may be dialects having this pronunciation. In fact, the story of the clergyman who, when asked whether he would be bishop of Bath or of Wells, answered "Bawth, my Lord," and so became the first Bishop of Bath and Wells, whether true or false as a story, serves to show that the word is sometimes pronounced "bawth." But certainly this is not the usual way of pronouncing it in this country. To American or rather to Western ears there must, it should seem, be some resemblance between the sound of "a" in "class," "path," &c., as Englishmen pronounce the vowel, and the sound of the vowel "o"; for I remember that when once in Illinois I asked where the "office clerk" was, the office *clock* was shown to me. It is, by the way, somewhat difficult to understand how the "e" in the words clerk, Derby, Hertford, &c., has come in England to have the sound of "a" in class, father, &c. So far as I know, this usage is nowhere followed in America.[1] But the pronunciation of "a" in bath, class, &c.,

[1] The fact that the proper name Clark (which is unquestionably the equivalent of clerk) has been for hundreds of years in use in England, shows that the pro-

like "a" in "father," though it seems to have sounded strange in Mr. Wilkie's Western ears, is common enough—is, indeed, the accepted usage—in the Eastern States. It is also the usage sanctioned by Webster.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Wilkie represents the omission and misuse of the aspirate as though they were as common amongst the educated as among the uneducated classes of this country. A hasty reader might, indeed, rashly infer from some passages in Mr. Wilkie's book that there is a difference between the ignorant and the decently educated in this respect. For instance, in a rather overdrawn scene in Westminster Hall, a policeman tells Mr. Wilkie and Mr. Hatton to "pass into the 'all;" to which, not Mr. Wilkie, but the Englishman, Mr. Hatton, replies, "Pass into the 'all! I say, Bobby, my boy, you dropped something. You dropped an *aitch*. But never mind! You just go into the House, and you'll find the floor covered with *aitches* dropped by the members. You can find there twice as many as you've lost here. Pass into the *'a—a—all!*" But then it is only to be inferred from this, that by associating with his American friend Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Hatton had learned to speak more correctly than other Englishmen. It was in this way that Americans explained the fact that Mrs. Trollope used the aspirate correctly. And to this day it is the prevalent (and almost universal) opinion in America that all Englishmen, educated as well as uneducated, drop their *aitches*, and insert *aitches* where none should be. I have been gravely assured time and again by Americans, claiming at any rate to be decently well-informed, that I have no trace *left* of the "English accent," which they explain as chiefly to be known by omitted and misused aspirates. They neither know, for the most part, that the omission or misuse of the aspirate is as offensive to the English as to the American ear, (more so, indeed, for to the American it is simply laughable, while to the English ear it is painful), nor that the habit is to all intents and purposes incurable whenever it has once been formed. An Englishman who, owing to imperfect education or early association with the ignorant, has acquired what Americans regard as the English accent, may indeed learn to put in a sort of aspirate in words beginning with *aitch*, but it is an aspirate of an objectionable kind—fully as offensive as an aspirate in 'heir, 'hour, and 'hon-

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nunciation *Clark* is hundreds of years old. So also the existence of an American Hartford shows that the Pilgrim Fathers called Hertford Hartford. Probably the "a" in such words as Clark, farm, &c., had originally the sound of "a" in "care." Indeed, if we consider the French origin of these words we see that this must have been so.

our. Thackeray touches on this in one of his shorter sketches. The habit of using aspirates in the wrong place may perhaps be more easily cured; but as this habit is only found among the very ignorant, while the habit of dropping the aspirate is much more widely spread, the opportunities for testing the matter by observation are few. Many who drop their *aitches* know at least where the *aitches* should be, and by an effort put in unduly emphatic aspirations; but probably very few, and possibly none, of those who put in *aitches* where none should be, are able to spell. From a story told me by an American, it would even seem that those who thus wrongly insert *aitches* [1] have ears too gross to recognise the difference between the correct and the incorrect pronunciation. He told me he offered an English boy in his employment ten cents to say "egg," "onion," "apple;" on which the boy said, "Hall right, hegg, honion, happle; 'and us hover the ten cents:" "No," he replied, "you are not to say hegg, honion, happle, but egg, onion, apple." "Well, so I did," was the cheerful response; "*you* say hegg, honion, happle, and Hi say hegg, honion, happle." But very likely my informant exaggerated.

It should be noticed that in one respect the English, even when well educated, are very careless, to say the least, in the use of the aspirate. I refer to their pronunciation of words beginning with "w" and "wh." We too often hear *when*, *where*, *whale*, and so forth, pronounced like the words *wen*, *were*, *wail*, &c. In America this mistake is never made. They do not pronounce the words as educated Irishmen often, if not generally do, hwen, hwere, hwale, that is, with an exaggerated aspirate, giving the words with a *whish*, as it were; but they make the distinction between 'w' and 'wh' very clear. I am inclined, by the way, to believe that the Irish mode of pronouncing words beginning with "wh" is in reality that which was in use in former times in England, probably at an earlier date than that of the Pilgrim Fathers; at any rate, hwat, hwen, &c., is the spelling in old English and Saxon books.

There are faults of pronunciation which, so far as I can judge, are about equally common in both countries. For instance, 'sech' for 'such,' 'jest' for 'just,' [2] 'ketch' for 'catch,' 'becos' for 'be-

[1] In passing, I may remark that the word *ache* was formerly pronounced aitch, so that the word *aches* used to be a dissyllable. Thus Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing," says she is exceeding ill—not for a hawk, a horse, or a husband, but for that which begins them all, "H," that is, through an ache or pain; just as two scenes earlier her fellow-victim, Benedict, says he has the toothache.

[2] It is worthy of notice that the pronunciation of certain vowels depends in

cause,' 'instid' for 'instead,' sometimes even 'forgit' for 'forget.' But we certainly do not so often hear 'doo' for 'due,' 'soo' for 'sue,' and so forth, in England, as in America. 'Raound' for 'round,' 'claoud' for 'cloud' is very common in New England; but perhaps not more so than in certain districts in England. In the Southern States, peculiarities of pronunciation are often met with which had their origin in the association of white children with negroes. Among these, perhaps the most remarkable is the omission of the 'r' in such words as door, floor, &c., pronounced by negroes, do', flo', &c.

Let us next consider the different use of certain words and phrases in the two countries.

Mr. Wilkie says, holding still by his calm and quite erroneous assumption, that the change is all on one side, "the difference between the spelling of words and their sound is not all there is to prove that the English are losing the English language, and substituting a jargon that is totally unlike that speech bequeathed to us by our Saxon and Norman ancestors. What, for instance, is to be done by a man understanding and recognising the English of Macaulay, Longfellow, Byron, Lamb, Whittier, Grant White, and the expurgated vernacular of the venerable Bryant, who finds that a street sprinkler in England's English is a 'hydrostatic van'; that rails on a railroad are 'metals'; a railroad track is a 'line'; a store a 'shop'; a hardware-man an 'ironmonger'? He finds no policemen here but 'constables.' If he go into a store and ask for 'boots' he will be shown a pair of shoes that lace or button about the ankle. There are no groceries or dry-goods stores. Baggage is 'luggage'; a travelling-bag is a 'grip-sack'" (a word which I have never heard out of America, and which I believe to be quite unknown in England); "there are no trunks, but always 'boxes.' A freight-car is a 'goods-van'; a conductor on a 'bus or railway is a 'guard'; a street railway is a 'tramway'; a baggage-car, a 'luggage-van'; a pitcher is a 'jug'; and two and a half pence is 'tuppence 'apenny.' A sovereign is a 'squid'" ('quid' or 'couter' would be nearer the mark if we must consider slang to be part of a language); a shilling, a 'bob'; a sixpence, a 'tanner.'" He might conveniently have added for the information of Americans who wish to understand English

great part on the consonant which precedes, and in part also on that which follows the vowel. Thus the u in *such* is often mispronounced, the u in *much* never, the u in *just* often, the u in *must*, *lust*, and *rust* never, and the u in *judge* seldom. In America "jedge" for "judge" is often heard, however. So no one ever says *los* for *laws*, but many say becos for because, and *'cos* for *'cause*.

English, and of Englishmen who wish to understand American English, that in England a biscuit is a "roll," and a cracker is a "biscuit."

Now, all this, unless it is intended for an elaborate (and exceedingly feeble) joke, is absurd on the face of it. To begin with, it would be difficult to find any authority in the works of Macaulay, or the other writers named, for street sprinkler, hardware-man, groceries and dry-goods stores, travelling bags, freight-cars, and street-railways. But, apart from this, nearly all the words to which Mr. Wilkie objects are much older and better English than those which Americans have substituted. For instance, the word "shop" is found in English writings as far back as the fourteenth century, whereas "store" has never been used in the American sense by any English writer of repute. Manifestly, too, the word store, which has a wider meaning, and has had that meaning for centuries, is not suitably applied to a shop, which is but one particular kind of store. There can be very little doubt that originally Americans substituted the word "store" for "shop," for much the same reason that many shopkeepers in England choose to call their shop a warehouse, or an emporium, or a mart, or by some equally inappropriate name. Again, baggage and luggage are both good English; but on the whole the word luggage is more suitable than baggage for goods which have to be conveyed by train or carriage: (one may say that baggage is the statical, luggage the dynamical, name for the traveller's *impedimenta*). Unquestionably there is good authority, and that too in old authors, for the use of both terms. Of course we have trunks in England, despite Mr. Wilkie's assertion to the contrary; we have boxes also: very few Americans can tell offhand, and many do not know, the real distinction between a trunk and a box; just as few, either in England or America, know the distinction between a house and a mansion. Freight-car is a good word enough,—the freight half of it being better than the other, for the word car is not properly applied to a van; but goods-van is in all respects better: "freight" is a technical term, "goods" everyone understands, and "van" is a better word than "car." The word "boot," again, is properly applied to any foot-covering (outside the sock or stocking) which comes above the instep and ankle.

Turning from trivialities such as these, let us now note some points in which English and American speakers and writers of culture differ from each other,—first as to the use of certain words, and secondly as to certain modes of expression.

In America the word "clever" is commonly understood to mean

pleasant and of good disposition, not (as in England) ingenious and skilful. Thus, though an American may speak of a person as a clever workman, using the word as we do, yet when he speaks of another as a clever man he means in nine cases out of ten that the man is good company and well natured. Sometimes, I am told, the word is used to signify generous or liberal. I cannot recall any passages from early English literature in which the word is thus used, but I should not be surprised to learn that the usage is an old one. In like manner the words "cunning" and "cute" are often used in America for "pretty (German *niedlich*)." As I write, an American lady, who has just played a very sweet passage from one of Mozart's symphonies, turns from the piano to ask whether that passage is not cute, meaning pretty.

The word "mad" in America seems nearly always to mean "angry;" at least, I have seldom heard it used in our English sense. For "mad," as we use the word, Americans say "crazy." Herein they have manifestly impaired the language. The words "mad" and "crazy" are quite distinct in their significance as used in England, and both meanings require to be expressed in ordinary parlance. It is obviously a mistake to make one word do duty for both, and to use the word "mad" to imply what is already expressed by other and more appropriate words.

I have just used the word "ordinary" in the English sense. In America the word is commonly used to imply inferiority. An "ordinary actor," for instance, is a bad actor; a "very ordinary man" is a man very much below par. There is no authority for this usage in any English writer of repute, and the usage is manifestly inconsistent with the derivation of the word. On the other hand, the use of the word "homely" to imply ugliness, as is usual in America, is familiar at this day in parts of England, and could be justified by passages in some of the older English writers. That the word in Shakespeare's time implied inferiority is shown by the line—

> Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits.

In like manner, some authority may be found for the American use of the word "ugly" to signify bad-tempered.

Words are used in America which have ceased to be commonly used in England, and are, indeed, no longer regarded as admissible.

[1] I have been told by an American literary man that twenty years ago the word "clever" in America always meant pleasant and bright, whereas it is now generally used as in England. But in the West it generally bears the former sense.

Thus, the word "unbeknown," which no educated Englishman ever uses either in speaking or in writing, is still used in America in common speech and by writers of repute. Thus, in *Harper's Monthly* for May 1881 (whose editors are well-known literary men) I find, at page 884, the following sentence in a story called "The Unexpected Parting of the Beazley Twins,"—"While baiting Lottie's hook, as they sat together on a log on the water's bank, he told her, almost unbeknown to himself, the state of his feelings."

Occasionally, writers from whom one would expect at least correct grammar make mistakes which in England would be regarded as very bad—mistakes which are not, indeed, passed over in America, but still attract less notice there than in England. Thus, Mr. Wilkie, who is so severe on English English in "Sketches beyond the Seas," describes himself as saying (in reply to the question whether Chicago policemen have to use their pistols much), "I don't know *as* they have to as a matter of law or necessity, but I know that they do as a matter of fact," and I have repeatedly heard this incorrect use of "as" for "that" in American conversation. I have also noted in works by educated Americans the use of the word "that" as an adverb, "that excitable," "that headstrong," and so forth. So the use of "lay" for "lie" seems to me to be much commoner in America than in England, though it is too frequently heard here also. In a well-written novelette called "The Man who was not a Colonel," the words—"You was" and "Was you?" are repeatedly used, apparently without any idea that they are ungrammatical. They are much more frequently heard in America than in England (I refer, of course, to the conversation of the middle and better classes, not of the uneducated). In this respect it is noteworthy that the writers of the last century resemble Americans of to-day; for we often meet in their works the incorrect usage in question.

And here it may be well to consider the American expression "I guess," which is often made the subject of ridicule by Englishmen, unaware of the fact that the expression is good old English. It is found in a few works written during the last century, and in many written during the seventeenth century. So careful a writer as Locke used the expression more than once in his treatise "On the Human Understanding." In fact, the disuse of the expression in later times seems to have been due to a change in the meaning of the word "guess." An Englishman who should say "I guess" now, would not mean what Locke did when he used the expression in former times, or what an American means when he uses it in our own day. We say, "I guess that riddle," or "I guess what you mean," signify-

ing that we think the answer to the riddle or the meaning of what we have heard may be such and such. But when an American says, "I guess so," he does not mean "I think it may be so," but more nearly "I know it to be so." The expression is closely akin to the old English saying, "I wis." Indeed, the words "guess" and "wis" are simply different forms of the same word. Just as we have "guard" and "ward," "guardian" and "warden," "Guillaume" and "William," "guichet" and "wicket," &c., so have we the verbs to "guess" and to "wis:" (In the Bible we have not "I wis," but we have "he wist"). "I wis" means nearly the same as "I know," and that this is the root meaning of the word is shown by such words as "wit," "witness," "wisdom," the legal phrase "to wit," and so forth. "Guess" was originally used in the same sense; and Americans retain that meaning, whereas in our modern English the word has changed in significance.

It may be added, that in many parts of America we find the expression "I guess" replaced by "I reckon" and "I calculate" (the "I cal'late" of the *Biglow Papers*). In the south, "I reckon" is generally used,[1] and in parts of New England "I calculate," though, (I am told) less commonly than of yore. It is obvious from the use of such words as "reckon" and "calculate" as equivalents for "guess" that the expression "I guess" is not, as many seem to imagine, equivalent to the English "I suppose" and "I fancy." An American friend of mine, in response to the question by an Englishman (an exceedingly positive and dogmatic person, as it chanced), "Why do Englishmen never say 'I guess?'" replied (more wittily than justly), "Because they are always so positive about everything." But it is noteworthy that whereas the American says frequently, "I guess," meaning "I know," the Englishman as freely lards his discourse with the expression, "You know," which is, perhaps, more modest. Yet, on the other side, it may be noted, that the "down east" American often uses the expression "I want to know," in the same sense as our English expression of attentive interest "Indeed?

Among other familiar Americanisms may be mentioned the following:—

An American who is interested in a narrative or statement will say "Is that so?" or simply "So!" The expression "Possible!" is sometimes but not often heard. Dickens misunderstood this

[1] The first time I heard this expression it was used in a short sentence singularly full of Southern (or perhaps rather negro) phraseology. I asked a negro driver at the Louisville station or *dépôt* (pronounced *deepoe*) how far it was to the Galt House, to which he replied, "*A right smart piece*, I *reckon*."

exclamation as equivalent to "It is possible, but does not concern me"; whereas in reality it is equivalent to the expression "Is it possible?" I have occasionally heard the exclamation "Do tell!" but it is less frequently heard now than of yore.

The word "right" is more frequently used than in England, and is used also in senses different from those understood in our English usage of the word. Thus, the American will say "right here" and "right there," where an Englishman would say "just here" or "just there," or simply "here" or "there." Americans say "right away" where we say "directly." On the other hand, I am inclined to think that the English expression "right well," for "very well" is not commonly used in America.

Americans say "yes, sir," and "no, sir," with a sense different from that with which the words are used in England; but they mark the difference of sense by a difference of intonation. Thus, if a question is asked to which the reply in England would be simply "yes" or "no" (or, according to the rank or station of the querist, "yes, sir," or "no, sir"), the American reply would be "yes, sir," or "no, sir," intonated as with us in England. But if the reply is intended to be emphatic, then the intonation is such as to throw the emphasis on the word "sir,"—the reply is "yes, *sir*," or "no, *sir*." In passing, I may note that I have never heard an American waiter reply "yessir," as our English waiters do.

The American use of the word "quit" is peculiar. They do not limit the word, as we do, to the signification "take leave"—in fact, I have never heard an American use the word in that sense. They generally use it as equivalent to "leave off" or "stop." (In passing, one may notice as rather strange the circumstance that the word "quit," which properly means "to go away from," and the word "stop," which means to "stay," should both have come to be used as signifying to "leave off.") Thus Americans say "quit fooling" for "leave off playing the fool," "quit singing," "quit laughing," and so forth.

To English ears an American use of the word "some" sounds strange—viz., as an adverb. An American will say, "I think some of buying a new house," or the like, for "I have some idea of buying," &c. I have indeed heard the usage defended as perfectly correct, though assuredly there is not an instance in all the wide range of English literature which will justify it.

So, also, many Americans defend as good English the use of the word "good" in such phrases as the following: "I have written that note good," for "well"; "that will make you feel good," for "that will

do you good"; and in other ways, all equally incorrect. Of course, there are instances in which adjectives are allowed by custom to be used as adverbs, as, for instance, "right" for "rightly," &c.; but there can be no reason for substituting the adjective "good" in place of the adverb "well," which is as short a word, and at least equally euphonious. The use of "real" for "really," as "real angry," "real nice," is, of course, grammatically indefensible.

The word "sure" is often used for "surely" in a somewhat singular way, as in the following sentence from "Sketches beyond the Sea," in which Mr. Wilkie is supposed to be quoting a remark made by an English policeman: "If policemen went to shooting in this country, there would be some hanging, sure; and not wholly among the classes that would be shot at, either." (In passing, note that the word "either" is never pronounced *eyether* in America, but always *eether*, whereas in England we seem to use either pronunciation indifferently.)

An American seldom uses the word "stout" to signify "fat," saying generally "fleshy." Again, for our English word "hearty," signifying "in very good health," an American will sometimes employ the singularly inappropriate word "rugged." (It corresponds pretty nearly with our word "rude"—equally inappropriate in the expression "rude health.")

The use of the word "elegant" for "fine" strikes English ears as strange. For instance, if you say to an American, "This is a fine morning," he is likely to reply, "It *is* an elegant morning," or perhaps oftener by using simply the word "Elegant." It is not a pleasing use of the word.

There are some Americanisms which seem more than defensible —in fact, grammatically more correct than our English usage. Thus, we seldom hear in America the redundant word "got" in such expressions as "I have got," &c. &c. Where the word would not be redundant, it is yet generally replaced by the more euphonious word "gotten," now scarcely ever heard in England. Yet again, we often hear in America such expressions as "I shall get me a new book," "I have gotten me a dress," "I must buy me that," and the like. This use of "me" for "myself" is good old English, at any rate.

I have been struck by the circumstance that neither the conventional, but generally very absurd, American of our English novelists, nor the conventional, but at least equally absurd, Englishman of American novelists, is made to employ the more delicate Americanisms or Anglicisms. We generally find the American "guessing" or "calculating," if not even more coarsely Yankee, like Reade's

Joshua Fullalove; while the Englishman of American novels is almost always very coarsely British, even if he is not represented as using what Americans persist in regarding as the true "Henglish haccent." Where an American is less coarsely drawn, as Trollope's "American Senator," he uses expressions which no American ever uses, and none of those Americanisms which, while more delicate, are in reality more characteristic, because they are common, all Americans using them. And in like manner, when an American writer introduces an Englishman of the more natural sort, he never makes him speak as an Englishman would speak; before half-a-dozen sentences have been uttered, he uses some expression which is purely American. Thus, no Englishman ever uses, and an American may be recognised at once by using, such expressions as "I know it," or "That's so," for "It is true;" by saying "Why, certainly," for "Certainly," and so forth. There are a great number of these slight but characteristic peculiarities of American and English English.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

OF RIDDLES.

TRAVELLING one time in quest of popular lore, the writer of these pages found himself quartered for the night in a small and poor farmhouse, at no great distance from the foot of that famous Hill of Uisneach which claims to be the centre of Ireland. The companion of his bed, but not of his slumbers, was a young countryman, son to the man of the house—a young man unusually simple and unlettered, even for his class; who could not read a watch-dial, much less a book, and may have shared his sister's perplexity as to whether "London" was far from "England." All the same, he was a pleasant fellow; and to any one whose own tastes and character were not too complex, who liked men and women to talk and act as they feel—like the Italians as described by an eminent Frenchwoman—who would have understood Goethe's dolorous regret that the dull and constrained people he met would not return to nature even by the commission of some absurdity or extravagance; and who was rather tired of the parrot talk of those who seem unable to feel interest in or admiration for anything unless some one else has first set them the fashion—he might have proved a congenial companion. Such he was to the present writer, whom, perhaps, he thought not too hard to please; for he saw the relish with which his specimens of the lore of that part of Ireland were received, and the power that any taurogalline narrative of a demon cat breaking his long silence in the house by portentous utterance—of a hound spectre warning the nocturnal wayfarer to leave the haunted road to night and the Dead—or of the unearthly beings who stopped the Friar's pony near B—— one night to ask the rider, Was it long till the Day of Judgment?—had to keep his interlocutor awake. The time slid by in such colloquy till one large star was shining in through the low window, on a cool summer's morning, without either of the two men making acquaintance for that night with the true visions or the deluding lies which ascend according to the poet through the two gates of the House of Sleep; though things as vain perhaps were the staple of the conversation. Occupying a prominent place among them was that class of simple puzzles named at the head of this

paper, which are often of great antiquity, and yet interest peoples both barbarous and more or less civilized, but which among ourselves hardly retain their interest for educated people who have got beyond the schoolboy age.

Modern inquiry seems to have demonstrated that when man fell from the state in which he was created, he descended to a state of savagery; that having to contend with the elements, and dispute with the beasts for subsistence, he grew to be all but brutish as the beasts; and that the world's history since is a record of the slow and gradual uprise of every nation from a savage to a civilized condition. It is in the field of popular tradition, and especially of popular superstition, that are yet found some of the most striking "survivals" from this older and ruder stage of thought and life through which all nations seem to have passed. The belief, for instance, that when an eclipse is taking place some monster is trying to swallow the moon is found among nations the most widely separated in the order both of time and culture. "I cannot tell," says the schoolmaster Good, in Camden, "whether the wilder sort of the Irishry yeeld divine honour unto the Moone; for when they see her first after the change, commonly they bow the knee, and say over the Lord's prayer, and so soone as they have made an end, they speake unto the Moone with a loud voice in this manner: Leave us as whole and sound as thou hast found us." It may not be wonderful that such a usage as this should still exist among savage African tribes; but it is practised in Northamptonshire by girls who at this hour are not passed beyond their nubile years. Showing a piece of silver to the new moon, they make a courtesy and say, "A present for you, good Moon"—a piece of superstition in which even the fetichistic salutation is less curious than a peculiar mincing and propitiatory tone of voice in which the words are uttered.

Nor are some striking survivals wanting among riddles. For instance, it is many centuries since Boniface and Willibrord substituted a purer and milder religion for the worship of Odin and Thor; yet in the Aargau, the one-eyed and broad-hatted sky-god, the leader of the Furious Host, is still, under the name Muot, the subject of a riddle, where he appears as the god of the Under-World and its numberless ghosts.

Der Muot mit dem Breithuot
Hat mehr Gäste als der Wald Tannenäste.
Muot with the broad hat
Has more guests than the wood has fir-twigs.[1]

[1] See a very interesting recent *résumé* of Northern mythology, *Asgard and the Gods*, p. 77.

OF RIDDLES.

TRAVELLING one time in quest of popular lore, the writer of these pages found himself quartered for the night in a small and poor farmhouse, at no great distance from the foot of that famous Hill of Uisneach which claims to be the centre of Ireland. The companion of his bed, but not of his slumbers, was a young countryman, son to the man of the house—a young man unusually simple and unlettered, even for his class; who could not read a watch-dial, much less a book, and may have shared his sister's perplexity as to whether "London" was far from "England." All the same, he was a pleasant fellow; and to any one whose own tastes and character were not too complex, who liked men and women to talk and act as they feel—like the Italians as described by an eminent Frenchwoman—who would have understood Goethe's dolorous regret that the dull and constrained people he met would not return to nature even by the commission of some absurdity or extravagance; and who was rather tired of the parrot talk of those who seem unable to feel interest in or admiration for anything unless some one else has first set them the fashion—he might have proved a congenial companion. Such he was to the present writer, whom, perhaps, he thought not too hard to please; for he saw the relish with which his specimens of the lore of that part of Ireland were received, and the power that any taurogalline narrative of a demon cat breaking his long silence in the house by portentous utterance—of a hound spectre warning the nocturnal wayfarer to leave the haunted road to night and the Dead—or of the unearthly beings who stopped the Friar's pony near B—— one night to ask the rider, Was it long till the Day of Judgment?—had to keep his interlocutor awake. The time slid by in such colloquy till one large star was shining in through the low window, on a cool summer's morning, without either of the two men making acquaintance for that night with the true visions or the deluding lies which ascend according to the poet through the two gates of the House of Sleep; though things as vain perhaps were the staple of the conversation. Occupying a prominent place among them was that class of simple puzzles named at the head of this

relating to natural phenomena—sun, moon, stars, wind, fire, snow, and the like. Enigmas of this character are closely related to the myth; and occasionally at least they may illustrate the origin of mythology. The personification of the hearth-fire, for example, as a woman, in an unpolished Irish riddle, which has French parallels—

I know a little old woman:
Quod die excernit, it covers her up at night—

is somewhat curious, recalling such fire-goddesses as Hestia and Brigit. Of quite a different character is an English riddle on the same subject:—

Ever eating, ever cloying,
Still consuming, still destroying,
Never finding full repast
Until I eat the world at last.

There is an archaic flavour about the Irish riddle (which, again, has several foreign parallels)—

The son upon the housetop and the father not born—

which means smoke from a fire not yet kindled. Another one from Westmeath—

Here I have it, yonder I see it,
A black lamb with a blue fleece—

seems to be of the same family; but the answers to riddles are often dubious and contradictory, and this one is explained to be "Your breath." Fire is again (in a French riddle) "un grand seigneur vestu de rouge," as in mythological legend the same element is "a little red-headed boy," a lame red-headed dwarf, an Incubo with a red cap—a conception into which is undoubtedly to be also ultimately resolved that tough-belted hero of the grene shaw, Robin Hood. Fire is also "a red cock" in Russia and in Scotland. To the colour of this bird is perhaps to be traced his connection, in riddle, myth, and superstitious legend, with fire and with evil spirits. Dame Alice Kyteler was charged at Kilkenny in 1324 with offering "nine red cockes at a stone bridge, in a certain foure crosse highway," to a certain spirit named Robin Artysson, whose name (containing the element *rod*, red) shows that he was primarily an embodiment of fire.[1] From fire we pass to the opposite element in glancing at a few of the riddles relating to snow, which, if one may judge by the number of riddles

[1] So the wild man *Robinet* in Straparola's *Fifth Night* (Jannet, I. 324), and the English *Robin Goodfellow*, who, however, is sometimes a mere darkness fiend, and identifiable with Puck and the Puca. In Anglo-Irish riddles *Robin* is used for red objects, *e.g.*, a worm.

about it, would seem to have caught the special notice of primitive men. A simple Galway riddle describes snow thus :—

A milkwhite gull through the air flies down,
And never a tree but he lights thereon.

This is current in Irish. A more elaborate riddle of the same sort has probably found its way into Westmeath from England or Scotland. Putting several fragments together, it reads thus :—

White bird featherless
Flew from Paradise,
Perched upon the castle wall ;
Up came Lord John landless,
Took it up handless,
And rode away horseless to the King's white hall.[1]

Müllenhoff, in his collection of traditions from Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg, published thirty-six years ago at Kiel, has this same riddle :—

Da kœm en Vagel fedderlos,
Un set sik op'n Boem blattlos ;
Da köem de Jungfrau mundelos,
Un freet den Vagel fedderlos
Van den Boem blattlos.

Here enters our investigation a mythological element—important, doubtless—which (as Fielding said of a certain vocable, in West Country disputes) is never long out of the discourse of one class of mythologists. We mean the Sun : for the sun, feminine in German, is, as would seem, the mouthless maid who ate the snow-bird off the tree in the riddle just given. Like so many of these relics, this one is old, appearing in the following form in a Reichenau MS. of the beginning of the tenth century :—

Volavit volucer sine plumis ;
Venit homo absque manibus ;
Conscendit illum sine pedibus ;
Assavit illum sine igne ;
Comedit illum sine ore.

A modification of this enigma of the Snow and the Sun survives again among boys in England ; but as the primitive sense is entirely lost, and the negations seem meaningless, the answer offered to the tired inquirer sometimes is, *It is a lie* :

The Druids' shrine may shelter swine
And stack the farmer's peat ;
Even so mean moths treat finest cloths,
Mean men the Obsolete.

[1] The Rev. W. Gregor has just published a Scottish form, nearly identical : *Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland*, 81.

Sun riddles are common enough, but they are generally of the rudest description: "Little barrel of gold on a miry road;" "A tall, tall house, A candlestick of gold: Riddle it right Or let it go by you" (both Irish). Perhaps the following curious Westmeath riddle has the same answer, if it is not a moon riddle:—

In Moungan's Park there is a deer,
Silver horns and golden ear;
Neither fish, flesh, feather, or bone,
In Moungan's Park he walks alone.

Behind my heel, behind my house,
There is a Gray Mare and her Coult:
The King and all his men couldn't turn that Gray Mare's tail about.

"A White Mare in the lake, That her foot never wets, Though she travel as far as Roscarbery." "White Mare on the hill With her Foal at her heel." We hasten to terminate the suspense of the reader by explaining that the White Mare is the Moon, and the Colt is explained to be a certain star always near her. The Carrickfergus fishermen have a not intelligible name for such a star—"Hurlbassey"—further information on which would be useful. Whoever took the trouble to peruse a previous paper in this magazine on "Basque and other Legends,"[1] may remember encountering a mythological White Mare therein; and the conjecture, suggested by various evidence, that this figure, which appears on Celtiberian coins, was lunar in character. Elaborate as the pagan worships of Greece and Rome came to be at last, they often, it is well known, preserved the clearest traces of the rude and direct nature worship in which they originated. The altar raised at Rome[2]

COELO AETERNO
TERRAE MATRI

has no more primitive a flavour than this modern German riddle: "The father high; the mother broad; the son mad;" designating Heaven, Earth, and Wind. The valuable, if occasionally very unedifying collection of popular lore published at Venice in 1550 and 1553 by Giovan Francesco Straparola (perhaps a *nom-de-plume*), under the title of "The Pleasant Nights," contains many riddles. Most of them would not look well in English, but a few are very curious, and undoubtedly old:—

In the birthtime of the world, ere the heavens and the earth,
Sun or moon, herb or flood, in their primal being rose,
Came my brother and came I, twin children to the birth;
And we wander from that hour, two brothers and two foes.

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1877.
[2] Rathgeber, *Gottheiten der Aioler*. Gotha, 1861, p. 533.

From the day was so begun our long alternate race
Sees he ever me anear, straight he turns his foot to fly;
Living only by my death, he may never see my face,
And *I* my life renew when I see my brother die.

The two brothers are Night and Day; and the enigma has mythological value, the conception it contains of Light and Darkness being that which Preller finds underlying the myth of the Dioskuroi, Castor and Polydeukes. So the Russian riddle, "A sister goes to pay a brother a visit. But he hides himself from his sister;" in connection with which Mr. Ralston cites the dialogue of Night and Day in the Rig Veda: "They have called it sin (the Day says) that a brother should marry his sister." In a fair pleasaunce are planted a white Lily and a flame-yellow Marigold. Hard by rises a mighty oak; twelve are its branches, and each bears four acorns at every season. "Cest obscure enigme," as the old French translation calls it, designates Sun, Moon, the year, and its divisions. The oak is perhaps the World-Tree, which we seem to recognise again in the Sun and Snow enigma, and in a Russian sun riddle: "Sits on an ancient oak a bird which neither king nor queen nor maiden fair can seize." The reader may think that he has been kept in the sun long enough, but two other illustrations should not be omitted. One is the graceful riddle from Westmeath:—

I washed my hands in water that never rained or run;
I dried them in a towel was never wove or spun;

which means Dew and Sun, and occurs in a Latin form in the sixteenth century. The other is a curious Russian enigmatical charm to stop blood:—

In the sea, in the ocean, on the island, on Buyan, lies the white burning stone Alatuir. On that . . sits a fair maiden, a masterful sewer. She holds a steel needle . . . and sews together bloody wounds. I charm the servant So-and-so from cuts. Steel, stand aloof, and thou, Blood, cease to flow.

This is probably of very ancient origin; and a scholar who seems to have loved popular lore with an heroic love, and whose works are at once a monument to himself and his country's traditions—Afanasjew—was apparently right in making the mysterious White Stone, Alatuir, the amber, the Greek ἤλεκτρον. The magical properties attributed to it seem to have puzzled both the Russian and the scholar who has made his works popular in England,[1] but old classical legends seem to sufficiently explain the matter. The mysterious electron was brought, it was said, from a River Eridanus in the extreme West of Europe, where the sun goes down; the Amber Isles

[1] *Russian Popular Songs*, p. 377.

(Nesoi Elektrides) were placed at the mouth of the Po ; or said to be in the North Sea ; or India was named as the source of the supply. It was formed from the tears of Phaethon's sisters, or of Apollon himself. Mythologists make Elektōr a name for the beaming sun (Preller, G. M. I. 357, 358) ; and Pliny expressly says : " Electrum appellatum quoniam sol vocitatus sit *ἠλέκτωρ*" (H. N. 37, 31). The Russian White Stone, glowing and beaming out in the sea, has other possible analogies. Has the *brindle stone*, where English children in a rhyme tell the lady-bird that the key of her burning house lies hid, anything to do with the other? The *Liag Find* (White Stone), buried in a ford, and figuring in mediæval Irish traditions which we can do no more than allude to here, further suggests itself: and even a certain floating flag, common in Irish hagiological legend. The Russian charm occasionally places the stone by the Jordan, where some sacred personage, sometimes an apostle, sits on it. We are therefore reminded of familiar English and Irish charms beginning:—

> Peter sat on a marvel stone,
> Christ came by and He was alone, etc.

Or (in a Galway version)—

> Peter fell *on Jordan's wave*,
> Christ He hastened him to save, etc.

Whether, lastly, we are to see any further connection between this class of beliefs and the usage of simple Donegal men to apply their aching jaws to a certain marble-like red stone in the wall of the old ruined church of Templedouglas, reciting the while certain prayers, is a matter which we must leave to the judgment of the reader himself, only remarking that fire *is* often associated with superstitious cures for toothache.

Leaving the riddles of nature, we come to the large class dealing with human life—which does, no doubt, suggest many enigmas. " On a remarqué ingénieusement," says M. Gaston Paris in his excellent preface to the collection of French devinettes of M. Rolland, " que la plus ancienne et la plus célèbre des énigmes grecques avait pour sujet l'homme lui-même, conformément au génie du peuple qui avait fait sa devise de *γνῶθι σεαυτόν*." A jovial butcher once asked an Irish poor scholar—

> Here's a question, scholar mine, all so learned in the Bible,
> Why doth fortune hap to fools, and ill-hap betide the wise man?
> *God ordained* good luck to fools, and misfortune to the wise man,

was the scholar's answer.

Now a question, butcher mine, you that put the sheep to slaughter,
Why left God the one gut open, when He firmly shut the other?

This professional question, which was too much for the butcher, relates to what is called *putóg-an-aon-chinn*, a certain part of the sheep's intestines.[1] Another more popular Irish riddle is not much worth in itself, but is couched in mellow and resonant Momonian verse, which we will not essay to reproduce. It was simply, "When did Sir Donnchu's serving-man die?" "When his feet, ears, and hands grew cold," was the solution which got the travelling scholar his lodging.[2]

A vessel of gold with a handle out—
The son of the king took a drink thereout—
Yet from no tree-crown, and from no tree-butt,
From no tree of the world was its substance cut,
Nor smith nor brazier fashioned it out.—(Limerick.)

Thus, in Lorich's Latin :—

Paruum est effigie, ceu candida mala rotunda,
Quo tamen haud dubie pascitur omnis homo :
Non coquitur, nullo prorsus maceratur in igne;
Hoc sine uix ulli uita salusque foret.
Solutio : Est mamma muliebris.

We are reminded of a singular enigma obtained from a boy in Westmeath :—

Last Saturday night I drank a drink through a goold ring in a glass window wall,
And that's a riddle among yez all.

The subject has exercised painters as well as poets, for it is probably only one form of the riddle treated by Straparola, Virgo lacte patrem nutriens (*Les Facétieuses Nuits*, ed. Jannet, ii. 106).

Though riddles are ordinarily meant to amuse, their subjects are often grim enough.

I sat wi' my love, and I drank wi' my love,
And my love she gave me light ;
I'll give any man a pint o' wine
That'll read my riddle aright.

The solution of this, which is from Scotland, is—"I sat in a chair made of my mistress's bones, drank out of her skull, and was lighted by a candle made of the substance of her body."

"He that made it, 'twas to sell it ; he that bought it, did not want

[1] From Galway. St. Augustine uses the same answer here made by the poor scholar, when treating of difficult and mysterious matters in God's Providence ; and in Aesop's Life Xanthus makes the same reply to his gardener. Rabelais has parodied it, with his customary licence (*Gargantua*, Book I. cap. 40).

[2] Egerton MSS. *Mus. Brit.* 146, p. 75.

it; he that used it, never saw it;" a French, Italian, and German enigma on the Coffin. Like themes are common in Irish riddles. "Four white boar swine over Baile-Ui-Dálaigh: they would swallow all that ever came, and never disgorge so much as a grain"=the four corners of the churchyard. "I have a green coat, and 'tis too short; cut a bit off it, and 'tis long enough"=the Grave. The following Russian enigma is chiefly interesting as bearing, what popular lore should ever bear, the strong and distinctive stamp of the country it comes from.

In the ocean-sea,
On the island Buyán,
Sits the bird Yustritsa.
She boasts and brags
That she has seen all,
Has eaten much of all.
She has seen the Tsar in Moscow,
The king in Lithuania,
The elder in his cell,
The babe in his cradle.
And she has not eaten that
Which is wanting in the sea.

Death is the answer, and the theme, in one form or another, is frequent in Irish riddles.

If any reader think these enigmas a shade too sombre, he may have even less patience with the riddle jocular. "Why is it that donkeys have such long ears?" To this problem, propounded to the curious on the banks of the Seine and Loire, the answer is, Because their mothers did not put caps (*béguins*) on them in their infancy. "Why does Chanticleer shut his eyes when singing (*chanter*)?" The answer again is of a highly satisfactory description. Because such vocalists "know their music by heart"—"parce qu'ils savent leur musique par cœur." "Why doth a dog turn round thrice before going to sleep?" The animal is in doubt as to where the bolster of his bed is. "What is the boldest of all beasts?" The miller's ass, which is all day in the midst of thieves, and yet has no fear. "Qu'est-ce qui ressemble mieux a un chat en une fenestre?" —"Une chatte." "What strange beast is that which has no head, seven legs, and one tail?"—A cat with his head jammed in a three-legged pot. It is humiliating to own it, but the low wit of some of these moveth us to unseemly grinning.

We rejoice in the possession of a lyttel boke of riddles, dating from the Renaissance, which was once the property of some appreciative French owner, possibly the curate of Meudon himself. Against some of the enigmas just cited, *e.g.*, the polypod cat, he has recorded

his criticism in the marginal note, in an old hand, *Damnabiliter bonum.*

Of the riddle verbal two specimens may be more than enough. The former relates to a fair one—or dark one—who must have been a woman of some consequence in her own country :—

The King o' Marooco built a ship,
An' in that ship his daughter sits :
If I tell her name I am to blame,
An' there's three times I told her name.

The royal blackamore having been christened *Ann*, we must restore *an* for *if* in the third line, a feature which indicates that this riddle is not of late date. The foregoing is from Westmeath ; what follows is a specimen of the finer wit of the county of Mark :—

Kaiser Carolus had a hound,
And in my riddle his name is found :
How was he called ?

To this class, too, belongs the ingenious English riddle—which is not, however, without marks of literary origin :—

Flower of England and fruit of Spain
Met together in a shower of rain ;
Put in a bag tied round with a string :
Riddle me that and I'll give you a ring.

The riddle, we have seen, is close akin to the myth ; and our last specimen may illustrate how it is also a poor relation of the allegory. The lines, pregnant with the Drydenian strength, which open the "Hind and Panther," further illustrate the same thing :—

A milkwhite Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed in the lawns, and in the forests ranged ;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horn and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart, and often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, yet fated not to die.

Waller makes a beautiful application of Samson's riddle in his poem, "Of the Lady Mary, Princess of Orange :"—

As once the Lion honey gave,
Out of the Strong such Sweetness came,
A royal hero, no less brave,
Produced this sweet, this lovely dame.

The words with which Joubert commences his "Pensées" offer another striking example. "I have given my flowers and my fruit ; I am now no more than an echoing trunk : yet whoso seats himself

to listen beneath my shade shall become more wise." Nor are we far from the same borderland where meet the riddle of the unlettered rustic, the philosopher's enigma, and the dark figure of the poet, in this epitaph, from some unknown but not feeble hand of the period of the Revolution :—

Here lies wise and valiant dust,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and just,
(One) . . . . . was hurried hence
'Twixt treason and convenience.
His Prince's nearest joy and grief,
He had, yet wanted, all relief ;
The prop and ruin of the State,
The people's violent love and hate ;
One in extremes loved and abhorred ;
Riddles lie here, or in a word
Here lies Blood, and let it lie,
Speechless still and never cry.

The final prayer was hardly heard. Under the head of historic riddles might be classed that dating from the dangerous times of the Roses :—

The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our Dog
Rule all England under a Hog.

So the "old prophecy found in a bog, That Ireland should be ruled by an Ass and a Dog"—the theme of *Lillibulero*. The noble poet is good enough to read his riddle for us :—

And now that old prophecy hath come to pass,
For Talbot's the Dog and King James is the Ass ;
Lillibulero, lero, lero, Lillibulero bullenala.

Some Irishman, by the way, should try to extract some sense out of the refrain. The once powerful house of Desmond was to come to ruin when five earl's sons should go over to England in a cow's belly—a prediction realized when in 1535 a ship called *The Cow* carried the same fatal number of that family to a bloody death on Tower Hill.

In Irish ground I am,
On English ground I stand,
I rode the mare that never was foaled,
And carried the dam in my hand—

must be our solitary specimen of a large class of subtleties, some of them old, as Straparola's elaborate second enigma of the Eleventh Night. The man was in Ireland, but had his shoes filled with English earth ; the mare had not come into the world in the ordinary way ; and the whip was made out of the skin of her dam. In the ancient monastic satire on the Bards, the "Departure of the Troublesome Guests"[1] (Tromdámh),

[1] Cf. *The Proces of the Sevyn Sages*, though eight bards are named,

Marbhán, the swineherd, contends in riddles with Doel Duiledh, *ollamh* of Leinster. The questions are, What good thing did man find on earth that God never found? What two trees never lose their green top till they wither? What beast is that that it *drowns* if you take him out of the sea, and vivifies to throw him in? What animal is it that lives in fire, and it is burning to him to take him out of the fire, and life to him to put him into it? The answers to the last three —which are out-of-the-way enigmas—are, 1. The two famous yew and holly-trees, the Eó Rosa (which stood near Leighlin, Carlow), and the Fidh Sídheang. 2. A beast called the *gnimabraein*—probably the walrus, about which there were many strange things told in ancient Ireland. 3. The Salamander. The first of the four riddles is a very common one yet in several countries, and is thus given by Lorich, from some old German original:—

Omnibus aethereae sedis Dominator abundat,
Attamen est aliquid quo Deus ipse caret:
Omnia Pontifices retinent aut plurima Summi,
Ast illis aliquid rarius esse puto:
Haec eadem quamuis desint Papaeque Deoque,
Quilibet e populo semper habere potest.

His *Equal*—as the sagacious reader has no doubt divined; or "his sufficiency of a lord," as the Irishman writes in his own characteristic way.

The bibliography of riddles is treated of by M. Eugène Rolland, whose most important omission is perhaps a little Latin book—rare, we believe—which has been frequently quoted from above. Its full title is, "A Little Book of Riddles, filled full of various knowledge as well as pleasant wit, collected with no common labour from the best authors, sacred and profane, and rendered into ornate verse by Iohannes Lorichius Hadamarius, studying letters at Marpurg. The gods second our undertakings. With the favour and privilege of the Emperor; printed by Christian Egenolph (MDXL.)." We are at this moment admiring on the last page but one the figure of a cock, spectral as that which in a certain old story rose from the pot of Judas to evidence the resurrection of his Master. Lorich offers, often in elegant verse, versions of the most familiar enigmas, with many good ones which we have not encountered elsewhere. Of the latter class is the singular and beautiful enigma, God's greatest miracle (fol. 17 a):—

Dic mihi quid reputas inter miracula tanta
Maius, quod Domini fecerit alma manus.

The answer is :—

Humanum corpus primo ex tellure creauit,
Est opus, ut possit clarius esse nihil.
Uerum quod totidem quoque finxerit ille figuras
Ut uideas faciem nullius esse parem
Idcirco Μεροπὰς ἀνθρώπους nominat ille
Maeonia fertur qui regione satus.
Omnibus hoc aliis praestantius arbitror esse :
Pectore nunc reputa latius ista tuo.

We remember hearing at school in York the boy's riddle, "How many cow-tails would reach to heaven?" The Latin writer has it—with a difference—how many vessels to empty the sea—and thus answers himself (fol. 21 b) :—

Quod si sufficeret uas tantis fluctibus unum
Crede mihi nunquam pluribus esset opus.

So the Scotch and Irish, "A beautiful maid in a garden was laid, and died before she was born" (Eve)—represented by the old Alsatian, "Wer gestorben und nit geboren sey?" (Adam und Eva); and having imperfect French and Italian analogies—is in the Latin collection in two forms, one of them :—

Nondum natus eram cum me mors abstulit atrox
Et me natalem mors rapit ante diem.

(*Responsio*)—

Mors similis sed non similis fuit ortus Adamo
Atque huic e costa quae fuit orta uiri.

A concluding word must be said of the large and interesting class of riddles whereon a *narrative* turns. Our first example is furnished by that country which has supplied so many of the enigmas cited in the foregoing pages, and the story is localized in Clare, in Limerick, in Cork, and elsewhere. By the side of a lonely road, and standing upon the gate-pier of a churchyard, there used to be seen always after nightfall the figure of a woman, her fiery eyes gleaming out into the darkness. Like another Sphinx, the evil spirit (for such seems the original form of the legend) propounded verses, enigmatic and incomplete, to those that passed the way, and when they could not complete her quatrain she would kill them. The Irish *leath-rann* or half verse varies in the different versions. In one it was a demon, seated astride of the roof of Askeaton Abbey, and smoking tobacco, whose words, in the vernacular tongue, were :—

Tobacco and pipe for the rider of the church!
Put thou an answering rhyme to that.

Or she beset the ford at *Béal-átha*, in West Clare, till a poor scholar made her depart from it for ever, with a dreadful cry, by a

completing couplet telling her that had she done penance for her sins in time she would not be stationed to affright the wayfarer there. The Cork version is very curious :—

> Behold a candlestick and candle here :
> Put thou an answering rhyme to that.

A jovial fellow, navigating his unsteady way homeward, answers in a rhyme which dismisses the grateful ghost to the kingdom of Heaven. Here, of course, it was a good spirit. This legend is very old in Ireland, its earliest version probably occurring in one of the Irish MSS. in the Bodleian (Laud, 615, p. 134), where the metrical contest is between the Devil and Saint Colum-Cille. There are also Oriental analogies ; and we are reminded of the verses beginning *Sic vos non vobis*, which, according to the legendary anecdote, only the Mantuan poet could properly complete.

We assume some acquaintance on the part of the reader with a widely spread story wherein a knight is commanded by a tyrannical monarch to answer him three questions against a certain day. The poor gentleman, who up to this was as sleek and comely as his master was worn and haggard, declines his food, loses flesh and colour, and spends his nights in bootless anxiety, till his cook, noticing the change, learns the cause of it, and obtains leave to dress himself in his master's clothes, and go and personate him before the Emperor on the appointed day. His cool answer to the first of the imperial enigmas—How long would the Emperor take to make the circuit of the earth?—was that if he got up with the sun, and kept up with him through the day, he would do it in twenty-four hours. The Emperor bit his lip, but proceeded to the second question : When I am seated in my state robes, in my imperial chair, my jewelled crown on my head, my sceptre of gold in my hand, tell me to the farthing what I am worth. Again we suppose the reader has seen in some form the witty answer : "The King of Kings, I have heard, was sold for thirty silver pieces : giving Your Majesty the full value, I can't make you worth more than twenty-nine." "Tell me, sirrah," said the reddening Kaiser, "What is my thought this moment, when there is no truth at all in my thought." "You are thinking I am the Ritter von Niemandsheim ; whereas, saving your favour, I but cook his meals." This is the Swabian version. There is the English ballad, where King John and an Abbot take the place of the Kaiser and the Knight ; a French version ; and an Irish version, current in the county of Cork. In Lorich's excellent little book the curious reader will also find the tale—occurring in Bebelius and in Elizabethan jest-books—of the man who, cited before the judge, made good his four

statements—that his horse was wiser than the priest; that he had hoarded a treasure no thief on earth could get at; that he held eternal life in his hands; and that God's providence ordered the universe as *he* wished.

Another very curious and widely diffused riddle-story is that wherein a pedantic master teaches his servant-boy to give certain superfine names to the objects about the house; not to call the *house*, the *fire*, the *cat*, by those appellations, but, *e.g.*, to call the house, the *kingdom*; the man's daughter, *Aralín*; the fire, *great-glory*; the cat, *mildness* (*aliter* "Seanduine-white-face"); the bed, *rest*; water, *plenteousness*; the man's shoe, *easy-sole*; the dog, *trot-easy*. In this Irish version a poor scholar, after doing much mischief, brings his master an enigmatical message, relating the state of affairs :—

> Devoured Trot-easy Easy-sole,
> Thee, Aralín, did I cajole;
> Beneath the Rest did Mildness tear,
> Great-Glory carrying in her rear;
> Let Plenteousness be plenty now,
> Or the Kingdom lies in ashes low.

The later editions of Straparola offer a variation of this, where the names are Latin : *e.g.*, the water is *Abundantia*.

But we will descend from our tripod. The subject treated in this paper has been barely opened therein : yet from what has been said the reader, we believe, will agree with us that these simple relics of the past may throw much light on primitive ways of thought, and illustrate other curious matters; that their very simplicity should save them from being wholly forgotten in an artificial age; while (to again cite M. Paris) the resemblances or identity between specimens coming from peoples long severed from direct communication with each other suggest a more important riddle, which yet awaits an Oedipus to solve it.

DAVID FITZGERALD.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

AT the accession of James the First the condition of the Roman Catholics in England was one of galling restrictions, spiteful intolerance, and constant persecution. Under Mary the Protestants were the martyrs of the State; under Elizabeth the reaction set in, and the Papists had to reap the whirlwind they had sown during the preceding reign. The crop was an evil one, and as the unhappy son of an oppressed faith had to eat its bitter food, he had every reason to admit that his lines had not fallen in pleasant places. On all sides the Papist was the object of State inspection and irritating control. He dared not confess to his priest or bend the knee to the Host in his own temples; whilst if he failed to attend a Protestant place of worship on the Sabbath, he was liable to a fine of twenty pounds for every month during which he had absented himself. If he were a priest and attempted to say mass, he could be punished by a forfeiture of two hundred marks and a year's imprisonment. Indeed, such a man had no right at all to enjoy English hospitality. By a statute passed in 1585 it was enacted that "All Jesuits, seminary and other priests ordained since the beginning of the Queen's reign should depart out of the realm within forty days after that session of Parliament; and that all such priests or other religious persons ordained since the said time should not come into England or remain there under the pain of suffering death, as in case of treason;" it was also declared that "all persons receiving or assisting such priests should be guilty of capital felony." The Papist who refused to bow down in the house of Rimmon—or, in other words, attend the Sunday services in a Protestant church—was branded as a "recusant," and on persisting in his refusal was forced to quit the kingdom; if he dared to return without leave, he laid himself open to execution as a felon, without benefit of clergy. It is true that these harsh laws were not always put into operation, yet no Papist ever felt himself safe from becoming one day their victim. It was a matter of lenity that he escaped, not of right.

As the health of Elizabeth began visibly to decline, the English Catholics looked forward with hope to the arrival of her successor. It was known that James was the son of Catholic parents; that he

had been baptised by a Catholic archbishop, and that he had on more than one occasion openly avowed that he was not a heretic, and that he had not severed himself from the Church. Even if his faith had been doubtful, was it to be expected, it was asked, that he would regard with favour the party which had been the chief agent in hunting his mother to her death? In addition to these surmises, James had given positive proof of the toleration he intended to display. Whilst Elizabeth was lying ill, one Thomas Percy, a kinsman of the Earl of Northumberland, and subsequently one of the Powder Plot conspirators, had been sent on a mission to Scotland, and had returned with the answer that James, on his accession, would deal well with the English Catholics. At the same time the King of Scotland wrote with his own hand a letter to the Earl of Northumberland, stating that when His Majesty should cross the Tweed to wear the crown, the Catholic religion would be tolerated.[1] Buoyed up with these hopes, the Catholics of England warmly supported the cause of James, and were amongst the most loyal of those who rallied round the throne during the first months of his accession.

For a time it appeared as if the reign of persecution had come to an end. The English Catholics were exempt from attendance upon Protestant churches, they were exonerated from the fines for recusancy, and they were appointed to lucrative posts under the Crown. They were informed that this happy state of things would continue "so long as they kept themselves upright and civil in all true carriage towards the King and State without contempt." But the wily James had only used the policy of toleration for his own ends. As soon as he found himself firmly settled upon the English throne, and became conscious that the national feeling was warmly hostile to the Papacy, he resolved to be independent of Catholic support, and to withdraw from the pledge he had solemnly given. He denied that he had ever returned a favourable answer to Percy's mission. He had always been a true son of the English Church, and rather than change his religion he would lose his crown or his life. He summoned his Council, and assured them that he never had any intention of granting toleration to the English Catholics, and that if he thought his sons would condescend to any such course, he would wish the kingdom translated to his daughter. To prove the truth of his words, he issued a proclamation, ordering all Jesuits and priests to quit the kingdom, under pain of being left to the rigour of the laws. And now, to the dismay and indignation of the duped Catholics, a return

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, edited by Mrs. Green, November 23, 1605; also, *The Gunpowder Plot*, by Daniel Jardine: a most careful work, now out of print.

to the persecuting policy of Elizabeth was openly adopted. The recusancy fines were enforced. All the laws of Elizabeth against Jesuits and priests were ordered to be put in execution. A bill was passed, declaring that all persons who had been educated in Catholic colleges on the Continent should be incapable of holding lands or goods within the King's dominions. At the same time, any one keeping a schoolmaster who refused to attend a Protestant church, or who was not licensed by the bishop of the diocese, was liable to forfeit forty shillings for every day he was retained. Thus, practically, Catholic children were to grow up untaught. Their parents declined to entrust them to a Protestant tutor; whilst, if they sent them abroad, they would lose their right as English subjects. Well might Sir Everard Digby thus write to Lord Salisbury, when he saw promises shamelessly broken and hopes raised only to be cruelly crushed: "If your Lordship and the State," he says,[1] "think it fit to deal severely with the Catholics, within brief there will be massacres, rebellions, and desperate attempts against the King and State. For it is a general received reason amongst Catholics, that there is not that expecting and suffering course now to be run that was in the Queen's time, who was the last of her line and last in expectance to run violent courses against Catholics; for then it was hoped that the King that now is would have been at least free from persecuting, as his promise was before his coming into this realm, and as divers his promises have been since his coming. All these promises every man sees broken."

When men are subject to persecution for the sake of their religion, the course they pursue is suggested by the temperament each possesses. The timid shuffle and conceal, the bold defy the law or seek the overthrow of their oppressors. Such was now to be the conduct of the English Catholics. The weak, though sincere, pandered to the policy of the Court; they worshipped in secret, they attended every Sunday a Protestant church, and they sent their children to Protestant schools. The more bold refused to dismiss the priests hidden in the secret chambers of their halls and manor-houses, or to follow their religion as if ashamed of it, and were content when discovered to pay the penalty. But there were men amongst the number who openly advocated the Catholic faith, who scorned to accept any compromise, who so fully believed in the truth and purity of their religion, that they not only professed it, but resolved to brave all dangers to see it freed from persecution and once more reinstated as the faith of England. It was this last class which, now that all hopes

[1] *State Papers, Domestic*, December 1605.

of relief from the King had to be abandoned, determined to gain its ends by other means and from other agents. In religion there is little patriotism ; the interests of the creed dominate over those of the country. The Huguenots looked towards England for aid, so now the Catholics looked towards Spain. Negotiations were re-opened with the King of Spain for money and assistance. He was informed that the condition of the English Catholics was hopeless without his help, and he was invited to land an army at Milford Haven, when the western counties would rise in his favour, and every Catholic in England would rally round his standard. In the reign of Elizabeth such appeals were familiar at the Court of Madrid; but now the Most Catholic King took very little interest in England, and was far more anxious to conclude an advantageous peace with James than to convert him into a dangerous enemy. He declined to tempt fortune by the creation of another Armada.

Thus foiled in all their attempts to ameliorate their condition, the English Catholics were ready to give ear to the most dangerous counsels. And now it was that the idea of destroying at one fatal blow King, Lords, and Commons, through the agency of gunpowder, began to assume a definite shape in the minds of some of the more desperate of the party. At this time Robert Catesby, who was the representative of one of the oldest families in England, and who, during the former reign, had entered warmly into the Earl of Essex's insurrection, John Wright, a scion of the Wrights of Plowland in Holderness, and Thomas Winter, who came of a line that had held estates in Worcestershire since the wars of the Roses, were frequently in the habit of meeting together at Lambeth, to discuss the fortunes and future of their Church. On one of these occasions Catesby took Winter aside and told him that "he had bethought him of a way at one instant to deliver them from all their bonds, and without any foreign help to replant again the Catholic religion." On being pressed to explain his meaning, he answered, that "his plan was to blow up the Parliament House with gunpowder; for," added he, "in that place they have done us all the mischief, and perchance God hath designed that place for their punishment." Winter, taken aback at the suggestion of so terrible a deed, made objections. "True it was," he said, "that this struck at the root, and would breed a confusion fit to beget new alterations ; but if it should not take effect, the scandal would be so great which the Catholic religion might thereby sustain, as not only their enemies but their friends also would, with good reason, condemn them." Catesby shortly replied that "the nature of the disease required so sharp a remedy." Then he bluntly asked if Winter would consent

to join with him. At once Winter answered that, "in this or what else soever, if Catesby resolved upon it, he would venture his life." It was however now agreed that, if possible, their ends should be attained by all peaceful means. Accordingly, Catesby recommended Winter to cross over to Flanders, and there see Velasco, the Constable of Castile, then on his way to England to conclude a peace with James and the King of Spain, and by him to use his efforts with the King of England to have the penal laws against Catholics repealed. This suggestion was at once adopted, and Winter hastily proceeded to Bergen, where he had an interview with Velasco. The discreet constable received him courteously, but dismissed him with platitudes; the King of Spain entertained the most friendly feelings towards the Catholics of England, he much regretted the painful position in which they were placed, but he could not definitely promise that in the treaty about to be signed he could specially stipulate for the redress of their grievances; he would however see what could be done. This answer was not satisfactory to Winter, and finding from the English Catholics then in Flanders that Spain had no intention of actively interesting herself on behalf of the Catholic cause in England, he returned home accompanied by one Guido Fawkes, who had been recommended to him by the Flemish priests as a "fit and resolute man for the execution of the enterprise." [1]

Guido Fawkes, whose name history will ever hand down as the chief mover in the plot, was sprung from a respectable Yorkshire family. In his examination [2] he admits that he was born in the city of York, and that his father was one Edward Fawkes, a notary, who has now been identified with the Edward Fawkes who held the office of "registrar and advocate of the Consistory Court of the Cathedral Church of York," who was about forty-six years of age, and was buried in the Cathedral Church, January 17, 1578. His parents being Protestants, Guido was brought up in the faith of the Church of England and educated in a free school near York. On the death of Edward Fawkes his mother married a very devoted Catholic, and we may therefore conclude that the future conspirator was made a convert to his step-father's religion. Sir William Waad, the Lieutenant of the Tower, writes to Lord Salisbury, after the discovery of the plot,[3] that "Fawkes' mother is still alive,

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Thomas Winter, January 1606. The Papers relating to the Plot, though calendared by Mrs. Green, have been separated from the Domestic Series of State Papers, and are now bound up in two volumes.

[2] Ibid. November 7, 1605.

[3] Ibid. December 8, 1605.

and married to Foster, an obstinate recusant, and he hath a brother in one of the Inns of Court. John and Christopher Wright were schoolfellows of Fawkes and neighbours' children. Tesmond the Jesuit was at that time schoolfellow also with them; so as this crew have been brought up together." After having spent the "small living" left him by his father, Guido enlisted in the Spanish army in Flanders, and was present at the capture of Calais by the Archduke Albert in 1598. His devotion to the Catholic cause, his high courage, and in an age of dissoluteness his purity of life, soon caused him to be looked upon as one of the pillars of the party. He had been sent on more than one mission to Spain to obtain help for his brethren in England, and those who knew him felt assured that the interests of their Church could not be entrusted to safer hands. He is described by Father Greenway as "a man of great piety, of exemplary temperance, of mild and cheerful demeanour, an enemy of broils and disputes, a faithful friend, and remarkable for his punctual attendance upon religious observances." When in Flanders, we are told that his society was "sought by all the most distinguished in the Archduke's camp for nobility and virtue." Such was the dangerous enthusiast who was now to play a prominent part in the conspiracy then being matured in the unscrupulous brain of Catesby. Vice and fanaticism often tread the same path to reach their goal.

On arriving in London, Winter, accompanied by Fawkes, went to see Catesby at his lodgings. There he met Percy and Wright. It was evident to the little band that, deceived by James and deserted by Spain, the English Catholics, if they wished to free themselves from the galling restrictions by which they were surrounded, would have solely to rely upon their own energies and resources. They discussed their position and the future before them. "Are we always to talk," said Percy angrily, "and never to do anything?" Catesby took him aside and whispered in his ear that he knew what should be done, but before he divulged his views it was necessary that everyone should be bound by a solemn oath of secresy. Percy readily agreed, and on the meeting breaking up it was arranged that they should all assemble in a few days at a house in the fields beyond St. Clement's Inn. At the time appointed the conspirators came together; the only addition to their number being Father Gerard, a Jesuit priest. The moment they had assembled, and without any conversation taking place, Father Gerard stood in their midst and administered the oath to each, beginning with Catesby and ending with Fawkes. "You shall swear," he said, "by the Blessed Trinity, and by the Sacrament

you now propose to receive, never to disclose directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof until the rest shall give you leave." The oath taken, all "kneeling down upon their knees with their hands laid upon a primer," Catesby requested Gerard to quit the room whilst he made his project known. He then stated that he proposed, when the King went in state to the House of Lords, to blow up the Parliament House with gunpowder. The scheme met with the approval of his hearers, and after a brief discussion as to the course that was to be pursued they adjourned to an upper room, where they heard mass and received the Sacrament from the Jesuit father.[1]

The plan of the plot, once adopted, was quickly put into execution. A house adjoining the Parliament House which happened to be vacant was taken by Percy, and there the conspirators daily met. It was proposed that a mine should be constructed from the cellar of this house through the wall of the Parliament House, and that a quantity of gunpowder and combustibles should be stored in the vault of the House of Lords. At the same time a house was rented in Lambeth where wood and timber could be deposited to be ferried across the river to Westminster in small quantities so as not to excite suspicion. Fawkes, being unknown in London, kept the keys and acted as Percy's servant under the name of Johnson. The frequent prorogation of Parliament allowed the conspirators ample time to mature their schemes and to proceed with their mining operations. These latter were more arduous than had been expected. The wall which separated the house from the Parliament Chamber was a stout piece of masonry three yards in thickness, and required all the efforts of the plotters to make any impression upon it. All day they worked with their pickaxes, and at night removed the rubbish into the garden behind the house, strewing it about and then covering it with turf. With the exception of Fawkes, who wore a porter's dress over his

[1] That Gerard was ignorant of the plot, see Examination of Fawkes, November 9, 1605: "Gerard, the Jesuit, gave them the Sacrament, to confirm their oath of secresy, *but knew not their purpose*;" also Examination of Winter, January 9, 1606, Gerard, *alias* Lee: "The priest gave them the Sacrament afterwards, *but knew not of the plot*." The Jesuits at this time were in the habit of assuming several pseudonymes. The following occur amongst the State Papers:—

Henry Garnet,	*alias*	Walley, Darcy, Farmer, and Meaze.
Edward Oldcorne,	,,	Hall, Vincent, Parker.
Nicholas Owen	,,	Andrews, Littlejohn, Draper.
Oswald Greenway,	,,	Greenwell, Tesmond.
John Gerard	,,	Brook, Staunton, Lee.
Thomas Strange	,,	Anderson.

clothes, and passed for a servant taking care of a house in the absence of its master, none of the conspirators were ever seen at the windows, but lived in strict seclusion in the basement. It was with no little pride that Guido Fawkes remembered that those who were then spending their days in arduous toil and depressing isolation were men of ancient race working like the lowest for the sake of Holy Mother Church. "All," he afterwards avowed,[1] "were gentlemen of name and blood, and not any was employed in or about this action—no, not so much as in digging and mining—that was not a gentleman. And while the others wrought, I stood as sentinel to descry any man that came near; and when any man came near to the place, upon warning given by me they eased until they had again notice from me to proceed; and we lay in the house and had shot and powder, and we all resolved to die in that place before we yielded or were taken."

An accidental circumstance, which seemed as if fortune at first was propitious to the plot, was now to relieve the conspirators from much of this toil. One morning, whilst at work as usual upon the wall, a loud grating noise was suddenly heard above their heads. They suspended their labours and kept dead silence, fearing that at last all had been discovered. The noise continued, and Fawkes was sent upstairs to ascertain, if he could, the cause. To his delight he found that a cellar immediately below the House of Lords was being emptied of coals, and that the sound which had so startled them was owing to this circumstance. In the character of Percy's servant Fawkes approached the coal-merchant, whose name was Bright, and asked him if he was disposed to let the cellar, as his master was in want of one to store his own coals and wood. Bright replied that the cellar would shortly be vacant, and that he had no objection to Mr. Percy renting it from him. Such an arrangement was of the greatest service to the conspirators. There was now no necessity to continue boring through the wall which separated them from the Parliament House, for the cellar they were about to hire was a large vault, dry and dark, directly below the House of Lords, and exactly suited to the fell purpose they had in view. Terms were soon settled between Percy and Bright, and within a month the vault was filled with barrels of powder hidden in hampers, iron bars and tools to "make the breach the greater," and the whole covered with faggots and billets of wood. The better to conceal the purpose for which the cellar was used, a quantity of lumber was thrown carelessly about. It was now May, and Parliament did not meet till the first week of October.

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Guy Fawkes, November 8, 1605.

The preparations complete, the conspirators agreed to part company during the months that intervened, so as not to excite suspicion by being seen together. It was considered advisable that Fawkes should make London his head-quarters, and we now learn that he lodged at a Mrs. Woodhouse, "at the back of St. Clement's Church." His landlady does not appear to have been impressed in his favour. "She disliked him," she said, "suspecting him to be a priest; he was tall, with brown hair, auburn beard, and had plenty of money." Here he carried on an active correspondence with Catesby, Percy, Winter, and the two Wrights.[1]

When men meet together to carry out some terrible deed, it is seldom that the secret is only confined to the originators of the scheme. As the plot thickens, and success becomes more and more probable, other agencies have to be introduced, and the band of conspirators has to increase its numbers. This was now the case with the designers of the Powder Plot. One by one the original five had to admit others into their confidence, until the heads of many were compromised in the matter. First, it had been necessary to obtain further assistance for the mining of the party-wall, and Robert Keyes, the son of the vicar of Stavely in Derbyshire, and Christopher, the brother of John Wright, had the oath administered to them and were duly enrolled members of the dangerous fraternity. Then John Grant, of Norbrook, near Warwick; Robert, the eldest brother of Thomas Winter; and Thomas Bates, a servant of Catesby, were sworn as confederates. As money was an important element in the undertaking to bring it to a successful issue, Catesby and Percy were of opinion that the secret should be divulged to some of the wealthy English Catholics, who should be asked to contribute funds towards the object in view. Accordingly, Sir Everard Digby, of Tilton and Drystoke, in Rutlandshire; Ambrose Rookwood, of Coldham Hall, in Suffolk; and Francis Tresham, the eldest son of Sir Thomas Tresham, and a relative of Catesby's—all zealous Catholics and men of large estate—took the oath and became adherents to the cause. Thus the ranks of the conspirators had been swelled from five to thirteen, not including certain persons who had been sent on foreign missions who were supposed to be, if not entirely, at least partly, in the secret.

As the dread day for the meeting of Parliament approached, the plans of future operations were discussed and finally arranged. The King and the Prince of Wales, it was concluded, would perish in the explosion. The Duke of York, afterwards Charles the First, it was

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* November 7, 1605.

supposed would not accompany his father, and to Percy, therefore, was entrusted the task of securing the lad and carrying him off in safety to be subsequently proclaimed King. Should the Duke not be found, then the Princess Elizabeth, who was under the care of Lord Harrington at Coventry, was to be surprised and taken off in the stead of her brother. Warwickshire was to be the place of general rendezvous. Arms and ammunition were stored up in the houses of various conspirators in the midland counties, while Catesby, under pretence of uniting with the levies then being made in England for service in Flanders, had raised a troop of three hundred horse to meet any resistance which might be offered by the Government after the execution of the plot.[1] Thus, as matters had been arranged, the Parliament House was to be wrecked; the King, the heir apparent, and a large portion of the aristocracy were to be suddenly sent into eternity; a new sovereign was to be elected; the Protestants were to be demolished, and all Catholic grievances consequently redressed. The mine had been laid, it was only necessary now to fire it.

Parliament had been prorogued from the 3rd of October to the 5th of November. As the day came nearer and nearer for the perpetration of the awful act, a natural feeling of humanity impressed itself upon the members in the secret of the conspiracy. Every man amongst them knew that within a few days a terrible slaughter was about to be effected, that in the chamber above the murderous vault, with its powder and its faggots, there would assemble those favourable to the Catholic cause as well as those hostile to it; yet in the havoc of the explosion no distinction could be made, but both friend and foe must be made to suffer the doom of sudden death. There was not one of the conspirators but had some friend he was anxious to save, and the question had often been debated amongst them how they could impart intelligence to those in whom they were interested without exposing themselves to danger. How could they give warning without divulging their secret? Tresham was "exceeding earnest" to advise Lords Stourton and Mounteagle, who had married his sisters, to absent themselves from the opening of Parliament; Keyes was anxious to save his friend and patron, Lord Mordaunt; Fawkes himself was interested in the fate of Lord Montague; whilst Percy strongly interceded on behalf of the Earl of Northumberland and of the young Lord Arundel. But the stern, hard Catesby turned a deaf ear to all entreaties, and refused to be moved.

Rather than the project should not take effect," he cried, "if they

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Guy Fawkes, November 8, 1605; also Examination of Thos. Winter, January 17, 1606.

were as dear unto me as mine own son, they must also be blown up." He, however, assured his colleagues that most of the Catholic peers would not attend the meeting of Parliament, and that "tricks should be put upon them to that end." "Assure yourself," he said to Digby, "that such of the nobility as are worth saving shall be preserved and yet know not of the matter." His advice was accepted, for all feared that any other course was too dangerous to be adopted. "We durst not forewarn them," said Fawkes afterwards, "for fear we should be discovered; we meant principally to have respected our own safety, and would have prayed for them." It was, however, agreed that if anyone amongst them saw his way to warn a friend on "general grounds" to absent himself on that occasion, he would be justified in so doing.[1]

This permission was to be fully availed of. William Parker, Lord Mounteagle, was one of the few Catholics who then enjoyed the full favour of the Court. During the last reign he had become intimate with Catesby and Winter, and had been engaged in the rebellion of the Earl of Essex, for which he had been fined and imprisoned. He had also been one of those who had invited the King of Spain to invade England for the preservation of Catholic interests. On the accession of James, Mounteagle forsook his plotting courses, posed as a loyal adherent of the King, and became one of the most prominent of those "tame ducks" used by the Court to "decoy the wild ones." He was regarded by the English Catholics as the man above all others who could obtain redress for their grievances, if redress were possible.[2] One evening—it was on Saturday, October 26—whilst Lord Mounteagle was at supper at his house at Hoxton, a letter was brought in to him. It had been handed to one of the pages by a man whose features were muffled up, with instructions to deliver it at once to his master, as it contained matters of importance. The letter ran as follows:—

"My lord out of the love i beare to some of youer friends i have a caer of youer preservacion therefore i would advyse yowe as yowe tender youer lyf to

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[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Digby, December 2; of Keyes, November 30; and of Fawkes, November 16, 1605.

[2] Ibid. Examination of Thos. Winter, Nov. 25, and of Francis Tresham, November 29, 1605. In these originals great care has been taken to conceal the name of Mounteagle. In the examination of Winter the name of Mounteagle is half scratched out and half pasted over with paper. In the examination of Tresham his name is hidden by a slip of paper being pasted over it. These are the only two examinations amongst the State Papers in which the name of Mounteagle appears.

devyse some excuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleament for god and man hathe concurred to punishe the wickednes of this tyme and thinke not slightlye of this advertisment but retyere youre self into youre countri wheare yowe maye expect the event in safti for thowghe theare be no apparence of anni stir yet i saye they shall receyve a terrible blowe this parleament and yet they shall not seie who hurts them this councel is not to be contemned because it maye do yowe good and can do yowe no harme for the dangere is passed as soon as you have burnt the letter and i hope god will give yowe the grace to mak good use of it to whose holy proteccion i commend yowe." [1]

Who wrote this letter? It has been attributed to Mrs. Abington, the sister of Lord Mounteagle, and wife of Thomas Abington, of Henlip, Worcestershire, one of the most zealous of the English Catholics. But the evidence we possess on the subject distinctly states that neither Mr. Abington nor his wife were acquainted with the plot until informed of its failure by Garnet, when they refused to join the rising of the Catholics.[1] The authorship of this letter has also been ascribed to Anne Vaux, the daughter of Lord Vaux, and devoted friend (Protestant scandal hints at a closer relationship) of Father Garnet; but such a statement is unsupported by any testimony worthy of credence. There can be little doubt, however, that the sender, if not the writer, of the letter was Francis Tresham. Everything points him out as the culprit. He was known to be treacherous and unprincipled; he had always been a lukewarm adherent of the plot, and was ever regarded with suspicion by his colleagues; he had expressed himself most anxious to save the life of Mounteagle; latterly he had been absent from the proceedings of the conspirators; and on the failure of the plot he was treated with suspicious leniency by the Government. At the same time, it is hardly to be credited that this letter was the first intimation either Mounteagle or the Council obtained of the existence of such a conspiracy. No one not in the secret could guess from its contents what was about to occur; it was, as Lord Salisbury expressed it, "too loose an advertisement for any wise man to take alarm at, and absent himself from Parliament." There can be little doubt but that the Government were well acquainted throughout with the movements of the conspirators, and that they made use of Tresham's disclosure simply, as Father Greenway suggests, to hide the true source from which their information had been derived. The probable solution of the discovery

[1] This letter is amongst the *Gunpowder Plot Papers*. It is written in Roman hand, without capital letters or punctuation. It is addressed—"To the right honorable the lord mowteagle."

[2] *State Papers, Domestic*. Examination of Edward Oldcorne, *alias* Hall. March 6, 1606.

is as follows:—The English Jesuits at Rome were well aware of the existence of the plot; the French spies at Rome heard of it, and communicated it to their government; then France, fearful lest the fate of James and the success of the conspirators should place England in the power of Spain, secretly informed the Council of what was in store for them. In the Memoirs of the Duke of Sully there are frequent allusions to the sudden blow which the Catholics are preparing against England. A recent discovery confirms this view. Among the Cecil Papers, lately examined at Hatfield, there is this letter, which lacks both signature and address:[1]

"Who so evar finds this box of letars let him carry it to the King's Majesty; my Master litel thinks I know of this, but in rydinge with him that browt the letar to my Master to a Katholyk gentleman's hows anward of his way into Lincolnshire he told me all his purpose and what he ment to do; and he being a priest absolved me and made me swear never to reveal it to any man. I confess myself a Katholyk and do hate the Protestant religion with my hart and yet I detest to consent either to murder or treason. I have blottyd out sartyn names in the letars because I wold not have either my Mastar or ane of his friends trobyl aboute this; for by his means I was made a good Katholyk; and I wold to God the King war a good Katholyk that is all the harm I wish hym; and let him take heed what petitions or supplications he taks of ane man; and I hop this will be found by som that will give it to the King, it may do him good one day. I mean not to come to my Master any more, but will return unto my country from whens I came. As for my name and country I counsel that; and God make the King a good Katholyk; and let Sir Robert Cecil and My Lord Chief Justice look to themselves."

The events which immediately followed upon the despatch of the letter to Mounteagle are the common facts of history, and the State Papers fail to reveal much that is new. The vaults below the Parliament House were examined by the Lord Chamberlain, who purposely deferred the inspection till the day before the meeting of the Chambers. The coals and faggots stored up in the vault were observed, and at the same time Fawkes was seen, standing in a dark corner, guarding his treasures. So vast a supply of fuel for a house seldom occupied seemed somewhat suspicious, and on the Lord Chamberlain making his report to the King it was resolved that a further examination should take place. Not to create alarm, the inspection was entrusted to Sir Thos. Knevet, a magistrate of Westminster, under pretence of making a general search in the houses and cellars in the neighbourhood for certain stuffs belonging to the King's wardrobe. At midnight, on the eve of the now famous fifth of November, Sir Thomas with his assistants made a sudden descent

[1] *Third Report Hist. MSS. Commission.* Vol. iv. p. 148.

upon the house. Fawkes, having finished his day's work, was in the act of shutting the door. He was detained whilst the magistrate visited the cellar. Here the barrels of powder hidden by the faggots, the bars of iron, and the coals, at once revealed the nature of the plot. Fawkes was arrested, pinioned, and searched; slow matches and touchwood were found upon his person. In a corner of the cellar was a dark lantern, the light still burning in it. Now that he had been caught red-handed, and all evasion was fruitless, the boldness of the man came out. Without hesitation, Fawkes avowed to Sir Thomas the ends he had in view, and declared that "if he had happened to be within the house when he took him, he would not have failed to have blown him up, house, himself, and all." Under a strong guard the prisoner was marched off at once to Whitehall, there to be examined personally by the King. The Royal bed-chamber was filled with members of the Council, and in the middle of the room, seated on a chair, was James. Calm, and with a lofty dignity, the conspirator faced his judges. In his own eyes he had done what was right, and he was bold with the courage of the man whose conscience completely acquits him. Question after question was put to him, often hurriedly and passionately, yet he never permitted his temper to be ruffled out of its quiet, haughty composure. His name, he answered, was John Johnson, and he was a servant of Thomas Percy. It was quite true that whilst the Upper House was sitting he meant to have fired the mine below, and escape before the powder had been ignited. Had he not been seized, he would have blown up King, lords, bishops, and all who had been in the chamber.

"Why would you have killed me?" asked the King.

"Because you are excommunicated by the Pope."

"How so?" said James.

"Maundy Thursday the Pope excommunicates all heretics who are not of the Church of Rome. You are within the same excommunication."

He was then asked who were privy to the conspiracy, but refused to accuse any of his friends. After further questions had been put to him, several of which he declined to answer, he was sent with a guard to the Tower.

It had been arranged that the conspirators, after the explosion, should hasten to Dunchurch, where Sir Everard Digby, under cover of a meet on Dunsmore Heath, was to assemble a large party friendly to the Catholic cause. Catesby and John Wright were on their way thither the afternoon of the day on which Fawkes had been apprehended. At Brickhill they were joined by Keyes, Rookwood, Percy,

and Christopher Wright, who now informed them of the arrest of Fawkes, when they rode for dear life into Warwickshire. At Dunchurch they met the rest of their number, but after a brief stay it was considered advisable to ride through the counties of Warwick, Worcester, and Stafford, into Wales, exciting the Catholic gentry to join them as they went along. Their efforts, were, however, useless. The Catholics hounded them from their doors, and reproached them for having dragged their cause through the mire by their infamous enterprise. "Not one man," says Sir Everard in his examination,[1] "came to take our part, though we had expected so many." At Holbeach, in Staffordshire, the dejected band had to defend themselves against the country, who were raised from all quarters, and armed by the sheriff. Surrounded by the enemy, the conspirators saw that escape was out of the question, and prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Yet even this consolation was denied them. Some powder, which Catesby and Rookwood were drying upon a platter over a fire, blew up with a tremendous explosion. Several of the party were severely burned, and Catesby fell down as dead. Disabled and discouraged, the conspirators were powerless to resist their pursuers. They were summoned to lay down their arms and surrender. They scornfully refused. An assault was now made upon the gates of the courtyard of the house in which they had assembled. Two shots from a crossbow mortally wounded both the Wrights. Catesby and Percy, standing back to back, were shot through the body, and shortly afterwards died of their wounds. Winter was disabled by an arrow penetrating his arm. Rookwood was senseless from a thrust from a pike. At last their assailants burst into the courtyard, beat down all resistance, and made the rest of the party prisoners. They were conveyed to London, and committed to the custody of Sir William Waad, the Governor of the Tower. Within a week of the discovery of the plot, all the chief conspirators, excepting those who had perished at Holbeach, were in safe confinement.

The examination of the prisoners was at once proceeded with. Fawkes, as chief culprit, had to undergo repeated examinations, not only before the commissioners named by the King from the Privy Council, but before Lord Chief Justice Popham, Sir Edward Coke, and Sir William Waad.[2] At first he refused to give his real name,

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* December 2, 1605.

[2] His examinations and declarations amongst the State Papers are November 5, 6 (two), 7, 8, 9, and 16, 1605; January 9, 20, and 26, 1606.

but a letter directed to him being found in his clothes, he owned that he had assumed the name of John Johnson for purposes of concealment, and that he was called Guido Fawkes. He now candidly admitted his regret at having been concerned in the plot, "for he perceived that God did not concur with it;" still he had acted for the best, for ever since "he undertook that action, he did every day pray to God he might perform that which might be for the advancement of the Catholic faith and the saving of his own soul." As close confinement began to soften his feelings, he became more amenable to the wishes of his examiners. He furnished a full account of the history of the plot, how it had been revealed to him eighteen months ago by an Englishman in the Low Countries; how he had prepared the vault; how they had resolved to surprise the Princess Elizabeth and make her Queen in the absence of Prince Charles; how they had prepared a proclamation in her name against the union of the two kingdoms, and in justification of their act; how they would have taken the Princess Mary, but knew not how; and how they had sent arms and ammunition into Warwickshire.[1]

Yet no threats nor persuasion could induce him to disclose a single name which had been connected with the plot. "He confineth all things of himself," writes Lord Salisbury, "and denieth not to have some partners in this particular practice, yet could no threatening of torture draw from him any other language than this—that he is ready to die, and rather wisheth ten thousand deaths than willingly to accuse his master or any other." When pressed by Sir William Waad that it was useless for him to conceal the names of his colleagues, since their flight had already revealed them, Fawkes quietly replied, "If that be so, it will be superfluous for me to declare them, seeing by that circumstance they have named themselves." Such obstinacy was not to be permitted, for we must remember that at this time the fugitive conspirators were still at large, and therefore, since persuasion had failed, it was necessary to have recourse to severity. On the appointment of the commissioners, and with special reference to Guy Fawkes, the King had written to them in his own hand, "The gentler tortours are to be first usid unto him *et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur*, and so God speede youre goode worke."[2] There can be no doubt but that torture was now applied to the unhappy man, and that the rack was the means of obtaining disclosures which otherwise would not have been revealed. On November 9, Fawkes made a declaration, in which he gave the names of all the

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* November 8, 1605.
[2] Ibid. November 6, 1605.

sworn conspirators without reserve. This document is amongst the pages of the "Gunpowder Plot Book," and is entitled "The Declaration of Guido Fawkes, taken the 9th day of November, and subscribed by him on the 10th day, acknowledged before the Lords Commissioners." It is subscribed in a tremulous hand "Guido," as if the conspirator had put pen to paper immediately after being released from torture, and had fainted before completing his signature. The agonies of the rack were no doubt unbearable, but Fawkes now heard for the first time of the fate of his friends at Holbeach, and he may have thought it useless to suffer for the concealment of facts which were no longer secret.[1]

On the morning of January 26, 1606, there entered a barge moored at the steps of the Tower, Guy Fawkes, the brothers Winter, Ambrose Rookwood, John Grant, Robert Keyes, and Thomas Bates. From the Tower the barge proceeded to Westminster. The vast hall was crowded with spectators, for this was to be the first day of the trial of the notorious prisoners. Hidden by a screen from the audience were the King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales. Seated on the bench were the Lords Commissioners, the Earls of Nottingham, Suffolk, Worcester, Devonshire, Northampton, and Salisbury; the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir John Popham; the Lord Chief Baron, Sir Thomas Fleming; and Sir Thomas Walmisley, and Sir Peter Warburton, Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. Confronting their Judges, on a scaffold, stood the prisoners. To the usual question of the Clerk of Arraigns, in spite of the confessions wrung from them in the Tower, each conspirator as he was asked pleaded not guilty.

The Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, now rose up on behalf of the Crown, to accuse the prisoners of high treason. He had been instructed by Lord Salisbury what to say. He was to show that the practices of the conspirators "began on the Queen's death and before the severe laws against the Catholics." He was to disclaim that any of the accused wrote the letter which was the first ground of discovery. Thirdly, he was to praise the conduct of Mounteagle, and show "how sincerely he dealt and how fortunately it proved that he was the instrument of so great a blessing as this was." Acting upon

[1] That Fawkes was racked is certain. Amongst the State Papers is a document dated February 25, 1606, in which these words occur: "Johnson has been on the rack for three hours, *whereas Fawkes confessed after being racked for half an hour.*" Again, Thos. Philippes, writing, December 1605, to Hugh Owen, says: "Fawkes confessed nothing the first racking, but did so when told he must come to it again and again from day to day till he should have delivered his whole knowledge."

these instructions, the Attorney-General, after having enlarged upon the enormity of "this treason," proceeded to relate the previous conspiracies into which several of the prisoners had entered, declaring that all of them had been "planted and watered" by the Jesuits and the English Catholics. He contrasted the mildness of the laws passed against the Catholics with the severity of the proceedings against the Protestants under Mary. He praised the lenity of James, who had been willing to grant complete toleration until compelled to change his policy by the treasonable conduct of the Catholics, and especially of the priests. He then sketched the history of the plot, and concluded that men guilty of so monstrous a conspiracy were undeserving of mercy and justly merited the severest punishment the law allowed. The confessions of the prisoners were now read, and after a brief summing up from the Lord Chief Justice, a verdict was brought in finding all the conspirators guilty.

Sir Everard Digby was separately arraigned. He pleaded guilty; he had been actuated, he said, by a desire to restore the Catholic religion, but he confessed that he deserved the severest punishment and the vilest death. The commissioners gravely lectured him upon his conduct, declined to listen to his petition on behalf of his estate, wife and children, and he, with the rest, was adjudged guilty of high treason, Sentence of death was now passed upon the eight condemned men, and they were then rowed back to the Tower. Three days after the trial the gates of the Tower again opened, and there appeared Digby, Robert Winter, John Grant, and Thomas Bates. They were pinioned and bound to hurdles which were placed on sledges. A scaffold had been erected at the western end of St. Paul's churchyard, and thither, amid the execrations of the mob, the unhappy men were drawn. All met their fate with courage, admitting the justice of their sentence, and declaring that they died true sons of the Catholic Church. This was on the Thursday; the day following, Guy Fawkes, Thomas Winter, Ambrose Rookwood, and Robert Keyes, were drawn from the Tower to the old Palace at Westminster. The last to suffer was Fawkes. He was so enfeebled by sickness and torture, that he had to be helped up the ladder. He spoke only a few words to the crowd; he expressed his regret for the crime of which he had been guilty, and begged the King and his country to forgive him his bloody intent. Then he placed himself in the hands of the executioner and was launched into eternity.

The Judas of the band was spared the gallows. Though his colleagues had been arrested, Tresham was permitted to remain at large until several days after the discovery of the plot. This partial

leniency certainly favours the conjecture that the Government were under obligations to him. On his arrest he made a clean breast of his connection with the plotters and their work. He stated that Catesby had informed him of the conspiracy, that he had strongly discouraged it, but finding that all opposition was in vain, he had begged that the execution of the plot should be deferred to the end of the session of Parliament, and that they should all obtain safety in the Low Countries. His companions once out of the country, he had intended, he said, to reveal the plot to the Government.[1] He also stated that Mounteagle and Catesby, as well as Fathers Greenway and Garnet, were privy to Winter's mission to the King of Spain. Shortly after this confession Tresham was attacked by a dangerous malady, and his life despaired of. A few hours before his death he dictated a declaration in which he retracted in the most solemn manner that part of his statement implicating Father Garnet in the mission of Winter to Spain. This declaration he signed, and begged his wife to "deliver it with her own hands to the Earl of Salisbury."[2] He died December 23, 1605.

We now come to the question which has long been a subject of dispute between Protestants and Catholics—how far the Jesuit priests, Greenway and Gerard, and Garnet, the provincial of the Jesuits in England, were cognisant of the plot. All the chief conspirators in their different examinations before the Commissioners strongly denied that the priests were in their confidence.[3] The only one who accused them was Bates. Who was Bates? He was an old servant of Catesby, who, from being employed by his master about the house at Westminster, had obtained some inkling of the plot. It was therefore thought more prudent by the conspirators to let him into the secret and bind him by the oath, than to allow him to remain a free agent, and perhaps imperil the undertaking, by the disclosures he might be tempted to make. According to Father Greenway, Bates "was a man of mean station who had been much persecuted on account of religion." Once in the presence of the Commissioners, the late servant of Catesby made the most damaging disclosures. He said that after having taken the oath he confessed to Father Greenway the nature of the conspiracy in which Catesby and others were engaged; that Greenway then bade him be "secret in that which his master had imparted to him, because it was for a good cause,

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examinations of Francis Tresham. November 13 and 29, 1605.

[2] Ibid. December 22, 1605. See also Sir E. Coke to Salisbury, March 24, 1606.

[3] See Examinations of Fawkes and Thos. Winter. November 9, 1605.

and that he was to tell no other priest of it; saying moreover that it was not dangerous to him, nor any offence to conceal it." Absolution was then given him, and he received the Sacrament in the presence of Catesby and Thomas Winter.[1] This assertion Greenway solemnly denied. Upon his salvation he declared that Bates never spoke one word to him as to the plot, either in or out of confession. Six weeks later, further revelations were disclosed. Bates appeared before the Commissioners, and as in his first examination he had compromised the character of Greenway, so now, in his second examination, his evidence was most prejudicial to the character of Garnet. He declared that after the flight of the conspirators he had been sent to Garnet with a letter from Sir Everard Digby, asking advice from the priest; that Garnet read the letter aloud in the presence of Bates, and Greenway coming into the room, he cried, "They would have blown up the Parliament House, and were discovered, and we are utterly undone;" that Greenway then said, "There was no tarrying for himself and Garnet;" and that they conferred together, meditating flight.[2]

These confessions obtained every credence from the Council, and a proclamation was issued for the apprehension of Greenway and Garnet, with other Jesuit priests, whilst a sweeping bill of attainder was introduced into Parliament confiscating the property of various suspected Catholics. Greenway and Gerard managed to effect their escape to the Continent, but Garnet, who was in hiding at Handlip Hall, the seat of Mr. Abington, failed to defeat the strict search made by Sir Henry Bromley throughout the mansion, and was captured in a cell, having been for days half-starved, and looking, as he said, more like a ghost than a man. He was conveyed to London, lodged in the Gatehouse, and in a few days was brought before the Privy Council. His examination was more searching and more frequent than that of any of the other conspirators.[3] At first Garnet declared that he had no knowledge of the plot, and refused to inculpate any of his colleagues; but as he saw the evidence against him becoming more and more difficult to rebut, he ended by imparting to his judges the true nature of his position. Briefly, the substance of his examinations was that he had derived his knowledge of the plot from

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* Examination of Thos. Bates. December 4, 1605.
[2] Ibid. January 13, 1606.
[3] His examinations and declarations amongst the State Papers are February 13; March 5, 6, 12, 13, 14, 23, 26, 29; April 1, 4, 25, and 28, 1606. The report of his conversations with Hall, which were overheard, February 23 and 25, and March 2, 1606; and as to his letters which were intercepted, March 3 and 4, and April 2, 3, and 21, 1606.

Catesby and Greenway, under the seal of sacramental confession, so that in religion and conscience his lips were entirely closed. He was brought to trial March 28, 1606, and charged with "compassing the death of the King and the Heir Apparent, and with a design to subvert the government and the true worship of God established in England, to excite rebellion against the King, to procure foreigners to invade the realm, and to levy war against the King." He defended himself with courage and ability, but the jury, after a deliberation of but a quarter of an hour, returned a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

During the interval that was now to elapse between the sentence and the execution, the condemned man occupied himself in justifying the theory of equivocation, and in admitting the heinous character of the crime for which he was about to suffer. "I have written a detestation of that action for the King to see," he says in one of his intercepted letters to his devoted friend Anne Vaux,[1] "and I acknowledge myself not to die a victorious martyr, but a penitent thief, as I hope I shall do; and so will I say at the execution, whatever others have said or held before." The following day he sent to the council, for the perusal of the King, his "detestation of that action."[2] In this document he freely protested that he held "the late intention of the powder action to have been altogether unlawful and most horrible;" he acknowledged that he was bound to reveal all knowledge that he had of this or any other treason out of the sacrament of confession; "and whereas, partly upon hope of prevention, partly for that I would not betray my friend, I did not reveal the general knowledge of Mr. Catesby's intention which I had by him, I do acknowledge myself highly guilty to have offended God, the King's Majesty and estate, and humbly ask of all forgiveness." He concluded by exhorting all Catholics not to follow his example, and trusted that the King would not visit upon them the burden of his crimes. He was executed May 3, 1606, on a gibbet erected in St. Paul's churchyard.[3]

The defence of Garnet has given rise to much controversy. It has been said by those learned in the lore of the Roman Church, that even from his own point of view he was not justified in keeping secret a disclosure of a criminal nature, in spite of his knowledge of it having been obtained under the seal of confession. Martin Delrius,

[1] *State Papers, Domestic.* April 3, 1606. Indorsed by Sir Wm. Wood, "Garnet to Mrs. Vaulx, to be published after his death by her and the Jesuytes."

[2] Ibid. April 4, 1606.

[3] For an account of his execution, see narrative of an eye witness. *State Papers, Domestic.* May 3, 1606.

a learned Jesuit, in his *Disquisitiones Magicæ*, writes: "The priest may strongly admonish the persons confessing to abstain from their criminal enterprise, and, if this produce no effect, may suggest to the bishop or the civil magistrate to look carefully for the wolf among their flock, and to guard narrowly the State, or give such other hints as may prevent mischief without revealing the particular confession. . . . For instance, a criminal confesses that he or some other person has placed gunpowder or other combustible matter under a certain house, and that unless this is removed the house will inevitably be blown up, the sovereign killed, and as many as go into or out of the city be destroyed or brought into great danger—in such a case, almost all the learned doctors, with few exceptions, assert that the confessor may reveal it, if he take due care that neither directly nor indirectly he draws into suspicion the particular offence of the person confessing;" whilst Bellarmine himself, one of the greatest of the authorities of the Roman Church, expressly lays down the doctrine that "it is lawful for a priest to break the seal of confession, in order to avert a great calamity."[1]

But be this as it may, can it be really credited that Garnet derived his knowledge of the Gunpowder Plot solely from revelations in the confessional? His own evidence contradicts such a belief. In his letter to the King of April 4 he admits that he had offended God as well as the King, "in not having revealed the general knowledge of Catesby's intention which he had by him." He therefore owns to a general knowledge of the plot. There can be little doubt but that Garnet was throughout familiar with the proceedings of the conspirators, and constantly advised them as to the course they should follow. He was the bosom friend of Catesby, he was his companion in the different haunts he frequented, and he had been his associate in two previous treasonable actions, one immediately before and the other mmediately after the death of Elizabeth. Why, if Catesby had trusted the priest on two former occasions, should he now have withheld his entire confidence on the third? Why do we find Garnet so interested in the mission of Fawkes and others to the continent to obtain foreign aid? Why is he, at the time the explosion should take place, praying specially for the success of the Catholic cause and all prepared for action at the rendezvous in Warwickshire? Why, in his secret conversations with his fellow-prisoner Hall, which were overheard and duly reported, does he never make a statement to the effect that he was ignorant of the details of the plot, and unjustly accused? On the contrary, all he disclosed on those

[1] I am indebted to Mr. Jardine's excellent work for these quotations.

occasions proves him to have been an active agent in the measures of the conspirators. Looking at the conduct of Garnet throughout, it seems impossible to dispute the verdict of Lord Salisbury: "All his defence," said his lordship, "was but simple negation; whereas his privity and activity laid together proved him manifestly guilty." It may well be that at the very commencement of the plot, when all the plans were in embryo and success was doubtful, the Superior of the English Jesuits was not admitted into the full confidence of the conspirators; but that, as the conspiracy developed and the end it had in view seemed assured, he should have been constantly in the company of its chief promoters without being cognisant of all that was going on, and only, when everything had been completed, let into the secret by means of the confessional, is to insult common sense. "It is impossible," writes the acute Mr. Jardine, "to point out a single ascertained fact either declared by him in his examinations to the Commissioners or to the jury on his trial, or revealed by him afterwards, or urged by his apologists since his death, which is inconsistent with his criminal implication in the plot. On the other hand, all the established and undisputed facts of the transaction are consistent with his being a willing, consenting, and approving confederate, and many of them are wholly unaccounted for by any other supposition. Indeed, this conclusion appears to be so inevitable, upon a deliberate review of the details of the conspiracy and of the power and influence of the Jesuits at that period, that the doubt and discussion which have occasionally prevailed during two centuries respecting it can only have arisen from the imperfect publication of the facts, and, above all, from the circumstance that the subject has usually been treated in the spirit of political or religious controversy, and not as a question of mere historical criticism.

Converts have always been remarkable for the venom of their opposition to the creed they have deserted, and for their often unscrupulous ardour in support of the new faith. The history of the Gunpowder Plot is a curious instance of such conduct. With the exception of a few, every man engaged in the conspiracy was not only, as Fawkes proudly boasted, "a gentleman of name and blood," but had once been a Protestant. Catesby, though the son of a convert to the Catholic Church, had been brought up as a Protestant, and had married into a Protestant family. John Wright and his brother were converts from the Anglican communion. Guy Fawkes came of a Protestant stock, and in his youth had been a Protestant. Thomas Percy was a convert from Protestantism; so was Sir Everard

Digby; so was Robert Keyes, who was the son of an Anglican vicar; Henry Garnet himself did not forsake Protestantism until he had been converted as an undergraduate at Oxford. The Old Catholic element amongst the conspirators was in a minority, and only represented by the brothers Winter, John Grant of Norbrook, and Ambrose Rookwood. We have no evidence that the mass of the English Catholics approved of the plot; on the contrary, such testimony as we possess proves their repugnance of it, and their horror that such a deed should have been considered as authorised by the teaching of their Church. The advocates of the conspiracy were the Jesuits—Fawkes and his colleagues were all members of this Order—and between the Jesuits and the secular party at that time there was so bitter a feeling, that it amounted almost to a schism. The majority should not be made to suffer for the crimes of an unscrupulous minority. In accusing the Roman Catholic Church of the guilt of this plot, we should, in all fairness, bear in mind that the conspirators belonged to a body then hostile to the Church, that the Pope knew nothing of the deed that was to be perpetrated, and that we have no evidence of any of the Catholics of the secular party being accomplices in the Gunpowder Treason.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

ARABIC FABLES.

LA FABLE, says Boileau, *offre à l'esprit mille agréments divers.* This is an opinion in which he is supported by the general consent of mankind. Almost every country has its celebrated fabulist whom, in return for the *agréments* he has provided for its diversion, that country has delighted to honour. The list of fabulists, from the Phrygian Æsop or the Indian Bidpay to the Spanish Yriarte or the Russian Krilof, is no short one. Of the leading names in that list most of us have some little knowledge. There are few who have not heard of Phœdrus, and Juan Ruiz, and Abstemius, and Florian, and La Fontaine, and Lessing, and Gay. All of these have dared to borrow the attractive figure of fable for the introduction of truth. They have not been alarmed by any vain scruples of puerility or deceit. None the less important was the internal morality for its tawdry or trifling appearance on the outside. The pills given us by these physicians of the mind were not, as they seemed to be, of gold or silver, but such external metallic coatings sufficed to render attractive that which was of more value than any silver or gold. They knew, these writers of fables, that to instruct they must also please, and thus their readers who wooed only delight were deceived into wisdom.

The title of "Arabic Fables" will at once suggest to the mind the name of Lokman the Sage, who has the honour of being mentioned in the Koran, and has been identified by scientific research with Balaam. The Arabic philosopher seems to have been powerfully affected by the conduct of brutes, and the wise son of Beor was, we are aware, unable to withstand the exhortations of his ass. But the fables which pass under the name of Lokman are not original, being most of them happy imitations of the Greek stories of Syntipas and Æsop, and are tolerably well known. The fables in the present paper are all taken from the Calcutta edition of the "Arabian Nights"—on the whole, the most complete we possess, and that chosen by Lane for the original of his excellent version. The stories in this book may be divided into two great classes. The one comprises startling events, and is intended chiefly to please the fancy.

Of this class are our old friends "The Three Calenders" and "Sindbad." Its origin is probably Persian. The other, totally opposed to this, contains short and simple tales, followed by some instructive moral—in a word, fables. Its object is to improve the heart. Its origin is undoubtedly Indian. These two classes of tales mixed together and interwoven in the "Thousand and One Nights" are all told by the garrulous Shahrazad to the Khaleefeh Haroon Alrasheed. Of the former class, most of the stories have been translated, but of the latter we have only a few in the English or any other version. It is with those which still remain untranslated that we are here concerned.

The tale of "The Mouse and the Weasel," when it was told to the Khaleefeh Haroon Alrasheed, delighted him so much that he declared with an oath it was a charming parable. It is a strange one, inasmuch as the mouse and the weasel are represented in it as friends and good neighbours. Now, between these beasts there is an ancient and internecine feud mentioned by Aristotle in his "History of Animals," in which the weasel is usually superior. In Æsop, too, there is a story of a weasel petitioning its human captor for life, on the ground that it has rid his house of mice; and in Phœdrus an old and crafty weasel, a notable knave, is unable to catch rats in any other way than by rolling himself in a flour-trough till he has assumed the appearance of a lump of paste. There does not seem to be anything in it to call forth the extreme measure of admiration of the Khaleefeh. The moral conveyed in its conclusion, that greediness and indifference to the results of an undertaking lead to destruction, is sufficiently commonplace. It is frequently insisted on in Æsop, as, for instance, in the fable of "The Weasel and the Fox." A mouse and a weasel—so runs the tale—came one day to the house of a poor village farmer. An intimate friend of the farmer had fallen sick, and had been recommended by his physician to take peeled sesame as a specific for his cure. Having got a quantity of this grain from one of his companions, he gave it to the farmer to peel for him, who, in his turn, gave it to his wife, who soaked it, spread it out to the sun, dried it, and got it ready for the sick man. The weasel in the mean time kept an eye on the sesame, and, as soon as she saw it in condition, carried off to her hole, after a good day's work, the greater part of it. In the evening the woman came, and, being surprised at the diminution of her stock, resolved to sit and watch how it went. The weasel, returning for some more booty, spied the woman in wait, and began reasoning with herself thus: "This matter is like to have loathsome

results—I very much fear this woman is on the look-out for me—and he who regards not results has not fortune to friend. Now must I do something excellent to show my innocence, and wash out thereby all that I have committed of guilt." With this she set to removing the sesame from her own house to the heap in front of the woman, who, observing this proceeding, said: "This weasel surely is none of the thief, but she is bringing back the booty from the hole of her who stole it, and conferring a kindness upon us by the restoration of our grain, and may good return to the doer thereof. Howbeit, I will stay here, and watch for the real culprit." Now, the weasel was well aware of what passed in the woman's heart, so she made for the mouse and cried out to her, "Of little profit are they who have no regard to the rights of neighbourhood, and remain not steadfast in their goodwill." "That is so," replied the mouse, "and it is my good luck, my friend, to have you for a neighbour; but whither tends your speech?" Said the weasel, "The master of this house has brought here some sesame, and he and his family have eaten their fill of it and left in abundance. So, since they have become sick of it, you are more deserving of it than they." This advice delighted the mouse, who laughed lightly, and leapt about, and pricked her ears, and cocked her tail, her desire of the sesame deceiving her. So she arose at once and left her house, and saw the sesame ready dried and peeled, shining like a white flame; but the woman sat by it watching. Now, the mouse was one of those that regard not consequences. The woman had provided herself with a short stick, but the mouse could not control herself from dashing at the sesame, and devouring it; upon which the woman smote her with the stick and smashed her head, and her greediness was the cause of her dissolution.

In this apologue, the excitement of the mouse on hearing of the grain, and the reflections of the weasel on seeing the good woman of the house, are described with picturesque minuteness and extreme skill; but the real moral of the tale is far from being conducive to the ethical amelioration of mankind. It is, indeed, the same as that of Goethe's "Reineke Fuchs," which he called his *Weltbibel*. It represents the advantage of clever fraud over simple honesty. And, of a truth, the good man has but little chance in this world against the rogue, and none at all if the latter be adroit while the former is a fool. The mouse was not greedy; she simply intended to gratify a natural appetite, which is more than can be said of the weasel, whose taste was decidedly depraved. Moreover, the mouse seems to have acted in all honesty of conviction. She met with an untimely fate; but the weasel, who deserved a double punishment for her theft and the base

betrayal of her friend, escaped scot free with the greater part of the spoil.

As if to counteract the possible ill-effect of "The Mouse and the Weasel," this story is immediately succeeded by that of "The Crow and the Cat." These two lived united in brotherly love, but one day, while they were taking their *siesta* under a tree, almost ere they perceived it, a leopard was within a few paces of them. The crow flew off at once to the tree's top, but the cat was at his wits' end. "Alas! my friend," cried he to the crow, "have you never a trick now to serve this turn?" Upon which the crow began to comment on the advantages of true friendship, and even went so far as to recite verses on the subject. This, the reader will suppose, was scarcely a suitable time to appeal to the cat's poetic taste; but the leopard, as will be seen in the sequel, was, very luckily for the cat, an animal of a lethargic disposition, and made no hasty advances. Now, not far off were some shepherds with their dogs; so the crow, descending from the tree, came to them, and lifted up his voice and cawed. It is even stated that, in the zeal of friendship, he struck the face of one of the dogs, who must be supposed to have been asleep, with his wing. Up got dogs and shepherds in pursuit of the crow, who went on hopping before them till he came to the tree, when the dogs with one accord sprang upon the leopard. The beast scampered off, though he was already in imagination crunching the cat, who was thus saved by this device of the crow. So, concludes the Oriental fabulist, does a true brotherly love save and defend us from all perils and dangers.

In another fable, "The Cat and the Mouse," the cat is less fortunate. This fable, which is full of aphorismatic philosophy, pious doctrine, and poetic allusion, deserves a literal version from the original. Its allusions are as learned as the theological conversation of the beasts in Dryden's "Hind and Panther." A cat was allowed to roam one night in search of something to tear amidst the low-lying lands. But he found nought, and was wearied from the severity of the cold and the rain, so he took to devising a scheme for himself in something profitable. Now, while he was going around in this condition, lo! he saw a nest at the bottom of a tree, and approached it, and sniffed and purred until he perceived that there was within the nest a mouse. Then he circled about it, and meditated how he might enter to take it. But when the mouse perceived him, he gave him his back, and crawled on his hands and feet to shut the door of the nest against him. Thereupon the cat cried with a feeble cry, and said to him, "Why doest thou this, O my brother? Lo! I seek refuge with thee, that thou mayest do mercy with me, by settling me in thy

nest this night. For I am in feeble plight from the greatness of my age and the waning of my strength, and I have travelled far in this low-lying land; and how many a time have I called on death for my soul that I might be at rest, and now I lie at thy door, cast prostrate by the cold and the rain. And I ask thee, by Allah, of thy charity to take me by the hand and let me in with thee, and to come to me in the portico of thy nest. For I am a stranger and wretched, and truly it is said, 'He who receives in his dwelling the wretched stranger, his abode shall be paradise in the day of judgment.' And thou, O my brother, art one worthy of gaining this reward by me; permit me, therefore, to pass with thee this night until the morning, then I will go as my way leads me." But when the mouse heard the words of the cat, he said to him, "How, wilt thou enter my nest, and thou mine enemy by nature, and thy livelihood from my flesh? I fear that thou wilt deceive me, for this is of thy disposition, so that there is no trust in thee—and truly it is said, 'A treaty is of no avail between an ardent man and a beautiful woman, nor between a poor person and wealth, nor between fire and faggots.' And it is not incumbent on me to trust thee upon risk of my own life, for truly it is said, 'A natural enemy, when he is weak, becomes more powerful.'" Then the cat answered, speaking with the faintest of voices and of the most sad condition, "Truly that which thou hast spoken of homilies is right, and I will not deny it thee; nevertheless, I will ask of thee forgiveness for what has passed of the natural enmity which is between me and thee, for truly it is said, 'He who forgives creatures like himself, him his Creator will forgive.' And, indeed, I was before this thy enemy, but to-day am I seeking thy friendship. And truly it is said, 'If thou desirest thine enemy to be thy friend, then do well unto him.' And I, O my brother, will give unto thee a covenant of Allah and a compact that I will never harm thee. Besides, I have no power to do this; wherefore, be of good confidence, and entreat me well, and receive my covenant and compact." Then said the mouse, "How shall I receive a covenant from him who founded the enmity between me and himself? And it is his wont to deceive me; and if the enmity between us were upon some other matter than our blood, it would be of little moment to me; but it is a natural enmity between our lives, and truly it is said, 'He who trusts his enemy with his life is as he that puts his hand into the mouth of an adder.'" Then said the cat—and he was filled with wrath—"My bosom is narrowed, and my spirit is weak, and, lo! I am at the moment of departure, and shortly shall die at thy door, and my sin will rest upon thee, seeing that thou wert able to deliver

me from what had befallen me, and this is the last of my words with thee." Then there came to the mouse the fear of Allah—may he be exalted!—and pity descended into his heart, and he said in himself, "He who desires assistance of Allah—may he be exalted!—against his enemy, let him do a kindness unto him and mercy. And I rely upon Allah in this matter, and I will deliver this cat from destruction, that I may gain my reward of him." Thereupon the mouse came out unto the cat, and caused him to enter into his nest, dragging himself along. Then he abode with him until he was invigorated, and had found repose, and was a little healed. Then he began to bemoan his weakness, and the failure of his strength, and the small number of his true friends. So the mouse became a companion to him, and had a mind for him and drew near to him, and ran round him. But as to the cat, verily he crawled to the nest, until he became possessed of its outlet, in fear lest the mouse should go out from it. So when he desired to go out, he drew near to the cat as he was wont. And when he was near him, the cat caught him and held him between his claws, and bit him and tossed him, and took him in his mouth, and raised him from the ground, and cast him down and ran behind him, and stung him, and teased him. Upon which the mouse cried aloud for help, and sought deliverance from Allah. And he began to chide the cat, and to say, "Where is the covenant which thou didst covenant with me, and where are thy vows which thou didst swear therein? Is this my reward with thee?—and truly I caused thee to enter my nest, and trusted thee with my life. But he said justly who said, 'He who takes a covenant from his enemy, let him seek not escape for himself,' and he who said, 'He who gives himself up to his enemy brings upon himself necessity of destruction.' Nevertheless, I relied upon my Creator, and it is He who will deliver me from thee." And while he was in this condition with the cat, who was desirous to make an onset upon him and tear him to pieces, lo! a hunter, and with him dogs, rapacious beasts, trained to the hunt, and one of them passed by the door of the nest, and heard within a mighty encounter. So he supposed that in it was a fox tearing something to pieces; and pushed on, descending in order to hunt it out; then he met the cat and dragged her towards him. So when the cat fell into the hands of the dog, he became busied about himself, and let loose the mouse, alive, without a wound. But as for the cat, the rapacious dog came out with him, after he had cut his tendons, and cast him down dead. And in respect of these two is justified the saying of him who said, "He who is merciful shall in the end meet with mercy, and he who oppresses shall be speedily oppressed." In this story may be noticed

one or two inconsistencies which would have disappeared in a rendering more polite than exact.

The fox plays an important part in Arabic fables, in which he generally acts as vilely and comes off as successfully as in the numerous fables attributed to Æsop the Phrygian. But the story of "The Fox and the Wild Ass," of which, as of that preceding it, a literal translation is given, shows that the wicked fox does not always flourish like the green bay-tree. A fox used to go out from his dwelling-place every day, and run here and there after his subsistence. Now, while he was one day among the mountains, lo! the day declined, and he proposed to return, when he met with another fox walking along; each of them told his companion his story, with what he had torn to pieces for prey. Then said one, "Truly I yesterday fell in with a wild ass, and was a-hungered. And for three days I had not eaten, so I rejoiced thereat, and thanked Allah—may his name be exalted!—who had bestowed this on me without desert. So I made for the heart of him, and ate it and was satisfied. Then I returned to my dwelling-place, and three days passed over me in which I found nought to eat, and yet I remain full until now." But when the other fox heard his story, he envied him his satisfaction, and said in his soul, "I must needs eat the heart of a wild ass." So he left eating for days, until he became thin and slim-gutted, and was near upon death, and his energy was shortened and his vigour, and he lay crouched in his dwelling-place. Now, while he was in this condition, one day, lo! two hunters came along, looking out for game, and there fell in with them a wild ass. So they continued the whole of that day in his traces, driving him before them. Then one of them cast at him a barbed arrow, and it reached him, and entered his body, and arrived at his heart; so it killed him before the nest of the fox already mentioned. So the two hunters came up to the ass and found him dead, and took out the arrow which had reached him in his heart. But only the wood came out, and the barb of the arrow remained in the belly of the wild ass. Now, when it was evening, that fox came out from his dwelling-place, and was tormented by weakness and hunger. Then he saw the wild ass at his door cast forth, and became glad with a great gladness, until he almost flew from his gladness. Then he said, "Praise be to Allah who has made easy for me my desire, without my trouble, for I scarcely hoped I should meet with a wild ass, and none other thing but him—and it may be Allah has caused this to happen—and has driven him to me in my place." Then he sprang upon him, and clove his belly, and put in his head, and was turning about his mouth in his bowels till he found the

heart, then he took it in his mouth for a sweet mouthful; and swallowed it. But when it was within his throat, the barb of the arrow became entangled in the bone of his neck, and he was unable either to bring it down into his belly, or to bring it up from his throat; so he made sure of destruction, and he said, "Truly it is of no profit to the creature to seek for himself beyond what Allah has ordained for him. And I, if I had been content with what Allah had ordained for me, should not have come thus unto my death!"

There is another story of an unsuccessful fox in the fable of "The Fox and the Crow," which sounds familiar enough to English ears, but has no point of resemblance to the tale in which the fox is afflicted with that strange yearning after a piece of cheese. In the Arabic story, the tables are turned upon this fox, who certainly deserved some punishment for his behaviour to his children. Every time he had a child, says the Arabic fabulist, he ate him, waiting, however, with judicious self-control, till he was full-grown. At the top of the mountain, at the foot of which this fox dwelt, a crow had built her nest. With this crow the fox determined to establish a fraternity, on the grounds of their neighbourhood and their common profession of Islam. The crow, an experienced bird, objected that this brotherhood would probably be rather of the tongue than of the heart—such a brotherhood, in fact, as was between the eater and the eaten. The fox, however, professed to allay these scruples by the tale of "The Mouse and the Flea." "A mouse had established herself in the house of a rich merchant. One night a flea arrived at this merchant's couch, and, being athirst, drank his blood. The merchant sat up alarmed, and, making a loud outcry, summoned his servants and his neighbours. Thereupon they hastened to him, and, tucking up their sleeves, commenced to search for the flea, who turned and fled, till she came to the mouse's habitation. The mouse, on being supplicated to accord the fugitive a refuge, experienced in her turn some little anxiety as to her own safety; but, eventually, being quieted by the solemn assertion of the flea that no harm should happen to her, granted the asylum prayed for. She, however, advised the flea to be abstemious in the matter of the merchant's blood, and quoted some elegant verses to the effect that there is great advantage in seclusion and content with the gifts of Providence, even though those gifts be no more than a morsel of bread and a draught of water, a tattered coat and some coarse salt. The flea then passed the day with the mouse, and the night with the merchant, taking of him only just enough to sustain life. At last the merchant brought one day a quantity of deenars, which, before sleeping, he hid under his pillow.

The mouse waxed mightily anxious to possess this wealth, and asked the flea to assist her with some device. 'How can I be of any service,' answered the flea, 'who am not able of my own strength to remove a single deenar?' However, she made off at once to the merchant and gave him a fearful bite, such as she had never before given him. The merchant turned on his side, and the flea gave him another bite, worse than the first. Upon this the merchant, on the peevish pin, left his bed, and went to sleep on the stone bench outside his house. Then the mouse, in extreme delight, fell to removing his deenars. And such reward as this," concluded the fox, "may be thine for thy good action to me, O acute, intelligent, and discriminating crow!" The crow's parsnips, however, were not to be buttered by any soft words, and he replied to the fox with another fable of the sparrow, in which he intimated that the old fox was measuring himself with one too strong for him. This ramifying, by the way, of one fable into several others, is of a piece with all the tales in the "Arabian Nights," and, indeed, with its very framework. Here we have each of the beasts, in the original apologue, quoting fables in support of his own sentiments. The sparrow, flying by chance over a sheep-cote, stops to consider it. While doing so, a large eagle carries off a young lamb. The sparrow, animated by the force of example, lights on the back of a fat ram, and endeavours to emulate the eagle. His feet become entangled in the wool, and so far is he from executing his design, that he cannot escape from the shepherd, who ties a string to his foot and presents him to his children for a plaything, telling them, when they ask, "What thing is this?" "This is he who measured himself with one too strong for him." "Such may be your case, O fox!" concludes the crow, "and good-day to you." The fox, despairing of any mutual friendship, grinds his teeth and departs in tears. The fable of the sparrow is almost exactly represented in Æsop, where, however, he becomes a daw. We have the eagle making a stoop at the lamb, and taking it off; the daw trying the same experiment on a ram, his claws shackled in the fleece, and the shepherd catching him and carrying him home to his children. The only difference, in fact, is in the conclusion, which would, however, have suited equally well the end of the crow in the Arabic fable. When the children, in Æsop's version, ask what thing it is, the father replies, "Why, he'll tell you himself that he's an eagle; but if you'll take my word for 't, I know him to be a daw."

A dictum is attributed to Aristotle confining the region of fable to the animal kingdom. The Stagirite would not allow the beings of the vegetable world to form any part of its *dramatis personæ*. This

restriction is usually perceived in the allegorical recitals of both the Eastern and the Western world. Occasionally inanimate nature is gifted with speech, but very seldom. Jotham's fable of "The Trees in the Bible," "The Belly and its Members," and "The Tree and the Wedge" in Æsop are examples not in accordance with Aristotle's law. If a fable is thus extravagant in fancy, it ought to contain a proportionately useful moral. It should not be for example like the Chinese "Porcelain Maker," which, however ridiculous, seems void of any profitable or improving result. In the story the inventor is unable to procure fuel to keep up the necessary heat of his furnace. More devoted, however, than Palissy to the interest of his art, after having consumed all his furniture, he resolves on consuming himself. He leaps into the fire, and, being very fat, excellent porcelain is obtained by his successor. It is added that for his self-devotion he was made a god. A fable, with several morals of indisputable excellence and importance, called "The Hedgehog and the Woodpigeon," concludes this notice of Arabic moral myths. We learn from it, besides the success of knavery, the great advantages to be obtained from religious pretence, and the remorse which by some sad fatality usually attends the aspirant after virtue. Such is the soul, as La Fontaine would call it, of the following story :—A hedgehog and his wife occupied the foot of a palm-tree, at the top of which a pair of woodpigeons had made their nest. The hedgehog, envious of the ease with which the woodpigeons obtained their food, sought about to get their sustenance for himself. Having hit upon a likely device, he set apart a portion of his house as a chapel, and performed the necessary ablutions that are demanded of every Muslim, and the prescribed prayers. In short, he affected an austere piety and isolated devotion. The woodpigeon, pitying one day, after a religious exercise of extreme rigour, the severity of his penance, asked him how many years he had spent in this fashion. The hedgehog, who had attained a perfect intrepidity of lying, answered, "Thirty." "What is your food?" then asked the woodpigeon, "and what your apparel?" "My food," answered the hermit hedgehog, "is the unripe dates which fall from this tree, and my coat is of the thorns and spines, which, while they prick me, produce in me, I humbly trust, some spiritual profit. I abide here to instruct those who wander from the right way, my sole design being to free them from the fetters of this world, and to render them fit for the service of their Creator." The woodpigeon, affected by the hedgehog's piety, desired for himself and wife the benefit of the blessing and instruction of this mealy-mouthed recluse. "First, then," said the hedgehog, "to avoid the temptation of a

lickerish luxury, you must pluck from the tree all the ripe dates, and let them fall on the ground." The pair of pigeons set at once to work, and in a short space the hedgehog has collected the fruit into his own hole. A while after, the pigeons descended, and looked for the dates, but found none. "O honourable hedgehog! and most guileless of preachers!" then said the woodpigeon, "we find here no trace of dates." Quoth the hedgehog, "Maybe the wind has flown off with them; but turn thou from the thing provided to the Provider, the fountain of all prosperity. He who has divided the chaps will not leave them without rations." So he ceased not his counselling and preaching of abstinence till they placed entire trust in him, and entered his door, whereupon he sprang upon them and ground his teeth. "Where, then," said the ill-starred woodpigeon, perceiving his treachery, "where is the night of yesterday?"

JAMES MEW.

MARSHAL SAXE.

THE sudden disappearance of a young Swedish noble from the visible sphere of things in the year 1694 was connected by the suspicious gossipers of the day with the equally unexplained imprisonment of the wife of the Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George I. of England, in the Castle of Ahlen. This lady was the daughter of the last Duke of Zell and a French gentlewoman named D'Olbreuse, whom the Emperor ennobled that the marriage might be legal. At the age of sixteen her father, as the result of an intrigue of Sophia Duchess of Hanover, married her to George against her will and without the consent of her mother; and when Philip Count of Konigsmark, travelling through the different courts of Germany, came to Hanover, the disengaged affections of the Electoral Princess alighted upon him. Philip paid with his life for daring to lift up his eyes in love to one so far above him, and was buried under the hearth-stone in one of the rooms of the palace, rumour whispering falsely that he had been burnt to cinders in a red-hot cauldron; and the divorced lady languished for thirty-six years in her lonely prison, defiant and unconfessing, even when confession would have set her free.

The report of the young noble's death soon reached the Swedish capital. To defray the expenses of his tour he had taken with him from Stockholm a sum of 100,000 crowns, which he had confided to the care of certain Hamburg bankers, who refused to pay it over to his three sisters, among whom his inheritance fell to be divided, on the plea that there was no evidence of the Count's decease. To Dresden the heiresses came, to implore the intercession of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, with the Senate of Hamburg, that justice might be done them; they captivated the hearts of all by their gracefulness and beauty; and here the youngest of them, Aurora von Konigsmark, forgetting the warnings of her sisters, the Countesses of Steinbock and Lovenhaupt, over-confident in her strength of will and character, fell a victim to the wiles and fascination of the royal libertine, and became the mother of Marshal Saxe. The story of their courtship may be briefly told. A long experience had made Augustus an

expert in the arts of the woman-charmer; but Aurora for a time refused to smile. The Elector, for he was not yet King of Poland, had recourse to the clumsy expedient of sending a state official to do his courting by proxy, telling him beforehand all the tricks and devices he had found successful on previous occasions; but him the bright young countess refused to see. Nothing abashed, his Majesty wrote her a love-letter; and, though he got no reply, he ascribed the silence to timidity rather than insulted dignity. A second time he wrote complaining of her indifference, getting the answer that his goodness and condescension compelled her to acknowledge receipt of his letter. With this reply in his hand, Augustus felt that he had triumphed. The Elector thereafter proposed that the Court should take a trip to his palace of Moritzburg, and that the Swedish sisters should be asked to go with them. He sent Aurora dresses of great richness and beauty and a costly set of diamonds, her sisters receiving gifts only inferior to hers. The ladies of the court travelled in the costume of Amazons. As the party approached the palace the Goddess Diana, attended by her nymphs, jumped out of the forest upon the carriage drive, and, making a speech to Mdlle. de Konigsmark, invited her, as her goddess-sister Aurora, to enter the palace with her suite, and there receive the homage of the divinities of the woods and streams. Shortly after her entrance into it these celestial ones did appear, headed by the god Pan and his fauns; a careless eye could easily detect the Elector in the guise of the deity of the woods. After refreshments had been served the Court heard the cry of the hunters and their dogs, and on looking out of the windows saw a stag followed by its pursuers. One to whom the duty had been assigned to suggest that the Court should follow the huntsmen having duly discharged it, Pan announced that he had horses caparisoned and carriages yoked, waiting on the lawn. The stag took to a lake near the palace, the dogs following; by the beach the ladies found boats awaiting them to row them to an isle in the middle of the lake, which they reached in time for the death. Wandering about the islet, they came to a magnificent Turkish tent; on entering it they were received by 24 young Turks, who offered them refreshments. On the return of the company to the palace, the Elector conducted Aurora into her apartments, which had been newly furnished with great taste and splendour; pictures representing the loves of Titan and Aurora were hanging on the walls. "Here, mam'selle, you are sovereign, and I am your subject," said the Elector, gallantly kissing her hand. At supper the victim of this *fête* found on her plate a bouquet of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and

pearls, and a note declaring her queen of the ball which was to follow. She opened the dance with the Elector as her partner, and, says an old gossip, "all the ladies wished a lover like the Elector, and all the gentlemen a sweetheart like Aurora." This *fête* was followed during five days by all sorts of sports and amusements; and when, a few months afterwards, a babe was born to Aurora, and the young mother was at her wits' end for a name, the King solved her difficulty by having him christened Moritz, in commemoration of the victory he had won by his flatteries and craftiness at Moritzburg. On the return of the Court to Dresden, Augustus purchased and furnished a mansion for the fair Swede; and the imperial Lutheran abbey of Quedlinburg having timeously lost its abbess by death, his majesty issued a *congé d'élire*, permitting the canonesses to elect Aurora their superior—an office which conferred on the holder of it the right to call herself Madame; and which brought with it a considerable income. Maurice was poor Aurora's only child; an "accident" which baffled the physician's art, though it did not diminish the Elector's kindness, nor made him less assiduous in his friendship. When he first heard of Aurora's affliction he was beside himself with grief; he sought in war a solace for his sorrow—applying for and receiving from the Emperor Leopold the command of his army in Hungary. Taking a tearful adieu of the abbess, and commending little Maurice, whom he had already ennobled by the name of the Count of Saxony, to the care of the ladies, he set out for Belgrade, where he distinguished himself as royal persons never fail to do. During the rest of his life Augustus found in the beautiful Aurora—who was a clever, nimble-minded, sweet little woman, winning the esteem and friendship even of the Electress herself by her humility and meekness—a trusty political adviser. It was she who stirred in him, sunk as he was in his pleasures, the ambition to become King of Poland; it was she whom he nominated as ambassador plenipotentiary and extraordinary to Charles XII. when, in 1702, that hero had driven Augustus from his throne. The Swedish misogynist refused to grant her an audience; when his eyes fell on the fair face and form of the ambassadress, he graciously bowed and, afraid of her charms, hastily turned his back. Aurora complained of his incivility in the epigrammatic flattery: "that there was at least one person in the world who had compelled His Majesty to turn and flee." When Charles visited Dresden, she composed and presented to him some French verses, in which she represented him as having been endowed with gifts by all the gods and goddesses except Venus and Bacchus.

The Court of Dresden under Augustus II. was the most abandoned

and luxurious of all the Courts of Europe. Its atmosphere was fatal to the moral nature of any child or woman that breathed it. Augustus himself was, without exception, the greatest libertine the world has ever seen. The statements of the Margravine of Baireuth, Frederick the Great's sister, have generally to be liberally discounted that their net value may be found ; but her assertion that Augustus left behind him 354 children is confirmed by others. In the historical records of philoprogenitiveness King Priam of Troy makes a poor second. Maurice was the flower of the flock—the Hector of the 300. His education was all but entirely neglected ; he rebelled against his governesses and tutors ; he delighted in the noise of drums, and enlisted and drilled a regiment of boys of his own age. The gossipers, in short, find in his infancy premonitions of the military tastes and attainments of his later life, forgetting that the same dispositions might be found in every school-boy of moderately active animal spirits. His mother, who was an excellent French linguist, wished him to excel in that language ; and although Maurice learned to speak it with fluency, he was so little grounded in its orthography that he could only write it phonetically. He was quite conscious of the imperfection of his elementary education, as the following letter will show. It was prompted by the fact that the French Academy wanted to elect the conqueror of Fontenoy a member—an honour which Saxe had the sense to decline. The Academy expostulated, and asked why he refused the honour ; here is the Marshal's own account, given in a letter to his friend and benefactor, Marshal Noailles : "It has been proposed to me, my master, to become a member of the Academy. I answered that I do not even know how to spell, and that it would become me as a ring would a cat. The reply I got was that Marshal Villars did not know how to read, let alone write, and that he was a member. This is persecution. I don't want to be made a laughing-stock, and that will be the effect of this proposal." That the Marshal's estimate of his literary attainments was not far from the fact will be obvious if we give a sentence or two of the above letter in the original : "Ils veule me fere de la Cademie, sela miret com une bage a un chas" ; a phonetic guess for "Ils veulent me faire de l'Académie, cela m'iroit comme une bague à un chat." He inherited the great muscular strength of his father, who, it is averred, could break a horse-shoe with his hands. Jostled once on the streets of London by a scavenger, Saxe expostulated with the fellow for his rudeness. The broken English confirmed the scavenger's suspicion that the gentleman, besides being well-dressed, was a foreigner, and therefore a doubly

legitimate object of insult; he gave for answer a gesture of contempt—either threw himself into boxing attitude, or used the street-boy's digital sign of derision, which Saxe himself employed after the capture of Iglau to acquaint Marshal Valori with his estimate of his military capacity—the great Valori, it is written, answered Saxe after the same fashion, and the two commanders stood glaring at each other with thumbs at nose and fingers spread, till Saxe grew tired of attitudinising, and jumped into bed. Mortal flesh could stand the indignity when a French marshal in uniform and with jewelled fingers was the *vis-à-vis*, but not when it was a street-sweeper; and so Saxe, turning his insulter round, caught him by nape and seat, and, balancing him horizontally above his head for a moment, sent him by the projectile's curve into the heart of his own well-filled mud-cart, and passed on without further comment. He had the stateliness, stature, and good looks of his father, which, as Pollnitz says, "made his father very much in love with him;" black eyes full of lustrous shining, passionate rather than intellectual; highly arched eyebrows and a great mane of black hair. His wild career—for, in addition to a powerful frame, another legacy his father left him was a gross and undisciplined nature—and these two, it may be said, exhaust the patrimonial bequests—his wild career made him a premature wreck. In 1744, when he was only fifty years of age, Voltaire met him in the streets of Paris a few days before he left for the campaign of Fontenoy, and asked him how he, labouring under consumption and dropsy, could think of going to the camp. "Sir!" replied the Marshal sententiously, "the question is not about life but duty." He was so feeble, that during the battle he could not wear a breast-plate; he wore a sort of buckler, made of several folds of quilted taffeta, which rested on the pommel of his saddle when, for a minute, he was able to mount his horse; he was carried about the field in a basket woven of withes of willow, sucking a leaden bullet to quench an intolerable thirst.

His moral lawlessness, while little more than a youth, inspired his mother with the wish to have him married, in the hope that marriage would civilise and domesticate him. At the age of eighteen she married him to the youthful Countess de Loben, a maiden of good family, and one of the richest heiresses of Silesia; the youthful bridegroom, however, showed considerable reluctance, which was not overcome till he learned that his bride's name was Victoire, and that, besides being wealthy, she was beautiful. But it was the name—a favourable omen for an ambitious young soldier—that chiefly secured his acquiescence in the propcsed match. The ceremony was performed

in the presence of the whole court; and for several days Augustus gave a series of magnificent *fêtes* and festivals. One day the Court appeared in Turkish costume, the King being dressed as a Sultan should be; a body of Saxon soldiers, habited as Janissaries, was drawn up in the court-yard of the palace. The guests, on their arrival, were served by twenty-four negroes "with sherbet, coffee, and sweetmeats in great vessels of massy silver; nor were scented waters and perfumed handkerchiefs forgot; then followed a comedy with entertainment of Turkish dances;" afterwards supper, the guests sitting cross-legged on cushions, and the courses being served after the fashion of Turkey by young negroes, a divertissement by tumblers, rope-dancers, and acrobats going on meanwhile. After supper the company was conducted to the garden, which was lit up by thousands of crystal lamps; there was tilting and shooting at the mark, which when hit sent up a sky-rocket that sprinkled the heavens with countless falling stars. Dancing was kept up in the palace till five in the morning, the ball concluding with a sumptuous breakfast at which the bedraggled and drowsy survivors of the night's dissipation made pretence of breaking a fast which had no beginning. The happiness of the marriage was in inverse ratio to the grandeur with which it was celebrated; a slow alienation crept in between the pair, provoked and fed by the reiterated infidelities of the youthful husband. In vain did Augustus and Aurora try to effect a reconciliation. Saxe promised amendment, and then made love to his lady's maid before her eyes. Her tears, reproaches, ravings, and wrongs embittered him against her; and he longed for a dissolution of the marriage tie either by her death or by divorce. The latter was a dangerous alternative, for, by the laws of Saxony, the guilty one paid for his misdeeds with his life. With the King for a father, Saxe thought that he might venture the risk; he took care, however, to extract a pledge from his father that the royal prerogative would be used to deliver him from the gallows. The necessary proof was furnished by a scene prearranged between the husband and the wife; six domestics were stationed so that their testimony would be too authoritative to be shaken, and the Senate condemned Saxe to death; the King pronounced a free pardon and took his son home with him to the palace to dine. A few years after the divorce the Count proposed to indemnify himself for the wrongs a dead Dresden minister had done him by marrying his well-dowered widow, still young and beautiful; but the same wrongs and jealousies—the same evil shadow that dogged his conjugal intentions all his days—resulted in the rupture of the courtship. It was clear that Saxe's habitual impecuniosity was

to be relieved, not by matrimonial, but by military successes and venturings.

His military career began almost with his birth, October 28, 1696, and continued till the day of his death, November 30, 1750. There is hardly a European nation for whom and against whom he did not fight in the course of his life; and every promotion he received was the reward of valour, skill, and daring in the battle-field or on the ramparts of beleaguered cities. At the age of twelve he left Dresden, dressed as a simple foot-soldier, to join the armies of Marlborough and Eugene, whither his father had gone, *incognito*, before him. When he arrived the allies were investing Lille. Here, it is averred, his heart first felt the movements of tenderness. The love letters which passed between Maurice and "Ma chère Rosette," preserved in a "Life" published at Mittau in 1752, are full of protestations of an undying affection, which died when the girl's father threw her into a convent; a little "Juliette," which lived only a few weeks, is gravely asserted to have been the result of this intrigue. The commander of the Saxon contingent of the allied forces sportively named the lad his aide-major-general; and gossip, surely with a twinkle in its eye, though it speaks grave and dull, records that several times he crossed the ditches when the town was stormed, cheering the heart of his sire. His martial bearing at the sieges of Mons and Tournay, and at the battle of Malplaquet, increased the admiration with which the chiefs of the army regarded the boy-soldier. Two years later the lad offered his sword and services to Peter the Great, who had invested Riga. Here, however, he stayed only two months, returning to Flanders, where his intrepidity at the siege of Bethune provoked from Marlborough the acknowledgment "that he had not another man in his army who cared so little for danger"; but the cautious Eugene counselled him "not to confound recklessness with bravery," warning him that the leaders of the army well knew how to distinguish between them. At this period he asked a commission and a regiment from the English Government—a request which was refused; and the refusal inspired him with a bitter resentment and hatred for perfidious Albion. At the age of sixteen, Augustus, satisfied with his experience and convinced of his capacity, named him Colonel of a regiment of Saxon cavalry, which he drilled and instructed in some evolutions of his own invention, afterwards to be improved on when he led the armies of France to victory. He had the satisfaction to be ordered with his regiment to the siege of Stralsund, counting the joy of seeing and fighting Charles XII., who had wrought his father's thrones such harm, the highest happiness he

as yet had tasted. It is said that the majesty with which he saw the Swedish hero demean himself in one of the attacks on the fortress filled him with life-long veneration and respect. When war broke out between Austria and Turkey in 1717, he rushed off to Belgrade to place his sword at Prince Eugene's disposal; after the fall of Belgrade peace, to his great regret, was proclaimed. In 1720 he appeared at the Court of the Regent Orleans; he was graciously received, and offered a commission as "Maréchal de Camp" in the armies of France; with his grateful acceptance of it his desultory and peripatetic fighting came to an end; he ceased to be a soldier of fortune, and became a soldier of France.

The name and fame of the youthful adventurer led the Estates of Courland and Senigallia to invite him to become a candidate for the throne of the united duchies. He left Warsaw for the shores of the Baltic with a "diplomacy" on his lips; for he publicly announced that he was going to solicit the Russian Court to restore him certain possessions of his mother's, which had been confiscated during the last Swedish war. At Mittau he visited the Dowager Duchess of Courland, afterwards the Empress Anne of Russia, whose aid he asked in the furtherance of his candidature, and who, by the lips of an interpreter, assured him of her wishes for his success. The Count, who never saw a woman without wooing her, no matter whether her attractive or repulsive qualities predominated, at once brought the artillery of the eyes to play on the plump widow; and, as a quaint Courish chronicler puts it, "changed her esteem into friendship, and her friendship into love." The Count's friends in France, hearing of the adventure, assessed themselves to raise, equip, and pay a small army of 3,000 men; they engaged a recruiting sergeant at Liège to enlist all the deserters and rascals he could find, no matter to what nation they belonged, and march them to Lubeck; and thence ship them to Courland. Saxe's lady "friend," Adrienne Lecouvreur, with whose name the Eastern and Western hemispheres are now familiar, pawned her jewels and trinkets, and cast the proceeds, 40,000 livres, into the fund. All this enthusiasm resulted in a levy of only 1,800 men, a motley rabble which was reduced by desertion to 800 men before the port of embarkation was reached. In June, 1726, Saxe fondled in his hand the diploma of his election, signed by all the nobles and councillors of the Duchies, who pledged themselves to eternal loyalty and obedience; the document, a few weeks later, possessed only an antiquarian value; for, at the suggestion of Catherine I. of Russia, the signatories quietly revoked it. The imperial suggestion was tabled before the assembled counsellors by

Prince Menchikoff at the head of 3,000 men; the Prince added that he had other 20,000 reasons which, if necessary, he could produce within six days, to persuade the Diet of the wisdom of compliance. Menchikoff next turned his attention to the new Duke. Saxe was engaged reading a congratulatory letter from the Primate of Poland, when he heard a noise as of soldiers marching; looking out of the window, he saw that his residence was invested by 800 Russians; they had orders to take him dead or alive. The Count's martial temperament responded with delight and alacrity to a condition of things that would have filled another with dismay: he prepared for a siege, barricaded the doors of the mansion, and distributed what arms he had among his suite and servants, who altogether numbered 60. The house was built of wood, and, as the Russians were instructed to burn it if the Count refused to surrender, escape seemed impossible. The besieged lost two men during the first day of the attack; the besiegers 60, among whom was the commanding officer. In the dead of night there stole from the beleaguered mansion a slim form, clad in rich military attire, hoping under the shelter of the gloom to escape the vigilance of the besiegers, but in vain. The officer to whom the command had fallen, thinking that he had secured no other than Saxe himself, marched with his troops towards Menchikoff's camp, where the captive proved to be the daughter of a shopkeeper of the town, who had been dressed by the Count's valet in a suit of his master's clothing to facilitate her escape and shield her reputation. The fragile fair lost on the same night a lover and found a husband, for Menchikoff ordered the officer to marry his prisoner. In the mean time, Saxe himself had taken refuge in the castle of his betrothed, the Dowager Duchess Anne Ivan'na, Peter the Great's niece, who travelled to St. Petersburg to plead her lover's cause with her aunt, with such success that Catherine ordered her troops to evacuate the Duchy. But a new enemy to Saxe's pretensions arose in an unexpected quarter. Poland claimed the suzerainty of Courland; and, at the assembly of Polish notables at Grodno, a resolution was passed demanding the revocation of the Count's election, and his expulsion from Courish territory. His father Augustus II., whose sovereignty of Poland brought him mortifications innumerable without a compensating penny of income, was forced by the necessities of his position, and with a sore heart, to declare the nobles of Courland rebels and his beloved Maurice a usurper. It is needless to say that "Maurice, by the grace of God, Count of Saxony, Duke of Courland and Senigallia, Marshal of the

camps and armies of the very Christian King," as he was fond of describing himself, struggled valorously to maintain his rights and defend his throne, using bribes, expostulations, and threats to disarm his foes, to win the lukewarm, and to confirm the faithful. But when Russia, under the new Emperor, Catherine's grandson, conspired with Poland to chase him out of the Duchy, he felt that it was futile to contend with destiny. One alone proved faithful to him, and she was his sweetheart, Anne; but her friendship he forfeited by his fickleness and folly. At Mittau, while residing in her palace, he made love to the ladies of her court, and joked with them about the rotundity of her figure and the rubicundity of her face. With one of them he established the most cordial relations. Carrying her on his shoulders one midnight from the window of his room to her own, he gave such a fright to an old woman with a lantern in her hand that the hag screamed aloud, waking the sleepers and summoning the watchers to the spot to learn the cause of the disturbance. They found the Count and the lady lying in the snow above the affrighted woman. Saxe had tried to kick the lantern out of her hand, and, in doing so, had slipped and fallen with his precious freight, knocking the beldam down. Anne stormed, and wept, and, listening to the coaxing tones of the flatterer, who had to plead through an interpreter—for the two knew no common vehicle of articulate communication—forgave, and loved and trusted again. But when his adversities were accumulating around him, Anne's friends took courage and told her so many stories of his infidelities, that the guileless, dull-witted lady, whose mind was buried beneath a superincumbent mass of fat, travelled to Dantzic to meet him in his flight, and request him, as she had heard the Russian Court was negotiating her marriage with the Prince of Hesse-Hamburg, never to think of her again!

The death of Augustus II., in 1733, vacated several offices and honours in Europe—the throne of Saxony and Poland, and the dignity of arch-profligate of the age. To the latter post Maurice succeeded; while his half-brother, the only child of the 354 across whose escutcheon no bar sinister fell, succeeded to the sovereignty of Saxony. The throne of Poland was filled by popular election; each vacancy was the occasion of intrigue on the part of the neighbouring states, and of civil war among the adherents of the rival candidates, who hired mercenaries, wherever they could get them, to enable them to invade the territory over which they aspired to rule. The salary the Poles paid the Sovereign of their choice was what he could steal. The candidates between whom the election ultimately

lay were Stanislaus Lesczinsky, the father-in-law of Louis XV., who aspired to return to the throne from which he was ejected in 1709, and who was championed by France; and Saxe's half-brother, the new Elector, who was favoured by the Czarina and Charles VI. Both, with true Polish logic, were declared King by the Diet; the one on the 12th September, 1733; the other on 5th October; and the best man for the office was he who could fight best for it or get others to fight. Saxe, now a French soldier, refused the command of his brother's troops, and promptly obeyed orders to report himself at the head-quarters of Marshal Berwick. France soon withdrew her support from Stanislaus, who fled disguised as a cattle-dealer from the kingdom which he had entered a few weeks before disguised as a hawker; and the dispute developed into a Franco-Austrian War which lasted two years; the price Austria paid for peace was the cession of Lorraine. To Saxe himself the war brought promotion and glory; after the capture of Philipsburg, where Berwick was slain, Louis XV. handed him his commission as Lieut.-General. These were the halcyon days for soldiers of fortune, when fighting was regarded as the final cause of man's existence, and peace was looked on as something abnormal; and the wars of the Polish succession were hardly concluded when the wars of the Austrian succession arose. The Elector of Bavaria, having made an alliance with France, protested against the coronation of Maria Theresa, and declared war. Louis placed an army under his leadership, with Saxe as one of the generals of division. Sent forward to lead the van of the army, our hero victoriously marched it 200 miles, and sat down before the township of Prague, where the Saxon allies of the Elector, under the leadership of Maurice's half-brother, Rutowsky, met them. "What are we to do now?" said Marshal Broglio, the French commander-in-chief. "Do!" said Saxe; "take the town—storm it; we are all lost if we don't!" and in the bright moonlight the two men who first leaped from the battlements into the town were Maurice and his brother. "Ah! brother," said the former; "I am first; I am the elder, and was bound to be here before you." But George of England had to jump on the stage as peace-compeller and win his battle of Dettingen; an attention which the French court acknowledged by assembling an army at Dunkirk for the invasion of Scotland; appointing no less skilful a soldier than the Comte de Saxe as Prince Charlie's chief of the staff. The history of England would probably have been different from what it is if this project had not miscarried, there being only a Sir John Cope and a Duke of Cumberland to resist the invaders. Of the latter Saxe always spoke

with the kindliest contempt; but that was after he had thriven through his grace's incapacity as revealed in his campaign of the Netherlands. "I consider the Duke," said he, "to be the greatest general of the age, for he has maintained 100,000 men on a spot of ground where I should not have thought of feeding as many rabbits." The Duke, forgetting Fontenoy, feebly retorted "that his men were well enough fed to fight the French on any ground." But Æolus and Neptune, who have so often interposed to protect the defenceless shores of England, again appeared as *dei ex machinâ*: all the fighting men of these suburban realms were on the continent defending the metropolitan principality of Hanover, whose sacred soil for a generation or two it was England's *raison d'être* to protect from the footsteps of the invader. The government of the day ransacked the gaols in search of gallant defenders of British rights and liberties, and sent the press-gang abroad; to their great relief, however, a storm of wind and wave arose, turning several of the French transports bottom uppermost, and obliging the others to seek again the shelter of Dunkirk harbour; and the stertorous breathing of England was abated. Louis, who had now resolved to command in person the army of Flanders, in order to show the confidence he had in the experience of Saxe, handed him his Marshal's bâton and made him chief of the staff; giving him supremacy not only over the other French marshals, but even over the princes of the blood. Saxe, in that gasconade—a word which English taciturnity has improved by abbreviating into "gas"—dear to every Frenchman's soul, replied that "his only wish was to deserve the honour as well as M. Turenne, and to die in the same manner;" adding, "that is, on the field of battle;"—the latter prosaic phrase being an anti-climax, due, doubtless, to some survival in him of his heavy, lumbering German nature. It was Madame de Châteauroux who persuaded Louis to lead his army in person; of all European questionable women she was the only one for whom Frederick the Great had any respect. "Of all the women whom Louis XV. loved," said he, "this was the only one who cared for his honour and glory; all the rest were really the enemies of his fame; she was truly worthy of being loved by so great a king; and, see! I have her portrait in my cabinet." Marshal Wade, Cumberland, Menin, Ipres, Fontenoy, Brussels, Antwerp, Mons, Charleroi, Laufeldt, Namur, Maestricht, and the rest—these are names which a patriotic English gossiper begs to be allowed to pass by with the bare articulation of them. With what celestial pity these victorious Frenchmen treated their pigmy opponents! A company of Parisian comedians amused

them with acted satires on the vanity and stupidity of the English. In one piece which they played, Clown was an English officer, whom Harlequin asks: "Where are you going?"

"To capture Lille."

"But you have too few soldiers!"

"Oh! don't care; an Englishman will beat five Frenchmen! hurrah, boys!"

"But where is your artillery?"

"Ods, man!" scratching his head, "we have forgot it; let me think; it is at Ostend or Antwerp, if it has escaped the storm."

In the succeeding scene Clown comes in with his arms and one leg off; but declares that he still rises to preferment.

"What are you now?"

"I'm Lieutenant-General now. But one thing grieves me: the French rascals, whom we have thrashed well, have run away, taking all my soldiers with them."

In the last scene he returns without a head.

"Further promotion, I hope?"

"Yes; I'm Commander-in-Chief now!"

"Good! Mr. Clown, you have two wooden arms and one wooden leg; but you must have another qualification yet, and that is a wooden head."

In this company of comedians there was a second-rate actress, called Chantilly, whose acting, education, and manners were, according to contemporary writers, low and vulgar. She was by no means handsome or talented. It was in this type of woman that the great Marshal found his ideal. She hated Saxe, and spoke slightingly of his prowess as a lover; but had to dissemble for the sake of his money. Her affections had settled on a journeyman pastry-cook, who had relinquished his father's trade to write comic operas, and who afterwards distinguished himself in that province of literature. One night, during the siege of Maestricht, she and her sweetheart eloped. It was a night of wind and rain. So fierce was the tempest, that the bridges were swept away, and the communications of the French army endangered. An aide-de-camp entered the Marshal's bed-room in the morning, to report the disasters of the night. He found Saxe in great affliction, and concluded that his report had preceded him. He began to soothe his disconsolate chief. "The misfortune," said he, "will soon be repaired."

"Alas!" was the heartrending reply; "there is no remedy. I am undone!"

"Oh, I hope not! Surely it will not be attended with such awful consequences?"

After half-an-hour's cross-talking, the Marshal discovered what his visitor was thinking of.

"Pshaw!" said he; "who could have thought you were talking about some broken bridges! We'll put that right in three hours. But Chantilly is gone! They have taken Chantilly away from me!"

Saxe was mean enough to ask for a *lettre-de-cachet* compelling Chantilly, now Madame Favart, to return to the camp. She was not allowed to leave him till the day of his death. She witnessed his expiring agonies. The Marshal seems to have been a favourite with the French actresses. Lecouvreur's name has already been mentioned. After her came Carton, whose witticisms live in the annals of gossip, and who followed him to the camp of Muhlberg, in Saxony, and there had the honour of dining with the fathers of her lover and of Frederick the Great, and Mademoiselle Navarre, who afterwards married a Mirabeau.

The mention of Frederick the Great's name recalls the few times on which he and Saxe met, and the courtesies which were exchanged between them. The first was the occasion of Frederick William's visit to Dresden, in 1728, when the dining, drinking, and debauchery, and chiefly the expense these involved, appalled the frugal King; the next was the return visit to Berlin, in the same year, when Augustus, aged 50, a premature wreck, diseased, and with two of his toes lost, went a-wooing Frederick William's eldest daughter; again, at the camp of Muhlberg, a scenic phantasmagoria got up by the magnificent Saxon Elector; and, finally, at Potsdam, in 1749, after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, when Frederick received Saxe with great distinction —military pageants were elaborated in his honour, and on his departure Frederick presented him with his picture, and a snuff-box richly set with diamonds.

On the proclamation of peace, Saxe retired to Chambord, which Louis had presented to him in life rent, "and his wife after him, if he should marry." The decree graciously conferred on the Marshal and his possible spouse, and the eldest of their male descendants, the right to enter the Louvre in their carriages, and to *la dame son épouse* the privilege of sitting on a stool in the presence of the Majesties and Infants of France. Three pieces of cannon which were captured from the English, and three captured from the Hessians, were despatched to ornament the castle. Saxe found the tranquil pleasures of peace somewhat insipid, and he had thoughts of emigrating to the West Indies—a design against which England and

Holland lodged protestations with the French Court, and which he thereupon relinquished. At Chambord the Marshal lived like a baron of the feudal times. In his kitchen he had thirty-five cooks; he needed them to provide entertainment for a regiment of Uhlans, which the King permitted him to levy and drill, and for a company of actors and actresses he had hired for his own private theatre. His hospitality to Mademoiselle de Sens is said to have cost him 40,000 livres. He persuaded Louis on one occasion to accompany him to Brest. A sham sea-fight was arranged. "Your Majesty's troops," said the Marshal, "have now conquered your enemies, and your navy would do the same with the same encouragement; that is all the difference between you and the people *there*"—pointing to the white cliffs of England.

At Chambord, after writing his "Military Speculations," Saxe died. When Senac, the King's doctor, visited him, he looked affectionately on him, and gave utterance to this beautiful and philosophic sentiment: "You here see me, my friend, come to the end of a pleasing dream; such is the course of human greatness: it is nothing more than an illusion."

Voltaire, writing of his soldiership, says: "To camp and decamp at the proper times, to cover his own country, to maintain his army at the expense of the enemy, to invade their country when they advance on his, to render force useless by means of superior abilities —these are the masterpieces of the military art, and these Saxe put in practice."

Poetic France mourned "the greatest general she ever had" in a conceit plagiarised from the English poet's epigram on the world's three great poets:

> In Fabius, Rome a warrior-statesman found;
> Carthage, in Hannibal a chief renowned;
> France in her Saxon sees, with proud delight,
> The Roman head and Punic arm unite.

Again:

> Three generals lived in ancient wars renowned—
> Skilled in encampments, Pyrrhus kept his ground;
> Marcellus marched on spur to win the day;
> While Fabius, halting, conquered by delay;
> Now Saxe, when we conceived such talents gone,
> Encamps, halts, marches, conquers, all in one.

France buried him, with "a nation's lamentations," in the Lutheran Church of Strasburg. An elegant epitaph records his greatness and her gratitude; only, as he lived and died a Lutheran, she refused him Christian burial.

JAMES FORFAR.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Comet.

THE following letter by our greatest spectroscopic observer appeared in *The Times*. It contains much profound meaning in a few words; but it is very probable that their significance is by no means understood by the majority of readers. Therefore I will take it as the text of a note on this interesting subject :—

Sir,—On Friday night I obtained, after one hour's exposure, a photograph on a gelatine plate of the more refrangible part of the spectrum of the comet which is now visible. This photograph shows a pair of bright lines a little way beyond H in the ultra-violet region. They appear to belong to the bright spectrum of carbon (in some form) which I observed in the comets of 1866 and 1868, in the visible spectrum. There is also in the photograph a continuous spectrum in which the Fraunhofer lines can be seen. These show that this part of the comet's light was reflected solar light.

This photographic evidence supports the results I obtained in 1868 from a telescopic comet, showing that comets shine partly by reflected sunlight and partly by light of their own; and, further, that the spectrum of this part of their light indicates the presence in the comet of carbon, possibly in combination with hydrogen. William Huggins.

Observatory, Upper Tulse Hill, S.W., June 26.

The photograph was taken on a gelatine plate prepared with bromide of silver, by a recently perfected process, which renders the plate so sensitive that a portrait of a brightly illuminated object may be obtained in less than one thousandth part of a second. Such extreme sensitiveness was necessary in order to obtain, even after one hour's exposure, a picture of such a faint ghost of a spectrum as can be obtained by outspreading and diluting the light collected from so faintly luminous an object as this comet.

The first conclusion of Dr. Huggins, expressed in the last paragraph, is based on the following general facts :—

The band of rainbow colours, formed by dispersing the rays of the sun, is crossed by a multitude of fine black lines. No other source of light displays this same set of lines; but the solar rays, whether caught as they shine directly from the sun or as they are reflected from any object, such as the moon, a cloud, a sheet of

paper, a whitewashed wall, &c., all display the continuous band of rainbow colours crossed by this multitude of lines always occurring with absolute immobility in precisely the same positions.

Therefore the comet, showing such a spectrum, contains something that reflects the light of the sun. The extraordinary lightness of cometary matter suggests the probability that this reflection is effected by cloudy vapour.

The second conclusion, that the comet contains carbon, "possibly in conjunction with hydrogen," is reasoned out thus:

When the light emitted by a *self-luminous* gas or vapour of moderate density is outspread as above by the spectroscope, we find that, instead of a rainbow band including all the colours blended by gradation into each other, there appear isolated bands or lines of light located according to the composition of the gas or vapour emitting the light, this location being absolutely and definitely fixed for each particular element or compound; so much so, that, by determining the spectral image of known substances, the composition of distant and intangible self-luminous objects may be inferred. To use the metaphor of Bacon, light is put to the torture and made to confess the composition of its source; and, more than this—far more than Bacon dared to dream—it is made to write its own confession in clearly legible characters.

Such was the writing which Dr. Huggins extorted from the comet by the one hour's exposure of the sensitive gelatine plate.

This confession of our visitor is very curious: to me it appears most marvellous and suggestive. In the first place, it adds another link to the chain of evidence connecting comets with the meteoric particles that occasionally strike our atmosphere and are heated to combustion point by the violence of this collision. These, when thus incandescent, display indications of carbon or hydro-carbon combustion.

Shiaparelli has traced a remarkable connection between the zones of meteorites and the orbits of comets. The great meteoric shower of 27th November 1872 came just when and where one of the fragments of Biela's comet was due.

According to Mr. Hind, one of our greatest authorities on cometary movements, we passed through the tail of a comet on 30th June 1861.

All these facts, and others that might be added, indicate that, during the long ages of the world's history, many cometary collisions may have occurred besides the ordinary millions of millions of meteoric showers.

What, then, must have happened if these were composed either wholly or partially of carbon or hydro-carbon, as the spectroscope indicates? They must have fed our atmosphere with continually increasing accumulations of carbonic acid supplied from beyond the world. If so, we ought to find indications of increasing supplies of carbon as the world has advanced in age. This I think is the case. Very little carbon can be discovered in the granite rocks.

To this it may be replied that the igneous fusion of the granite would dissipate the carbon. But let us go further, and examine the sedimentary deposits, the Laurentian, Cambrian, Silurian, Devonian, &c., and follow them upwards. What do we find as regards the carbon they contain?

Broadly speaking—a continual increase of its proportion. We can trace the materials of the mica schists, the sandstones, &c., to the granitic materials below them, but the carbonates and carbon deposits seem to be supplied by some addition from above. As the world has grown older, more and more of vegetable, animal, and mineral carbon has appeared in its deposits.

I therefore venture to suppose that comets and fiery meteors, instead of being the weapons of Divine vengeance, wielded for the destruction of the world, have been beneficent contributors of the chief material of its animal and vegetable life, and that, as the world grows older and encounters more comets or their meteoric tracts, it will grow richer and richer in carbon and hydro-carbon, and thereby capable of supporting a more and more luxuriant vegetation, and, consequent upon this, a larger and larger population of sentient beings.

Comet Weather and Comet Vintages.

THE intensely hot weather that has accompanied the present comet has naturally revived the popular theory which regards such weather as connected with comets by the link of causation.

The coincidences are certainly curious, especially as shown by the vintage results. The idea that anything so flimsy as a comet should have any action upon the temperature of the earth from a distance of 7 to 20 millions of miles, which are the ranges of our present visitor during the recent hot weather, is simply preposterous. Lexell's comet remained entangled during four months among the satellites of Jupiter, dragged hither and thither by their gravitation, without exciting any measurable influence on their movements. It came within 1,400,000 miles of us, and, had it been composed of matter

similar to that of our earth, it would have lengthened our year by 2 hours and 47 minutes, but it made no perceptible difference; hence its density must have been but a very minute, almost infinitesimal, fraction of that of the earth ; it must have been, bulk for bulk, far lighter than the air we breathe.

We may therefore dismiss at once the idea of a comet being a heat-carrier that could perceptibly influence the earth by its radiation.

But we have comets and comets. More than five hundred have been observed and recorded ; the great majority of these are without tails. Why is this? Another fact is still more suggestive of inquiry. A given comet may return to the sun by the same orbit as before, and vary materially as regards its caudal development. This was the case with Halley's comet. On its last return, in 1835, it was barely visible to the naked eye, and its tail was but a very insignificant affair. I saw it through a good telescope, and remember very distinctly the disappointment of my boyish expectations on beholding only a straight tail extending to a distance of about half-a-dozen diameters of the head.

Why this change? What is the tail of a comet? The natural answer at first suggested is that it is a material appendage to the nucleus or head. This is the general notion. The outstreaming of the nucleus towards the sun, and the recurving backwards of these streams, which are seen in the telescope, seem to confirm this idea. There appears to be an actual generation of tail by material cast out from the head and driven backward by some repulsive energy exerted from the sun.

But further examination of the facts refutes this conclusion. The rate of ejection is too great. The tail of the great comet of 1680 was found by Newton to be no less than 120 millions of miles in length, "and to have occupied only two days in its emission from the comet's body."[1] It is difficult to conceive the ejection of material particles with such velocity.

But this difficulty is but small compared with that presented by the whirling of the tail as the comet sweeps round the sun when nearest to it. The tail of the great comet of 1843 completed a semicircular sweep in "a little more than two hours."[2] The length of this tail was above 100 million of miles, which gives a velocity of more than 150 millions of miles per hour to the outside sweep, which vastly exceeds anything that gravitation or any other known physical force could effect under such conditions upon any known kind of matter.

[1] Herschel. [2] Ibid.

But this is not all. The head of this comet and the root of the tail (if I may use the expression) were less than half a million of miles from the sun's centre, and thus they moved at the rate of only 1½ millions of miles per hour, or one-hundredth of the velocity of the end of the tail. All the other portions moved with varying intermediate velocities. Nobody can suppose that the comet's tail is a rigid body that could be thus slung round like a stick or sword-blade. The facts already stated indicate the excessive tenuity of the nucleus or body of the comet. What, then, must be the lightness of the tail if it be matter ejected from this thin gas bubble, and spread out a millionfold? If any kind of actual matter, it must be inconceivably unsubstantial or discrete; and the swinging round of such material with such varying velocities, and still cohering with unchanged form, is unthinkable.

What, then, can it be? Sir John Herschel says: "If there could be conceived such a thing as a *negative shadow*, a momentary impression made upon the luminiferous ether behind the comet, this would represent in some degree the conception such a phenomenon irresistibly calls up." (The italics are Herschel's.) I feel great difficulty in conceiving such a negative shadow in the ether, but have another idea that may to some extent meet the difficulty.

In the grand days of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, when it was purely devoted to popular science, and therefore prosperous, the stage of the large theatre was occupied by scientific apparatus, the most remarkable of which was Armstrong's hydro-electric machine, to witness the marvellous performances of which, visitors flocked from all the civilised countries of the world. These displays depended upon the friction of high-pressure steam upon the jets emitting it. Now, the sun is demonstrably an electric machine acting on this principle. The solar prominences are gigantic steam jets issuing from apertures into which a world like ours might be dropped, and rushing upwards to heights of 10, 20, 50, and even more than a hundred thousand miles.

This electrical excitation is so enormously powerful that it exerts an inductive influence upon our earth at a distance of 93 millions of miles, producing our Aurora Borealis, and sending solar currents through our telegraph wires when these eruptions are unusually vigorous, and even damaging them by the intensity of the currents, as on September 1, 1859, when the observer at Kew recorded an exceptionally great solar outburst; at the same time the Aurora Borealis extended to the tropics; the telegraphic signalmen at Washington and Philadelphia received severe shocks; at

Boston a flame followed the pen of Bain's electric telegraph ; and at a telegraph station in Norway the apparatus was burned by the discharges, and all the telegraphic arrangements of the rest of the world were seriously disturbed.

Therefore there must be lines of electric force radiating from the sun ; and Faraday proved that, whenever such lines of electric or magnetic force are crossed by a moving body, that body is magnetically or electrically excited in a degree proportionate to the velocity of its motion and the energy of the lines of force it crosses.

Thus a body rushing round the sun in cometary proximity must be most intensely charged. A body in such condition will throw out luminous discharges preferably in a direction opposite to that from which its excitation is received, provided it can find particles or media in a condition favourable for their reception.

Thus I think it very probable that the tail of a comet is such a discharge from the intensely excited and consequently disturbed nucleus.

Now we arrive at the point towards which I have been advancing. It is this : that, as our solar system is travelling bodily through space at the rate of about 400,000 miles per day, we encounter regions that vary as regards the meteoric matter they contain and the temperature they have acquired from the perennial radiations of the countless suns of the universe. I assume (on the grounds expounded in my essay on "The Fuel of the Sun") that such regions afford variable supplies of solar fuel, and that wherever the supply exceeds the average, conditions more favourable for the extensions of the tails of comets are presented. If this is the case, a comet otherwise telescopic or barely visible, like Halley's in 1835, may become a flaming visitor, like Halley's was before, or resemble those that startled the world in 1811, 1843, 1859, and in a less degree this year.

Thus the flaming long-tailed comet, the hot weather, and the "comet vintages" may occur together, not as cause and effects, but as coincident effects of one common cause.

Swallows and Mosquitoes.

IN my last book on Norway I attributed the overwhelming abundance of mosquitoes within the Arctic Circle to the absence of swallows, whose numbers diminish as we proceed northward, while the insects upon which they most freely feed increase in corresponding ratio. This theory has been disputed, and therefore something like an "*instantia crucis*" is required to test it severely.

Such a crucial test is afforded by the severe weather of the beginning of June this year, which in some parts of Europe was cold enough to kill large numbers of the summer swallows. J. V. Sladek, writing to *Nature* from Prague, says that in the neighbourhood of that city "they have been found dead by hundreds."

If I am right, and no further migration supplies their place, there will be a plague of mosquitoes thereabouts, wherever there are pools of water supplying the gnats with breeding-grounds. If any of my readers should be visiting this or other parts of the Continent where the swallows have been stricken, their observations on the autumnal supply of mosquitoes will be interesting, and I shall be glad to learn the results.

The Abnormal Weather of 1881.

THE meteorology of 1881 is likely to become historical. Here, and over a considerable area of the temperate zone, we have had one of the coldest of known winters, followed by strange fluctuations in the spring and early summer, and this again by July heat of almost unparalleled intensity.

All this was preceded by an unusual period of solar quiescence. According to the received sun-spot period, the solar outbreaks that have recently occurred commenced behind their time. Owing to a complication of circumstances that I need not narrate, the sun has radiated into the scientific world a considerable amount of moral as well as physical heat, and sun-spots like Cyprus, Afghanistan, and the Transvaal have been battle-fields of party warfare. True, there is one great difference between scientific and political partisanship: the political partisan parades his partisanship, and makes a virtue of his one-sided blindness; while the scientific partisan is always more or less ashamed of his position, and usually disclaims it.

The warm question is whether the solar activity displayed by the outbreaking of sun-spots and solar prominences has any appreciable effect on terrestrial climate, and whether we should have special observatories, *with salaries attached*, for the prosecution of a branch of science which has been contemptuously described as "sun-spottery." It "goes without saying" that the warmth of the first question is derived from the second (*vide* italics), and therefore I leave the second alone.

That terrestrial climate, with all its variations, is an effect of solar radiations need not be argued; that modifications of the cause should produce fluctuations in the effect is not an extravagant assumption; and therefore the violent convulsions, the vigorous stirrings of the

solar furnace which produce the spots and prominences may reasonably be expected to affect our climate as well as our magnetic needles.

At first glance of the subject, it may seem very easy to determine this by comparing meteorological observations with sun-spot records; but such is not the case: for, even if we had observatories in every country of the earth, three-fourths of its surface—that of the ocean—would still be left. As it is, we only know the weather of a very small fraction of the earth's surface, and thus cannot get at any averages for the whole globe.

Our own island is situated in the midst of its most variable climatic region, just where the tropical currents may graze the surface to-day, and those from the Arctic Circle to-morrow. It is even possible that an increase of general solar activity may increase the severity of our winter.

I suspect that such was the case during the winter that we last endured. At that time the sun was over the southern tropical zone—on the other side of the Equator. What would be the effect of a general excess of heat there? The usual ascent of the warmer air would be augmented, and the southward flow of cold air from the Arctic regions increased. Now, such an increase on our side would give us more than our usual share of polar currents down here, while the upper regions of the air, in temperate latitudes, would be warmed by the upper tropical currents.

This actually occurred last winter and the winter before. In the Engadine and other regions of the high Alps, the weather was phenomenally warm, while unusually cold at and about sea level. At the new French Observatory on the Puy de Dôme, having an elevation of about 5,000 feet, a similar vagary of climate was observed.

If I am right, the heat thus carried northwards by the upper atmosphere currents has been doing its work upon the accumulations of Arctic ice, and our share of the solar beneficence is but temporarily delayed. At any rate, let us hope so, as we need a cycle of good harvests to compensate for the general impoverishment the nation has endured in consequence of the diminished home production of the primary necessaries of life during the last three or four years of protracted solar inactivity.

The Lunar Atmosphere.

HAS the moon any atmosphere? This question has been much discussed. That it cannot have a considerable atmosphere is certain, seeing that in all cases of occultation of stars or

planets by the moon the extinction of the star by the moon's edge occurs without any delay.

An atmosphere would refract the rays coming from the star, and, by this bending round, render the star visible after the edge of the moon had covered it; the visible star-image would linger for a while on approaching the moon's edge, just as the sun appears lingering above the horizon after he has actually set.

But what is this visible edge of the moon? So mountainous is our satellite, that, when we look athwart its rotundity, we see only the summits of its mountains, our line of vision skipping across the intermediate valleys. Thus there may be some small amount of atmospheric matter lying in these valleys, but thinning up to imperceptible rarity before it reaches the mountain-tops.

Some curious appearances observed on the lower levels of the moon have led skilful observers to claim for it a very thin atmospheric envelope, or at any rate to doubt the total absence of atmospheric matter. Thus, Mr. Webbe says that "there are residuary phenomena —such as, for instance, the extraordinary profusion of brilliant points— which, on rare occasions, diversify the *Mare Crisium* so difficult of interpretation, that we may judge it wisest to avoid too positive an opinion."

This Mare Crisium is one of the lunar plains or lower levels, and it seems to show something like the formation and dissipation of a trace of hoar-frost at its evening and morning time.

On the supposition that atmospheric matter is diffused throughout the universe, and that each orb obtains a share due to its own gravitating power, the lunar atmosphere should have density about equal to one-fiftieth of our own; about equal in density to the so-called "vacuum" of an ordinary air-pump receiver when ordinarily exhausted.

Dr. Huggins has recently applied the spectroscope to test this question, and finds no indications of atmospheric absorption; but is the spectroscope sufficiently delicate to detect the absorption due to atmospheric matter of such tenuity, thus lying only in the valleys? I think not.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

The Haymarket Stage Half a Century Ago.

FOR practical purposes, stage records cease with the year 1830, at which period Genest closes his laborious and cumbrous, but fairly trustworthy, "History of the Drama and Stage." Unless a subscription list is raised, and some authority like the genial and accurate scholar Mr. E. L. Blanchard is commissioned to discharge a task with a view to which he has collected invaluable materials, there is likely to be an all but complete blank in theatrical annals beween 1830 and 1850, when, in a languid way, interest in the stage commenced to reassert itself. The play-bills of the Haymarket, the Adelphi, and one or two other theatres for the year 1831 are in my possession, and enable me to state what was being done fifty years ago. Half a century ago, then, to-day, on the first of August—which in that year, as in this, fell on a Monday—the Haymarket gave the opera of "Clara, the Maid of Milan," and for the sixteenth time, Mrs. Gore's clever comedy "The School for Coquettes," with the musical entertainment of "The Romp." Curious to state, one actor still living appeared in both the earlier pieces. Mr. B. Webster is set down for the part of Ralph in the comedy, and that of Jocoso in the opera. Others, who have long gone to their account, include W. Farren—for whom, however, on account of illness, an apology was made, his part being read by Mr. Gattie—H. Wallack, Cooper, Vining, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Fawcet, and Mrs. Humby. An epilogue by the late Lord Lytton, then only known as L. Bulwer, Esq., was spoken by Miss Taylor. The composition is not especially happy. It contains, however, some reference to the Reform Bill, then the burning question of the day. So far as I know, this has not been reprinted. A few stanzas may accordingly interest my readers.

What have I done! Renounced the power to vex,
The will to flirt—that charter of our sex?
Curb'd to one hour the thousand aims of life—
And grown—oh heavens! domestic—yet a wife.
'Tis not too late—stay—am I yet resign'd?
So young—not ugly—shall I change my mind?
Shall I reform—but gently, bit by bit—
And grow a very moderate coquette?

A change too sweeping should I not repent,
And, after all, what husband is content?
If once, to please the wretch, I stoop to mend,
Say, can ye tell me where the thing will end?
May not the creature next contrive to see
My weekly routs require a schedule B?
May he not less exclusive seats away,
And place the Opera under schedule A?—
Not yet content to curb my faults alone,
Ask universal suffrage for his own,
Extend the elective franchise of his frown,
And bring my wardrobe to an annual gown? &c.

Other Features of the Stage of Fifty Years Ago.

At the Adelphi, meantime, the romantic drama of "The Sister of Charity" was given by a company including Miss Kelly and O. Smith. The operetta of "Old and Young" showed Miss Poole in the four different characters known as the Mowbrays, and afforded her an opportunity of singing "Meet me by moonlight alone." Collins, known as the English Paganini, gave a performance upon the fiddle. An operetta called "The Old Regimentals" introduced Bartley, John Reeve, and Miss H. Cawse; and the drama of "The Haunted Hulk" was played by John Reeve, O. Smith, F. Matthews, and Miss Pincott. Not very cheaply purchased, it may be seen, was the reputation of the Adelphi for supplying solid fare. Pasta and Rubini meanwhile were at the Opera playing in "La Sonnambula" of Bellini, which was said to be written expressly for Pasta, and was pronounced a "very mediocre affair." At Drury Lane, about this time, Captain Polhill refused to pay Macready the augmented salary of £40 per week, which his predecessor in management, Alexander Lee, had undertaken to give. Thirty pounds a week was offered, but was refused by the tragedian. Madame Vestris, then just taking the lease of the Olympic, Wallack, and "Little Keeley" had been touring in the "provinces." Madame Malibran had just gone to Brussels. Paganini had been causing a tumult in Cheltenham by his greediness for money, as his enemies declared. Potier, the French comedian, was playing at the King's Theatre, as "Le Père Sournois" and "Le Bénéficier." Miss F. Kemble was about to publish her drama of "Francis the Great," and Mr. Planché had quarrelled with Madame Vestris. The notion of forming the Garrick Club was just being mooted. Elleston had died within the month, and Joe Munden was lying dangerously ill at Burbage in Wiltshire, to linger on until next winter, when he expired. Fitzball and Burbage were engaged on an opera for Drury Lane, and Mrs. Siddon's will had just been

proved for £35,000. C. M. Young was playing in Dublin, and Kean, a week later, was in Birmingham. Minor establishments included the Diorama in Regent's Park; the British Diorama, with four pictures by Clarkson Stanfield; the Physiorama and the Octorama, with a model of the Théâtre Français exhibited at the Egyptian Hall.

Theatrical Memoranda.

AT the period I have mentioned, namely, the first of August 1831, Mr. Neville, the manager of a Manchester theatre, was said to be in prison and on the treadmill through inability to pay a fine of fifty guineas incurred in allowing an Italian opera to be played at his theatre. At the City Theatre, meanwhile, an adaptation of Gerald Griffin's novel, "The Collegians," had been brought out under the title of "Eily O'Connor; or, the Foster Brother." Mrs. Cregan was said to be a good character, and Conn Cregan was played by James Vining. This adaptation is thirty years earlier than the "Colleen Bawn."

The Showman's Vanity.

A CURIOUS whim of some actors and managers, whch induces them to exhibit their portraits all over London, seems to indicate on the part of those who do it a want of humour, since otherwise they would see that a process of this kind moves derision rather than any other sentiment. That a young and pretty actress, whose beauty is a portion of her stock-in-trade, should allow portraits of herself to be placarded on walls or put in the windows of public-houses, is conceivable. Not easily, however, can I understand why a respectable middle-aged gentleman, with no special grace of appearance to distinguish himself from average humanity, should thus seek an unmeaning notoriety, and should show himself everywhere, not in an assumed character, but in the garb of every-day life. Two or three managers are at the present time guilty of this folly. Very hard to fix are the bounds of human vanity. Thus, when an enterprising gentleman has an object to exhibit, such as a performing whale or a four-headed nightingale, he covers vacant wall and hoarding with pictures, not of the object, but of himself. I believe that the conviction is after a time borne in upon him, that it is the showman that attracts rather than the show.

Proposed French Tax on English Literature.

ONE aspect of the tariff between England and France should not be passed over without comment. It is proposed to increase from ten francs forty centimes, at which it now stands, to

sixty francs per hundred kilos, the internal paper-duty upon books, music, newspapers, periodicals, and printed matter generally that passes the French Custom-house. The levying of the tax will amount to a virtual exclusion of English newspapers, magazines, and all cheaper forms of printed literature. How heavily it will weigh is shown in the fact that a penny newspaper, with the cost of postage, will have to be sold in France for fourpence. I am not one of those who give up their faith in free trade so soon as a slight interruption is threatened of the prosperity it has brought. If, however, the country, going back from its old faith, is about to try the system of meeting taxation with taxation, I would meet it on this ground. Reluctant as I am to see a tax on literature, I think a tax which should exclude a large portion of modern French fiction would not be without its redeeming features. So soon, moreover, as French writers of books—who are, for the most part, journalists also—find that their sale in England is arrested, and their profits are, as they would be, seriously diminished, they will begin to doubt the wisdom of the steps they now advocate. As they are when dissatisfied the most noisy of malcontents, and as they have naturally exceptional chances of making themselves heard, their outcries might lead to a revision of the entire scheme of added duties.

Evils of Opium Consumption in Burmah.

IT is impossible for a nation which aims at being just to disregard the memorandum of Mr. C. U. Aitchison, the Chief Commissioner of British Burmah, recently issued in the form of a Parliamentary paper. In this it is stated that the use of opium by the Burmese "saps the physical and mental energies, destroys the nerves, emaciates the body, predisposes to disease, induces indolent and filthy modes of life, destroys self-respect, is one of the most fertile sources of misery, destitution, and crime, fills the gaols with men of relaxed frame, predisposed to dysentery and cholera, prevents the due extension of cultivation and the development of the land revenue, checks the natural growth of the population, and enfeebles the constitution of succeeding generations." This state of affairs—which, from personal observation of the influence of opium, I believe to be fairly described—is attributable to English influence. When we have to render an account of our stewardship, the introduction of opium into Burmah will figure as a black item. A deputation of the principal men of Akyab waited on the Chief Commissioner, pointing out these evils, and praying for an entire prohibition of the trade in

opium. Serious as must be the loss of revenue from such a course, we shall have ultimately to adopt it. From the evidence of English officials it is obvious that half-measures will not meet this evil, and that an entire prohibition of the sale of opium is the only course that will save portions of Burmah from ruin.

Sorrows of an Infant Book-Collector.

I AM disposed to supply the reader with an instance of the sorrows that may befall a juvenile collector. At a very early age I was bitten with the mania—*pace* Mr. Ruskin—of book-collecting, and my boyish funds were hoarded up for the purchase of Carews, Withers, and Sucklings, and the poets generally to whom Leigh Hunt introduced me in his delicious "Imagination and Fancy." At that period I had the good fortune, or what at first seemed such, to come across a volume of portentous thickness, containing three works which in these editions may claim to be among the rarest in the English language. These were the "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer, the "Confessio Amantis" of Gower, and the "Troy Book," or, as it is often called, the "Fall of Princes"—I now, at a distance of close on forty years, forget which—of Lydgate. The printers of the three works were respectively Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and Pynson. Five pounds was the sum demanded for the volume by the bookseller, who, without knowing its value, held it to be rare, and asked what he thought a stiff price for it. Home I rushed to obtain the money. Alas! my efforts were vain. To give five pounds for a book was regarded by all to whom I could appeal as simple madness. My juvenile erudition—slight enough, but adequate to tell me the occasion was one not likely to recur—was laughed at and contemned. In the manufacturing districts, indeed, in which I dwelt, a purchase such as I proposed seemed at that time an unheard-of extravagance. Maternal aid, which had enabled me to accomplish many a less important acquisition, could not meet the present emergency, and reluctantly and sorrowfully I was compelled to let the occasion pass. So far as I remember now of this book, it was not quite perfect: works of this class rarely are. Each work had, however, the title. The value of the book then to be purchased for five pounds would now be at least five hundred. To this day I feel a pang as I think of the chance that came in my way to mock me. No great interest, except for the collector, has this juvenile "tragedy," but the story is absolutely true.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1881.

THE COMET OF A SEASON.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IMPULSE ON BOTH SIDES.

ONE effect produced upon Clement by late events was an unaccountable chill in his feelings towards Montana. It was not anything so definite as actual distrust. He had not thought the matter out in any way, or asked himself anything as to the nature of the change in his feelings. But the change was there, present always, and filling him with a certain pain. He was unwilling to see Montana. He shrank from speaking to him. He would, if possible, have avoided thinking of him. Perhaps this may have come merely from the unlucky accident by which he had been prevented from being with Mr. Varlowe to the last, and of which Montana was the innocent cause. But, whatever its source, the feeling in Clement's mind was there. He no longer thought with eagerness of Montana's great scheme. He shrank from the idea of taking part in it, or of allying his fortunes in any way with Montana's leadership. Sometimes he felt that this was ungrateful and unworthy on his part, and he tried to put away the thought or to stifle it, but it would come back again.

In the old days, when men believed in ghosts, it sometimes happened that one was dimly, darkly conscious of the presence of some spectral visitant in the room with him. He saw nothing, he heard nothing out of the common, but the air was chill with the mysterious unseen presence; and as darkness looks with its hundred eyes, so this

invisible companionship made its presence palpable by its myriad touches. Somewhat in the same way a phantom had arisen between Clement Hope and Montana. Unseen, its presence was felt. Voiceless, it bade Clement stand apart from Montana.

Clement was very busy for some few days. He threw an unresting energy now into all he had to do; it relieved him from grief, and indeed energy belonged to his nature, long as it had been suppressed. There were many matters of business to arrange in consequence of Mr. Varlowe's death. There were two wills made by Mr. Varlowe, one of several years' standing, with the contents of which Clement was familiar. It left everything to him, in the event of the missing son not reappearing; if the son should reappear, it divided the property equally between Clement and him. The second will, made shortly before Varlowe's death, left the whole to Clement unconditionally. The property, in houses and in money, was very considerable. Clement would be a comparatively rich man should the son not reappear; even should the son come back and the division take place, he would still have more money than he wanted or cared for. He was resolved that he would not lead an idle life any more. The one thing that had tried and troubled him during the life of his benefactor was the way in which he had to live—striving for nothing, accomplishing nothing. Until lately he had hoped to devote himself to Montana's scheme and Montana's service; now he no longer felt any inclination that way. But Montana had shown him a path to tread. Why should he not found a new colony for himself, on smaller proportions, indeed, and a much more modest principle than Montana's vast enterprise, but a new colony, where striving, high-hearted men and women, now borne down by the cruel conditions of life in great cities, should breathe free fresh air, and earn a happy living by energy and combination? The idea grew more and more fascinating as Clement turned it over day and night. That way, he felt, his inclinations, his capacity, and his ambition lay. There was nothing else left in our modern civilisation for one who had a real longing to do great work which should satisfy his own energy and serve his fellows. The scheme had an alluring savour of romance and of heroism about it. It was nobler than mere exploring. It was far more poetic than the writing of poor verses. It was more generous in its scope than any effort of beneficence here at home could be; its results, if it succeeded, would be more abiding than any work of art Clement was ever likely to give to the world. It would enable him to repay to many men and women all the unspeakable kindness his benefactor had lavished so long upon him. "The money isn't mine in any

sense," Clement kept saying to himself; "if I took it for myself, it would be only accepting alms in another form. I'll earn it by making it of use to others; and I'll make the giver's name live for ever in the grateful memory of men and women." For he was resolved that the little Eden he proposed to found should perpetuate Mr. Varlowe's name. In the United States, as Clement knew, there were thriving settlements called after all manner of private individuals utterly unknown to the world before. Why should not his new colony be called "Varlowe"?

"They shall remember me here and say I have done well," he thought again and again, with pride and melancholy pleasure.

Who were to remember him? The Marions? Well, he should like them to remember him with kindness; but it was not the thought of their kind remembrance that made his eyes light and his voice tremble. Melissa? Alas, no! He only felt ashamed of himself now when he recalled his foolish, unreal fancy for poor Melissa. He knew only too well that that was not love at all. He knew it now by positive experience. Now, indeed, he felt what genuine love was; and mingling with every thought, selfish or unselfish, which rose up in his mind as he planned his new Utopia, was the belief that Geraldine would approve of what he was doing. He longed for the mere pride and delight of telling her what he meant to do, even while it was only yet a thought or a dream. At least, she would believe it a generous thought; her soft kindly eyes would smile approval of his dream, and encourage him to make it a reality. Was there a faint distant hope that she might one day come to think well of him—so well that she might even care for him? Even in his own heart he hardly put it so boldly as to think of her loving him.

At least, he would go and see her. No one else should know of his plan and his dreams until they had been made known to her. Full of these thoughts, lifted by them out of himself, he went to see Geraldine. He had not heard anything of what had been happening in Captain Marion's house since he last was there; he knew nothing of the inquiries that were going on in the north, or of poor Melissa's flight.

Meanwhile, Melissa's escapade was not taken in London exactly as people took it in the town from which she came. In London, hardly anybody knew anything about it, and of the small minority who knew anything, a still smaller minority took the slightest interest in the matter. But in Melissa's own town it was, as she had predicted, a public talk and scandal. It proved utterly impossible to keep it from the knowledge of everybody. Not more than an

hour or two had she been missing when Marion's reassuring tele gram came to Mr. Aquitaine, and yet, in that time, inquiry enough had been made and alarm enough manifested to set the town in a sort of commotion. Soon there came the testimony of the man in the art gallery and the testimony of the porter at the station, and then it turned out that a great number of persons had seen Melissa and recognised her, and wondered where she was going, although, oddly enough, they had never said anything about it till the supposed scandal of the story came out. At last, there were so many rivals for the honour of having seen, and noticed, and suspected, and guessed all about her and her flight, that it would almost seem as if every man, woman, and child in the whole place had followed, watched, and studiously recorded every movement of the daughter of the great house of Aquitaine on that day, and was well aware of what she was doing, where she was going, and why she was leaving her home.

Mrs. Aquitaine took the matter calmly and sweetly. It did not strike her as anything very remarkable. It was silly of the girl to have gone making an afternoon call on a strange gentleman, she thought, and especially foolish to go flurrying up to London on a hot day in that kind of way; but, beyond that, Mrs. Aquitaine was not impressed. She would have received Melissa composedly, and been as sweet and kind and languidly contented as ever. Mr. Aquitaine took the affair differently. Out of his very affection for the girl and his tenderness to her, and his sudden disappointment and anger, there grew for the time a strange harshness in him.

He wrote to Captain Marion a quiet, cold letter, in which he absolutely declined to go for his daughter, or to see her, or to have anything to do with her for the present. "She has made herself the heroine of a scandal," he wrote, "and until that scandal is forgotten, if it ever is, I don't want to see her here. You are so kind, that I can ask you to take charge of her for the present; and in London nobody knows anything or cares any thing about the name of Aquitaine. I will take her abroad after a while, when I have thought over what is best to do, but for the present I shall not see her."

This was a relief to Melissa. She had dreaded a scene—her father coming up and upbraiding her, and trying to take her home again. She was now quietly miserable. She avoided as much as possible seeing anyone. She did not often come down to dinner with the rest of the family. When she did she was silent, or spoke aggressively by fits and starts.

Geraldine was very attentive to her, and tried as much as possible not to leave her alone. Captain Marion, of course, was always

kind, but there was something in his manner that showed Melissa how completely he had changed his opinion with regard to her. Indeed, Marion was doing his best to avoid feeling a certain dislike for the poor girl, and he could not accomplish his wish.

"I am greatly afraid about Melissa," Geraldine said to him.

"Why afraid, Geraldine? What can happen to her now?"

"I don't know; but there is something alarming to me in her ways, in her silence, and her looks. I am afraid she will try to get away from us, or to do something."

These vague words "to do something," generally mean what the speaker dreads to say more plainly, but has distinctly in mind. If Geraldine could have allowed her thoughts a full expression, she would have said that she was afraid Melissa might at some moment be tempted to kill herself.

Marion was not alarmed. "Oh, it is nothing," he said; "she is a silly, petulant girl. She will soon come right. I wonder at Aquitaine. It is ridiculous of him to go on in that obstinate way. He had much better come up and take Melissa home and be kind to her. But he will soon give in, you'll find. He is a very kindly hearted fellow, only obstinate—all those northern men are obstinate. He will soon come up, and be very glad to have the whole thing forgotten. All will come right. Don't be alarmed, Geraldine. Pray don't, like a dear girl, conjure up any unnecessary phantoms to worry and distress us. We have had enough of that sort of thing lately."

These were dreary days for Geraldine. How many were they? Not many, surely—three or four at the most of this blank and melancholy seclusion; but they seemed very long. Montana did not come near them all the time; that was a relief. He would not come, Geraldine supposed, while Melissa was there. Marion went and saw him sometimes; but Geraldine for these few days was relieved from his presence, and that was something of a set-off against the discomfort of the life she was leading. She watched over Melissa with an anxious care, as if the girl were her sister; and she received little but petulance in return.

So much gloom had come over the household, that even Sydney Marion, usually very patient, began to complain openly of it, and wondered why nobody could do anything to brighten their life for them.

Katherine spoke bitterly of Melissa. She had an especial spite against her just now, because her being immured in the house kept Montana from visiting them. Trescoe was still in the north. He had gone there when Captain Marion returned, and Katherine

had been delighting herself with the hope that Montana would come very often, and that she could admire him without the check of Frank's angry looks. Melissa had not only committed the unpardonable impropriety of falling in love with Montana, and telling him so, and going to his house, but she was guilty of the additional offence of keeping Montana away from the place where Mrs. Trescoe was anxiously looking out for him.

Marion was determined that the moment Trescoe came up from the north, he and Katherine should go off to the Continent at once, and he sincerely hoped that they would not come back until Montana had crossed the Atlantic. "Then," he thought, "things will come right again." To-morrow, or at farthest the day after, everything would come right. With Captain Marion's buoyancy of temperament, things were always coming right again to-morrow, or the day after at the farthest. But he looked worn and sad. Geraldine had seen him thus of late, and had been greatly troubled.

She said as much :

"I am so sorry for you, Captain Marion. You try to make every one happy, and you ought to be so happy yourself; and yet I know you are greatly distressed by all this. It is very hard on you."

"Well, for the matter of that, it is a good deal harder upon you, Geraldine; for you are young, and I brought you over here for a holiday, and it doesn't seem likely to be much of a holiday after all. If your mother only knew, she would have a good right to scold me; only I don't believe she ever scolded anyone in her life."

"I must return to her very soon," Geraldine said; "I am afraid she must miss me."

"There, I knew!" Marion exclaimed. "I knew you would want to get back at once. I expected that; I only wanted that! You are the only person who keeps us alive here—I haven't another rational creature to speak a word to; and now you are talking about going back to America!"

"I don't like to desert you, indeed, Captain Marion; but I am always thinking of my mother; and I think I ought to go home, for many reasons."

"Yes, yes, I know some of them; and I know how dreadfully stupid things are here for a young woman——"

"No, no, it isn't that," Geraldine pleaded warmly.

"No, I don't believe it is; but of course it is natural you should want to get back to your home—although it isn't your home, after all. America isn't your home. Why can't you make your home here?"

Then Marion suddenly stopped, remembering what Katherine had said, and what, according to her account, many others were saying. He was afraid Geraldine might misunderstand him, and become embarrassed.

"I don't see why Mrs. Rowan might not come over and live in England," he said. "She has friends enough here, I am sure."

"Her idea was," Geraldine explained, "that there is a better opening for young women in America than here. You see, Captain Marion, I can't always lead this easy, pleasant kind of life——"

"Pleasant!" Marion interjected. "Mighty pleasant some of us have made it for you!"

"I shall have to do something," she went on, without noticing his interruption. "My mother has only a small income; and it is only for—for herself." Geraldine could not bear to say "for her own life." "I shall have to do something. I can do a good many things in a sort of way; and I could get on better out in America than here where there are ever so many women who can do all I can, and a great deal better. So we thought of fixing ourselves in the States."

"But you'll never have to do anything. You are certain to get married, Geraldine."

Geraldine coloured slightly and shook her head.

"Well, at all events your mother doesn't expect you just yet. She was quite willing to leave you in our charge for twelve months at least, and there's a long time of that to run. You must not talk of leaving just yet. I could not do without you now."

"I should not like to leave you," Geraldine said simply,—"at least, until you can do without me."

"My dear girl," Marion asked impulsively, "I wonder when that would be? I want you very much; you are the only reasonable being I have now to talk to. I am not so very happy in my girls as I expected to be. Perhaps I oughtn't to speak of this even to you, Geraldine, but I have got into the way of telling you everything. You see, we don't get on together so well, my girls and I; we don't hit it off as I hoped we might do. Katherine has changed greatly—one can't help seeing that—and Sydney is so undemonstrative and cold. I dare say she is affectionate enough, but she doesn't show it; and something is troubling her now, I think, and she doesn't tell me, and there is no confidence between us. So I wish you to stay as long as you can, Geraldine. I really can't spare you at present. Odd that I should talk in this way, but really I should miss you much more than one of my own daughters."

"I wish I were your daughter," said Geraldine.

"So do I. At least—" Then he hesitated for a moment. "At least, I know I am just as fond of you as if you were."

"And I am very fond of you," said Geraldine frankly, "and I shall be sorry to leave you whenever it is to be. You have always been so kind and good to me, and I feel as if I had known you since I was a child. I suppose your being my father's friend makes me feel so, but I don't feel the same to anyone else."

A strange sensation went through Marion's heart as he looked into the girl's face and saw her so beautiful, so affectionate, and so outspoken. "If she really cares for no one—for no young man," he thought, "why should she ever go away? Could she do any better than stay here?"

At the same moment a thought like that was passing through Geraldine's own mind. "He has been better than a brother to me. I am not in love with anybody. I wish I were. Nobody that I care for is likely to be in love with me. If it would make him happy that I should stay with him always, why should I not do so? It would delight my mother, I know. The world begins to be very blank and dreary. I don't care to look far forward. What could I do better than this, if it would please him? What could I do better than devote my life to him?"

Surely some light of the thought that was in both their minds must have passed from the eyes of one to the eyes of the other.

"Do you know what people have been saying of us, Geraldine?" he asked, and he took her hand in his.

She answered No, but she could not keep from blushing.

"They say I am very fond of you, my dear, and that I want to marry you. I don't wonder at their saying it, Geraldine; although it made me angry on your account. Why should a girl like you marry a man like me? You would look for twenty times my merits and half my years; wouldn't you?"

He had taken both her hands in his now, and he looked appealingly into her eyes. There was a moment of silence. He waited patiently. He knew she understood him. She could hardly speak. The tumult in her "fighting soul" was too much for her as yet; and still, she had been expecting this, somehow, for many minutes before Marion's words were spoken. Spoken as they were, and by him, the words were a proposal of marriage.

"You don't answer," Marion said; "you are not angry with me, Geraldine?"

"Oh, no—how could I be angry? Yes, if you would really like it—if it would please you—to have me for your wife, I will marry *you,* Captain Marion, with—with pleasure."

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CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY, W.

A strange, keen pang went through Marion's heart—a mingled joy and pain. Geraldine, then, was willing to marry him, at his age; that beautiful, proud girl! But she did not love him. She would marry him to please him, and also, he was sure, to be free for ever from the importunity of one whom she feared. She did not pretend to love him; she had made her meaning clear enough in the fewest words—if he liked her enough to make her his wife, he might have her. Well, it ought to be happiness to him to have her on any terms. She would make his life happy. His daughters could not make him happy any more. His hopes that way had all gone.

"You are sure that you are quite willing, Geraldine? I don't ask you if you love me; I suppose I have passed the age for being loved——"

"I am very fond of you," Geraldine truly said.

"And you are really willing?"

"I am really willing. I am very grateful."

He pressed her hand to his lips. Somehow, he did not venture to kiss her, although she had promised to be his wife. But Geraldine drew towards him and, her face crimsoning all over, she kissed him. He grew as red as a boy might do.

"My sweet, darling girl!" was all he could say for a moment. Then he told her that he would leave her to herself to think this all over; and he was on the brink of saying that if she found she did not quite like it he would not hold her to her word. But he stopped himself, remembering that this might seem almost an insult to the girl.

"What will your mother say?" he asked.

"She will be glad," Geraldine answered simply.

This was a relief and a joy to Marion. He kept his word, and left Geraldine for the moment. When their conversation was beginning, Marion would have held any man or woman mad who suggested the possibility of its ending as it did—of Geraldine Rowan consenting to be his wife, or, indeed, of his allowing himself to ask her.

Chapter XXVII.

"An' 'twere to give again—but 'tis no matter."

Geraldine sat for a while listless and thoughtful. The excitement of her sudden impulse had gone from her and left her in a condition of mental reaction, almost of collapse. She was not sorry for what she had done. She still felt that it was the right thing to do. In that, as in many other events of her life, she had acted entirely on impulse,

and she had no misgivings as yet about this impulse. It would please Captain Marion, she thought, and make him happy; and what better use could she turn her life to than to make him happy? She saw that he was not happy with his daughters and that he was not likely to be, and at any rate Sydney would probably soon marry and leave him. He was far too young to be left to a lonely life—too young in spirit and heart, at least; too young even in years. It would please her mother, Geraldine thought. Mrs. Rowan looked on Captain Marion as her dearest friend. It was nothing of a sacrifice, for Marion was not really an old man, and Geraldine told herself that she did not feel as young as her years, and life might possibly be a hard struggle enough for her mother and for herself if she did not marry. Then there was the certainty of escaping any further persecution from Montana. The moment it was known that she was engaged to Captain Marion, her soul and spirit would be free from the depressing influence that had seemed of late to be weighing her fatally down. All things considered, she again told herself she had done right, and that she could not but be glad. But how is it with a young woman who has just promised to marry a man, and has to begin to reassure herself that moment, telling her soul that she has done right, that she is certain to be happy, that she has no excuse for repentance or regret?

Geraldine started from her dreamy, depressed mood as a door opened and a servant came in with a card. Why did she turn so red when she looked at the name? Why was she so embarrassed? Why did she get up and go to the window and look away from the servant while hastily saying that the owner of the card was to be admitted to see her? The sudden sensation that passed through Geraldine's heart at the moment brought the first doubt with it. She had never thought of this before; she did not dare to allow her mind to dwell upon it now. But it is certain that a strange sharp pang of regret, and of something like shame, shot through her heart as she took the card in her hand and read the name of "Clement Hope."

Then there came a sudden reaction—a rush of feeling the other way. "I can be so kind and friendly with him now," she said to herself; "I may be as friendly as ever I please, and I can do a great many things to help him and to make him happy, and Captain Marion will assist me." She became confident and courageous again at the thought. "A married woman can do so much that a girl must not attempt to do. I shall make myself ever so useful to him as well as to others. Yes, I have done right. I know now I have done right. I wonder, what will he think? I wonder, will he be glad—will he care

at all? Perhaps I might do something for him with Melissa. But, oh, that's impossible! Melissa is not fit for him any more."

Clement Hope entered the room. Geraldine had not seen him since that sad grey morning when she ran away back into the dismal house where Mr. Varlowe lay dead rather than meet him face to face and look on him while he heard the news that the kind old man had died in his absence.

Clement was more embarrassed than she, which was but natural. He was cruelly conscious of being in love with her, and he was ashamed to think that she must have known of his imaginary passion for Melissa; that perhaps she believed in it still. He began the conversation by talking of the fine weather. Geraldine, however, cut this short very promptly. She received him with a cordiality the most frank and warm. She looked at him with sympathetic eyes. He had grown paler and thinner, she thought, and more like a picture by Andrea del Sarto than ever. They talked for a while ot the Marions, and Mr. Trescoe, and Mr. Aquitaine. Geraldine was at first in doubt whether it was well to speak of Melissa, but it occurred to her that if she said nothing about the girl it might lead Clement to suppose that she knew of his hopeless passion; and so she thought the best thing was to speak of Miss Aquitaine as of anyone else. Clement coloured a little when she first mentioned Melissa, but not for the reason that Geraldine might have supposed.

So far, both he and Geraldine had seemed instinctively to avoid the mention of Montana's name. Geraldine had distinct reasons for wishing to keep that name as much as possible out of her thoughts, and Clement had his reasons, undefined but strong. Still, they could not talk over things in general very long without sooner or later being forced to say something of Montana. Each, after a while, became conscious that both were unwilling to come to the subject, and that it would have to be come to; and the result was that before long they stumbled on it awkwardly.

"Have you seen Mr. Montana of late?" Geraldine asked.

No, Clement said, he had not seen him. "I suppose I ought to go and see him, but I don't know. I don't quite know yet what I mean to do with myself. I must turn to an active life of some kind. You see, Miss Rowan, my father, as I like to call him, brought me up in a way very pleasant to me, but not likely to make a man well fitted for an active career. He was very fond of me; he was only too good and kind to me; and now he is gone, I don't feel as if I were good for much. But I mean to try. I mean to turn to and do something. I shan't hang about the world as I used

to do, thinking I was going to be a poet, or a painter, or an author of some kind, and making no approach to anything. I don't mean to think any more of poetry, or painting, or authorship. I mean to go in for a career of some energy, at all events."

"I thought," she said, "you had made up your mind to throw in your lot with Mr. Montana, and to be one of his helpers in the new colony. That would be a great scheme, wouldn't it?—I mean, if it could be carried out."

"Yes, if it could be carried out," said Clement, speaking each word slowly and with difficulty—"if it could be carried out; but I have been growing rather sceptical lately."

"Only growing sceptical lately?" Geraldine asked.

"Yes, only growing sceptical. I was a great believer in it. You were not, I suppose?" he asked, looking suddenly at her.

"No," Geraldine answered, "I never believed in it, and I never believed in him. Don't think me too womanish in my instincts, and don't think that I am only jumping to conclusions, as men say women always do, but I never had much faith in Mr. Montana. I know you had once; have you now?"

"I wish you hadn't asked me that," Clement said. "I don't like to ask myself. There is no reason in the world why I shouldn't have just as much faith in him now as I ever had, but then——"

"But then—" Geraldine said; "quite so; but then— There it is. I am glad to hear the 'but then,' Mr. Hope—it is the best piece of news I have heard for some time, and indeed I have not heard much that was pleasant lately. I am sincerely glad that you have ceased to put a perfect faith in Mr. Montana."

"I don't know how it is, or why; I haven't any reason. Nothing has happened. He ought to be the same to me. But somehow he is not, and there's an end of it. Something seems to stand between him and me. I dread going to see him. I dread his coming to see me."

"Is that," she asked, "perhaps, because it was owing to him that you were sent out of the house at a wrong time that morning—that dismal, melancholy morning?"

"I don't know," Clement said. "I don't think it is because of that. That may have been the beginning of it. But that surely was no fault of his. It can't be that. But ever since that morning I cannot bring myself to the same feeling for Montana. You will think me very ridiculous, Miss Rowan, but at the present moment my one strong desire is never to see him again."

"Then, why should you see him again?" said Geraldine. "Why

not avoid seeing him? Take my word for it, Mr. Hope, you are better without seeing him. I wish I were never to see him again. I would give a great deal to be able to get away from London and never see him again."

"Shall I tell him what I saw and heard that morning?" she asked of herself. "Would it be right? Would it not be right? I cannot be mistaken. I did hear Montana call that poor old man 'father'; I did hear the old man welcome him as his son." Then again, she thought it better the whole thing should rest, and be as a dream for her. To what end recalling a miserable, torturing question? It could but make Clement unhappy. If he needed to be warned against Montana, there might be good reason; now it would be only to distract and distress him for nothing.

"But I haven't come to pay you a mere formal call," Clement suddenly said. "I want to tell you what I am going to do." Then he went to work and explained his plans. Geraldine listened with an interest which kindled as he went along. Soon she became thoroughly absorbed in his projects, and delighted with the spirit in which they were conceived. This was exactly what she would have him to do. With all her dislike and mistrust of Montana, there had always been a certain fascination about his scheme, even for her. It seemed so noble in its purpose, and at the same time so practical in its beneficence; and now it was especially charming to her to find an idea of the same kind taken up by Clement in a sort of rivalry. She not only wished him success; she felt sure that he must succeed. She saw him in a new light. All the half-sensuous languor of his character seemed to have gone, and he had become a strong, brave, enterprising young man, with the loftiest purposes and the most resolute determination. She wondered how she could ever have so misread his character as not to see from the first the courage, earnestness, and purpose that were in him. Then she began to ask herself whether, after all, she ever did misread him, and whether, even from the first, she had not had the same impression, that he was made for something much better than to play spaniel to the whims and pretty humours of a girl like Melissa Aquitaine.

"This is the reason," she kept saying to herself, "why I always thought him too good for her. I knew there was much more in him than he showed on the surface. I knew that he was made for something better than to waste his time over amateur efforts at poetry and art."

She began to feel proud of him now, and proud of her own friendship for him, and of the evident sincerity of his friendship for

her. Clement, for his part, was delighted beyond measure at the interest she showed in his plans and the sympathy she gave to his ambition. He felt happy beyond expression. Every word she spoke was so kind, so sympathetic, so tender in its interest, that the poor youth felt his head quite turned with wonder and delight. A new world was opening upon him out of the ruins of his old world. The light that fell upon his path seemed all roseate and divine.

"Be sure," Geraldine said, "you don't do anything in this without coming to me and telling me of it first. We must talk over everything together. I am sure I can help you—I mean," she added hastily, "we can help you;" for what she was thinking of was that Marion would, for Clement's sake and for her sake, withdraw his interest from Montana's scheme, and give it all to Clement.

Need it be said that Clement readily promised to consult her in everything?

Geraldine was growing buoyantly happy for the moment as they sat and talked. It delighted her to think that now she could openly assist Clement's plans and be his avowed friend. Now that her own destiny was settled, no misunderstanding could come of any friendship, however frank, that she might express for the young man. She would be able to withdraw the sympathies of Marion altogether from Montana. Clement Hope, Marion, and herself all rescued at once from Montana's influence,—this indeed, she thought, would be a bright change.

Wild and wilder hopes were meanwhile surging up in Clement's mind. Her emphatic kindliness, her almost tender expressions of sympathy, were utterly misunderstood by him. Already in fancy he saw Geraldine Rowan the partner of all his purposes and his schemes. He saw a bright future with him and her together, and all the rest of the world standing apart. He saw a shining path, along which they two were to walk arm in arm and heart in heart. But that he thought it would be premature, and in his peculiar position unseemly, he felt inclined then and there to make open love to the girl and to claim her love in return. But he dared not venture on this just yet. "It will come," he told himself in rapture; "it is sure to come. It has almost come already." He was very happy. When he was going away, she pressed his hand with a warm and almost affectionate pressure. That meant on her part, "I may be openly your friend now, for I never can be anything else." To him it seemed to say, "Trust me; I shall be with you always." So he went away in a tumult of hope and delight, and she stole to her bedroom and shut herself in there and sat for a while in thought, and found that in

spite of herself tears had come into her eyes. They were not tears of mere unhappiness. She did not repent of what she had done, now that she had seen Clement. On the contrary, his visit strengthened her in the conviction that she had done right. What though he was a generous and noble young man, with a high purpose and force of character—a young man that any girl might love and be proud of loving? His heart was gone; it was given away—thrown away on a girl who cared nothing for him, and who was not worthy of him. Poor Clement! he loved Melissa Aquitaine so deeply and hopelessly still; and he was determined to struggle with that futile love like a man, and go out into the great thrilling world of enterprise and do something worthy of a man. So Geraldine kept saying to herself, and so she believed; and it was for this reason that she felt more convinced than ever that she had done right in consenting to marry Captain Marion.

Meantime, Captain Marion himself was not perhaps so entirely happy as one ought to be who is about to renew his youth in the sweetness of a romantic marriage. He did not like having to talk about his intended marriage to anyone. He dreaded having to make such a communication to his daughters. He was in a bewilderment of joy and hope and doubt. "What will people say?" he could not help asking himself. Would they talk of May and December? Would they say much about his age? Would anyone remark that there was no fool like an old fool? A painful memory of some scenes in Molière's "Mariage Forcé" came into his mind. He thought of the elderly lover in that masterpiece of grim sardonic humour. He wondered whether in some people's eyes he might not look a little like the hero of the play; but he thought, "At all events, nobody can say that Geraldine is like the heroine." He dreaded the pert commentary of his daughter Katherine, and her complacent declarations that it only proved that she had been right from the beginning. He dreaded Sydney's cold and complaining looks. He wondered what Aquitaine would say and what Montana would think. He had acted wholly upon impulse, exactly as Geraldine had done for her part. But somehow, the surrender to impulse which seems touching, engaging, and even noble, on the part of a woman, looks only feeble and foolish in a man. Captain Marion was not a strong man in any sense. There was a good deal of the feminine in his sweet and sunny temperament. When his talk with Geraldine began, he had not had the faintest notion of where it was to lead; and in all probability, but for Katherine Trescoe's previous suggestion, it never would have led whither it did. He was drawn on

step by step. He saw that Geraldine was perplexed and unhappy, with, perhaps, a dreary life spreading out before her.

He felt that he could not lose her society without a great sense of sacrifice, and he thought on the whole it would be better for him and for her that they should not part, and thus he was led to his offer, which, perhaps to his surprise, she so readily accepted. He knew very well she did not love him, and he had even yet good sense enough left to know that at his age he was not likely to be the object of a girl's love. Sometimes he told himself, as Othello does, that his decline into the vale of years was not much. He was still, in a certain limited sense, a comparatively young man—for a middle-aged man. Victor Hugo prefers fifty years to forty, on the ground that fifty is the youth of old age, whereas forty is the old age of youth. Captain Marion was still fairly in the youth of old age, and it was not yet out of the nature of things that a woman might be found who, taking him all round, would think him worth falling in love with. But it was not likely that a girl of Geraldine Rowan's youth and brilliancy and vivid temperament should fall in love with a gentleman of his years, with whom she had been living almost like a daughter for months back. At all events, it was certain that she was not in love with him—did not profess or pretend to be. She liked him enough to be willing to marry him, and that was all. He was in doubtful and troubled mood for all his happiness, and had to tell himself that he had done the right thing, and that he was perfectly happy, in order to be quite assured on both subjects. To one person he made up his mind the news must be told at once. He would let Montana know of what had happened without delay, for Geraldine's sake and for Montana's own sake. It must be made known that Geraldine was open to no further love-making on the part of anyone. Captain Marion would put that to Montana in clear, firm, and kindly words, and Geraldine would be relieved from any further unwelcome pressure. On that point Marion felt no hesitation or fear. He did not mind facing Montana or any man on that or any other subject. He was afraid of Katherine and afraid of Sydney, but the lords of creation had no terrors for him.

Chapter XXVIII.

JUPITER AND SEMELE.

The season was drawing to a close. The path of the comet was nearly traced. Montana now had set his mind on nothing better than an honourable retreat, a brilliant going-out, a departure in something like effulgence, leaving a noble afterglow behind it. He could see plainly enough that the interest and the excitement about him were not to be kept up much longer. By the time the next season came, even if he were in England—and he had determined not to be in England—some new hero of the hour would have been found, some new question in science, or theology, or economics, or spiritualism would engage the attention of the world. He felt satisfied that he had done the best he could, and all he could. He was not displeased, on the whole, with the part he had played; only, he wanted to leave the stage with the applause of the spectators, and to remain a distinct and gracious memory in their minds. Even this he began to see would require some tact and some courage to accomplish.

Many things were against him. He had done nothing whatever to advance the great enterprise in the name of which he had come from the New World to the Old. He had hardly bestowed a thought upon it during his London season. It had never had shape enough to make it necessary for him to think much about it. It was a cloud floating in cloudland, and seemed to be growing smaller and vaguer, not larger and more compact, as the time went on. Now that he was compelled to make up his mind and to turn his thoughts to it, and that the hour had come when he must decide whether he would go on or abandon the project, it seemed clear to him that it was unmanageable, for the present at least, and that some means must be found for releasing him from the discredit of having tried and failed. Half-fanatic and half-playactor as he had been from the first, his mind was as much set on keeping up the illusion about himself and leaving fame and credit behind him among those he knew in London, as if that fame and credit were a substance in themselves, or could, under such conditions, be anything better than firework and jugglery.

He was anxious now that the plot, whatever it were, against him should explode at once. He wanted to have the thing out and be done with it. He did not feel much fear of the result. There was no evidence he could think of which could possibly convict him of any deception. He had only to stand fast and keep composed,

as he was pretty sure to do, maintaining that he was what he said he was, and nothing else, and it seemed absolutely impossible that anyone could confute him. He knew he would have believers always, even in the teeth of very strong substantial evidence, and did not see how such strong substantial evidence could possibly be obtained.

Once that explosion was over, he would be free to go back to America; and before that came, he could not stir. He was much perplexed at the time by the incessant visits and importunities of poor Matthew Starr. Starr came to him or wrote to him almost every day, entreating to know how the great scheme was going on, where in America they were to pitch their tents, and when they were to start for the new home. Starr was made miserable and impatient by the misery and impatience of his daughter, who was eating her heart out with querulousness, and was making him eat his heart out too. He watched over the girl with a sickening terror day and night. He was afraid that at last she would cease to believe in Montana and his great new world, and in her despair would fling herself back to her old life, and leave her father.

Sometimes the old man's impatience took the form of vehement doubt, and he came and challenged and questioned Montana as though he were some wild inquisitor endeavouring to extort confession from a prejudged culprit. It took all Montana's composure and patience and temper to be able to bear with the rough old Chartist. There were times when Starr went so far as to threaten Montana that some terrible judgment would come on him if he had deceived poor men and women, and if the great scheme was not to go forward after all.

"Look here, Mr. Montana," he said once, fiercely striking his fist on Montana's table; "I have set my heart on this, and I have staked my daughter's soul on it, and if we are to be deceived in this, by God, I'll go mad, and I'll do something dreadful—I know I shall. But you can't be deceiving me; you are not deceiving me. Oh, do tell us when this is to come off."

Montana could only reassure him in the old words, which were evidently beginning to lose their influence, and this sort of thing had to be gone through many times in the course of a week. Montana wrote to Mr. Aquitaine a friendly half-apologetic letter, in which, without coming directly to the question of poor Melissa's escapade, he expressed his earnest wish that Aquitaine should believe him free of any responsibility for what had happened; and Aquitaine wrote to him again, a cold, sad letter, in which he said he could attach no blame to Montana, but only wished they had never met.

One thing Montana was determined on—it should not be his fault if he did not carry Geraldine with him when he returned to America. He had set his heart on this, and he believed he could accomplish it. If he should succeed in that, his time in London would not have been lost. There would be a sensation of success about the visit, let it end as it otherwise might. In most other ways he was beginning to feel that failure threatened him. He really had of late grown to be passionate in his love for the girl and his desire to conquer her affection. He had resolved that he would appeal to her confidence, tell her everything she cared to know about him, persuade her that he had a high deliberate motive for everything he did, and endeavour thus to win her respect for his steady purpose and his strength of will. This resolve of his was made partly in obedience to impulse—the sudden strange impulse of a lonely man to take some one into his confidence; and partly, too, it was founded on that calculation of which we have spoken already—the calculation that a girl like Geraldine Rowan was to be subdued only by some one who should show a strength of will before which any purpose of hers must bend. He would prove to the girl that he was made to be the master of her will, that she could not escape from him. Besides, when he had told her all, he need care nothing about Trescoe's investigations. Geraldine, in his confidence, would be with him, and not against him. What woman is ungrateful to the man who trusts her with all his secrets?

The first moment when Montana saw Geraldine on the deck of the steamer in New York Bay, he was drawn to her in a manner strange to him—indeed, unknown to him before. She had from that moment a profound interest for him which grew and grew every day. He spoke but the truth when he said that from the moment when he first saw her he was determined, if he could, to have her for his wife. In all his varied career, he had not felt like this to any woman before. Geraldine was a strange disturbing element in his calculations, distracting the arrangements of his life. He had not counted on anything like this. He thought he could move about amongst men and women as if they were some inanimate instruments of his purposes. He had never thought of the possibility of some influence coming in on him to disturb his plans and projects. He had been loved by so many women without loving them in return that the possibility of his falling in love had not lately entered his mind. Now that the possibility had become a reality, it filled him with a strange blending of delight and vexation. He was angry with himself sometimes at the thought that the attraction of a woman could thus disturb and distract him; and yet, at the same time, the novelty of the sensation

brought a curious joy that penetrated his soul, and made him feel as if he were renewing his youth. So he resolved that he would go and see Geraldine, and bring her to a decision, and he scarcely doubted that the decision would be as he wished it. He was filled beforehand with the assurance of success. That success would repay him for failure of any other kind. It would open a new life to him. Why, he asked himself, should he not give up all his plans and schemes, his futile ambition to govern the minds and careers of men, his idle wish to stand alone and apart upon a pinnacle above the crowd? Why should he care any longer to be the comet of a season?

The memory came back upon him of the time when he had heard those words quoted long ago in the northern city. He remembered the loving tender admiration which strove to turn his ambition away from the mere desire to blaze the comet of a season. Would it not have been better if he had taken the lesson then? Life, after all, had since that time been but an empty, lonely kind of work for him. But in the depths of his heart he was glad he now was free, and could ask Geraldine Rowan to marry him. Why should he not live happily, quietly, with her, and begin for the first time to find enjoyment and peace in life? He began to grow almost sentimental. His mood was idyllic. The future looked flowery and bright and serene. Strange that at the very same moment Geraldine Rowan, herself full of dejection and perplexity, was filling the minds of two men with the happy conviction that she was made by Providence for them! Led by this thought, Montana was setting forth on his mission when a letter from Captain Marion was put into his hands which sent a thrill through him. He read it again and again before he had satisfied himself that he fully understood its meaning. But there it was, clear as written language could make it—Geraldine Rowan was engaged to marry Captain Marion; and Captain Marion said, in friendly but firm words, that any further visits from Montana would be unwelcome to her.

When the moment came to do anything, Montana was not a man to hesitate. He went to Marion's house at once and asked to see Miss Rowan. He bade the maid not to tell Miss Rowan who it was that wanted her; but merely to say that she was wanted. His quiet subduing manner was irresistible, and the woman obeyed him without a word or a doubt. Geraldine was simply told that some one wanted to speak to her in the drawing-room, and she came down not thinking of anything in particular. She was, for a moment, almost alarmed when she saw Montana, and her eyes met his. She

knew that he had heard of what had happened. She had to compel her courage to stand by her.

"Is this true that I hear of you?" Montana asked abruptly.

Most other women would probably have avoided the question by asking, "What do you hear about me?" but Geraldine did not care to affect not to understand him.

"It is true," she said coldly.

"Why have you done it?" he asked. "What mad impulse could have possessed you? You are making your life unhappy."

"No," she answered, "I am not making my life unhappy. I don't think I should much mind if I were, so long as I had the sense of trying to make somebody else happy. But I shall not be unhappy. I shall be well content."

"You, with your youth and your beauty and your high principles, are you really going to sacrifice yourself in that way? Somebody ought to interfere who has authority over you. It is shocking. It is shameful of Marion. I did not think he could have done it."

"Because he is so much older than I?" Geraldine asked bitterly.

"Yes; that for one reason," he said. "He is too much older than you. You look at me; but I am a good deal younger than Marion, and I had something to offer which he never could have. Life would have been worth having with me."

"Life will be worth having with him. He will be kind and loving to me, and I shall be loving and devoted to him."

"But you cannot feel love for him, for a man of his years, with grown-up daughters as old as you—older than you, for anything I know. It is impossible. There is nothing in him to deserve a young woman's love. It is monstrous. You trample on every true principle by such an arrangement. It is only an arrangement. What on earth has driven you to such a step?"

"You have driven me to it," she said, "if you want to know the truth—you, and nobody else. You persecuted me. You told me that you would not cease to persecute me; and more than that, you made me afraid that my own will was not free. You always told me so. You told me you would never let me go. Well, I was glad to find any way of breaking through such servitude as that. I would rather be dead than be married to you, Mr. Montana: you can easily think how much rather I would live and be married to Captain Marion, for whom I have affection—yes, true affection. If you are really sorry for me, blame yourself. You are the cause."

"This can be undone; it is not too late."

"No," Geraldine firmly said, "it shall not be undone by me or by anyone for me. It should not be undone, if there were no other reason, so long as you were on this side of the Atlantic. You have destroyed my life, Mr. Montana, if that is any good to you."

This might have seemed a little inconsistent, if Montana had been in a mood for noticing inconsistency. Just a moment before the girl had said that she would be perfectly happy, and that she looked forward with full contentment to her life in the future. Now she spoke of her life as destroyed, and by him. There could be little doubt from the tone of her voice which sentiment more truly expressed what she felt.

Montana was touched by her pathetic, half-unconscious expression. "Is that true?" he asked gravely. "Have I really been the cause of your destroying your life in this way? Have I been so fatal to you?"

"You have," Geraldine answered sadly; "you have been fatal to me, and I think to everyone else you came near—here, at all events. You have wrecked the happiness of all our group. We were very happy and fond and bound together till you came, and now there is nothing but disunion and distrust and bitterness. Don't think about me; think about others who are far greater sufferers. I am content, on the whole. I shall be happy enough."

"You said this moment that your life was destroyed; and I think you spoke the truth. I think your life is destroyed. I hate to think of the prospect before you. Poor girl! so young and so charming, and so utterly thrown away! Who would not feel sorry for you? I did not think the fate of any woman could trouble me so much; and indeed, if I am the cause of it in any way whatever, I am sorry for it."

"Why did you persecute me?" she asked vehemently.

"Because I thought so much of you," he said. "Because I saw in you what I saw in no other woman; and because I loved you as truly and as deeply as I could love anybody, or ever could; and because I thought you would be a prize to have."

"Yes," Geraldine interrupted him, "because you thought that I would be a prize to have! I don't know why you thought that, or what prize I could be to anyone. But you thought so, and that was the reason why you persecuted me. It was not love for me. I don't believe it; I never did. It was because I showed that I had no trust in you, and because I kept away from you, and you were determined to conquer and to have your way. It was your own vanity all the time, Mr. Montana, and not any love for me. I could forgive it, I could excuse it, if I thought it was even selfish love for me. But it was

not—it was love for yourself; it was vanity—vanity that is in every word you say and every thing you do. You have made my life a sacrifice to your vanity as you have made others, and you will have to sacrifice yourself to it in the end."

Montana never before admired her so much as now, when she was declaiming against him with unwonted energy and passion, and with all the eloquence which emotion lends to impulsive women. After all, there was a sort of complacent satisfaction in the thought that, if she was sacrificing herself to Captain Marion, it was not for Captain Marion's sake, but only because she dreaded Montana's too fatal influence. She was escaping from him like some classical nymph escaping from a pursuing divinity, and rushing she knew not whither. Yes; there was a certain gratification to Montana's vanity in the thought, and out of satisfied vanity perhaps he became more kindly towards her and more anxious to do something that might soften her.

"Is there anything," he said, "I can do by way of atonement—supposing this wretched, cruel bargain is to be carried out?"

"Only one thing," she said, "you could possibly do for me."

"What is that?" he asked eagerly.

"Go away from me, and let me not see you any more."

He turned upon her. "You talk of suffering, and yet you seem to have no feeling whatever for my suffering in all this. Do you think it is nothing for me to have striven for you and to have lost you? Do you think it is nothing for me to see you given over to one who is entirely below your level; who, good and kind creature though he is, is absurdly unworthy of you? Do you think the very failure is nothing to me? Do you think I don't feel this, Geraldine? If your life is destroyed, so is mine. I care nothing about that. I am too deeply disappointed. You are the only woman for whom I ever really cared in all my life, and you have turned against me; and now you tell me that the only thing I can do for you is never to see you again!"

"Think of others," she said vehemently, "to whom you have done still more wrong."

"What others?" Montana asked. "You don't mean poor Melissa Aquitaine? If she is unhappy, you know I had no part in that. You know, and nobody knows so well as you, that I was not to blame. Don't be unjust to me, Geraldine."

"If you had not come near us she would be happy."

For a moment Montana felt as if he were restored to the very best and purest days of his youth—to the days when, mingling in

with all manner of personal aims and schemes and dreams for his own advancement and greatness, there was still some silver thread of devotion to the higher principles of honour and purity and love. It seemed for a time as if this sense had come back to him, and as if, after all, success in the world, and notoriety or fame or whatever it might be, were things not so satisfying to the soul as the conviction that one has done a generous deed.

He was really touched by Geraldine's unhappiness and by her resolve not to withdraw from the burden she had brought upon herself.

"I wish I had seen you earlier, Geraldine," he said, "if that could have been possible. I wish I had known you when I was a young man, and that you could have been young then or that I were young now, and beginning all over again. I think you are a woman with whom an ambitious man might have gone on honourably and well, and not have failed in his ambition either. I am sorry to see you throw yourself away, and I am sorry, deeply sorry, if it is my fault."

"You will soon forget me," Geraldine said. "This mood won't last long. You will return to your own schemes and your own ambitions, and you will think very little of me."

"I shall never forget you. Do not mistake me, Geraldine. I mean what I say now. I feel it. I am not really the kind of hypocrite you believe me to be. I have a destiny, and I must fulfil it."

Geraldine smiled sadly, and shook her head. "I don't believe in destiny," she said.

"Well, well," Montana answered, "we'll not argue about that, Geraldine. I have a way appointed me, and I mean to tread it. But one may stop on the way and grieve for some one whom he sees in distress. So I feel for you. I pray for your forgiveness; and I will do something that you will be pleased with. I am going to do it now, and to stand by it, just as you stand by what you have done."

He held his hand out. She gave him hers. Before she could withdraw it he had raised it to his lips respectfully, and with a not obtrusive suggestion of tenderness and melancholy. Then he left her, and she wondered what it was that he was going to do which was to please her.

Montana met Melissa's maid on the stairs. He knew the girl very well by sight.

"Is Miss Aquitaine in?" he asked.

Yes, Miss Aquitaine was in; she was in the library.

"Can I see her?" Then he stopped, and said, "No; don't announce me. I will go and see her myself."

He went to the library and opened the door without knocking, and he saw Melissa seated on the library steps. She had evidently had a book in her hand, but it had fallen to the floor, and lay there on its face with outspread covers.

Melissa looked up when she heard the sound of the opening door. She turned crimson at sight of Montana. He went straight to her without saying a word until he had come close beside her, and he took her by both hands as she rose.

"Melissa," he said, "I have come to ask you something. You told me before that you cared for me and would be willing to join your fate with mine. I have come now to ask you, Will you marry me and go out to America with me? If you say you will, I will write to your father at once. I think he will not refuse his consent."

Melissa's heart beat with wild surprise, with joy and hope, and with fear as well. She looked wistfully into his face. It was not the face of a lover. It was the face of one who feels compassion, and who thinks he is performing a duty. But after all the poor little girl never expected to find a lover in him; that she had always known to be quite out of the question. She would as soon have expected that some mythological deity should come down from the clouds of sunset and offer himself as her lover. It would be happiness and heaven, she thought, to take Montana on any terms, to be tied a captive to the chariot-wheel of his fortunes. And yet there was in her nature, with all its passionate impulse and its weakness and its whim, something womanly enough to make her blush and shrink back from the thought of being thus taken on sufferance and out of pity.

"Oh, Mr. Montana," she murmured, "this is too much. I did not expect this. I'm not prepared for it; and I am not worthy of you, or fit for you. I know it. You ought to marry somebody else. You ought to marry——" Then she stopped, and set her little teeth firmly, and got out the words with great difficulty, "You ought to marry Geraldine Rowan."

Some tremor, however slight, must have passed over Montana's face, for Melissa said at once, "And you would have married her, perhaps, but she would not? Yes, she is a strange, odd girl; proud, and not miserable and abject like me. She would not marry you, and so you have come to me? Is that true, Mr. Montana?"

"It is true," Montana said, "since you ask me. I will not conceal it. There is a great deal about Geraldine Rowan that I always thought would make her well suited for me and for my purposes. But I did not conceal this from you before, Melissa, and I don't know why you should mind it now. You told me that you cared about me at a time when you must have known this, and why shouldn't you care about me still? All I can say is, that if you will marry me I shall be glad of it; and I shall be proud of it too, Melissa," he added; "any man might well be proud of such devotion as yours. You risked a great deal to do me some good. Why may I not show that I am grateful? This is the only way in which I can show it, and so I ask you, Will you marry me, Melissa?"

Melissa did not answer for a moment. Passionate conflicting thoughts were struggling within her. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I wish I had the courage and the spirit to refuse you, Mr. Montana. It is beggarly in a girl to give herself on such terms. You only take me out of compassion. But I haven't the courage and I haven't the spirit. I am broken down. I have lost all spirit. Everyone despises me. I feel like a miserable prisoner in this house. I hate life here, and I long to drown myself. I have often, ever so often, thought of killing myself. Why should not I take your offer, since you are good enough and generous enough to say you will save me from this misery and shame?"

He took both her hands in his again and drew her towards him, and, stooping down, kissed her, not on the lips—Melissa noticed that even then—but on the forehead.

"That is well," he said in his composed, almost chill way. "You have shown me how to better my own life, Melissa, and I will try to make you happy. I will write to Mr. Aquitaine to-day. He will consent, I am sure."

"He will consent," Melissa said, looking shamefacedly down. "After all that has passed, how could he refuse? If he does refuse, and this is not to be, I will get out of the scrape of living somehow."

"No need of that," Montana said encouragingly. "I will write to Mr. Aquitaine at once. It will all come right."

"Sometimes I think things never will come right with me again in life, and that the hour would be best for me which brought it all to an end. But, as you are so good and kind to me, I must not think so any more."

"No," Montana said; "you must not have gloomy thoughts any more, Melissa. You will be happy."

After a while he left her and went out of the house, looking anything but like a happy lover whose hopes have been crowned by the loved one's promise. His face was even more than usually melancholy in its expression. But he went out of the house not regretting anything that he had done. He was determined to stand up with something of the character and appearance of a hero in the eyes of Geraldine Rowan. For the present all his thoughts and purposes were centred on that desire. She should not think of him as merely deceitful and selfish. If the career of a comet of a season was to close, it should at least close upon her eyes with something of a blaze of light. Montana was always contemplating himself in some statuesque and heroic attitude. He loved to feed his soul on such contemplation. This time, on the whole, he was well content. He saw himself as he hoped he must appear to Geraldine Rowan—a self-sacrificing, noble, almost godlike person, stooping from his ethereal height to lift up and cherish some poor flower he had trodden by the way as he passed.

(*To be continued.*)

THE STATUE OF VICTOR HUGO.

1.

SINCE in Athens God stood plain for adoration,
Since the sun beheld his likeness reared in stone,
Since the bronze or gold of human consecration
Gave to Greece her guardian's form and feature shown,
Never hand of sculptor, never heart of nation,
Found so glorious aim in all these ages flown
As is theirs who rear for all time's acclamation
Here the likeness of our mightiest and their own.

2.

Theirs and ours and all men's living who behold him
Crowned with garlands multiform and manifold ;
Praise and thanksgiving of all mankind enfold him
Who for all men casts abroad his gifts of gold.
With the gods of song have all men's tongues enrolled him,
With the helpful gods have all men's hearts enrolled :
Ours he is who love him, ours whose hearts' hearts hold him
Fast as his the trust that hearts like his may hold.

3.

He, the heart most high, the spirit on earth most blameless,
Takes in charge all spirits, holds all hearts in trust :
As the sea-wind's on the sea his ways are tameless,
As the laws that steer the world his works are just.
All most noble feel him nobler, all most shameless
Feel his wrath and scorn make pale their pride and lust :
All most poor and lowliest, all whose wrongs were nameless,
Feel his word of comfort raise them from the dust.

4.

Pride of place and lust of empire bloody-fruited
Knew the blasting of his breath on leaf and fruit :
Now the hand that smote the death-tree now disrooted
Plants the refuge-tree that has man's hope for root.

Ah, but we by whom his darkness was saluted,
How shall now all we that see his day salute?
How should love not seem by love's own speech confuted,
Song before the sovereign singer not be mute?

5.

With what worship, by what blessing, in what measure,
May we sing of him, salute him, or adore,
With what hymn for praise, what thanksgiving for pleasure,
Who had given us more than heaven, and gives us more?
Heaven's whole treasury, filled up full with night's whole treasure,
Holds not so divine or deep a starry store
As the soul supreme that deals forth worlds at leisure
Clothed with light and darkness, dense with flower and ore.

6.

Song had touched the bourn: fresh verses overflow it,
Loud and radiant, waves on waves on waves that throng;
Still the tide grows, and the sea-mark still below it
Sinks and shifts and rises, changed and swept along.
Rose it like a rock? the waters overthrow it,
And another stands beyond them sheer and strong:
Goal by goal pays down its prize, and yields its poet
Tribute claimed of triumph, palm achieved of song.

7.

Since his hand that holds the keys of fear and wonder
Opened on the high-priest's dreaming eyes a door
Whence the lights of heaven and hell above and under
Shone, and smote the face that men bow down before,
Thrice again one singer's note had cloven in sunder
Night, who blows again not one blast now but four,
And the fourfold heaven is kindled with his thunder,
And the stars about his forehead are fourscore.

8.

From the deep soul's depths where alway love abounded
First had risen a song with healing on its wings
Whence the dews of mercy raining balms unbounded
Shed their last compassion even on sceptred things.[1]

[1] *La Pitié Suprême.* 1879.

Even on heads that like a curse the crown surrounded
Fell his crowning pity, soft as cleansing springs;
And the sweet last note his wrath relenting sounded
Bade men's hearts be melted not for slaves but kings.

9.

Next, that faith might strengthen fear and love embolden,
On the creeds of priests a scourge of sunbeams fell:
And its flash made bare the deeps of heaven, beholden
Not of men that cry, Lord, Lord, from church or cell.[1]
Hope as young as dawn from night obscure and olden
Rose again, such power abides in truth's one spell:
Night, if dawn it be that touches her, grows golden;
Tears, if such as angels weep, extinguish hell.

10.

Through the blind loud mills of barren blear-eyed learning
Where in dust and darkness children's foreheads bow,
While men's labour, vain as wind or water turning
Wheels and sails of dreams, makes life a leafless bough,
Fell the light of scorn and pity touched with yearning,
Next, from words that shone as heaven's own kindling brow.[2]
Stars were these as watch-fires on the world's waste burning,
Stars that fade not in the fourfold sunrise now.[3]

11.

Now the voice that faints not till all wrongs be wroken
Sounds as might the sun's song from the morning's breast,
All the seals of silence sealed of night are broken,
All the winds that bear the fourfold word are blest.
All the keen fierce east flames forth one fiery token;
All the north is loud with life that knows not rest,
All the south with song as though the stars had spoken;
All the judgment-fire of sunset scathes the west.

12.

Sound of pæan, roll of chanted panegyric,
Though by Pindar's mouth song's trumpet spake forth praise,
March of warrior songs in Pythian mood or Pyrrhic,
Though the blast were blown by lips of ancient days,

[1] *Religions et Religion.* 1880. [2] *L'Ane.* 1880.
[3] *Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit.* I. *Le Livre satirique.* II. *Le Livre dramatique.* III. *Le Livre lyrique.* IV. *Le Livre épique.* 1881.

Ring not clearer than the clarion of satiric
Song whose breath sweeps bare the plague-infected ways
Till the world be pure as heaven is for the lyric
Sun to rise up clothed with radiant sounds as rays.

13.

Clear across the cloud-rack fluctuant and erratic
As the strong star smiles that lets no mourner mourn,
Hymned alike from lips of Lesbian choirs or Attic
Once at evensong and morning newly born,
Clear and sure above the changes of dramatic
Tide and current, soft with love and keen with scorn,
Smiles the strong sweet soul of maidenhood, ecstatic
And inviolate as the red glad mouth of morn.

14.

Pure and passionate as dawn, whose apparition
Thrills with fire from heaven the wheels of hours that whirl,
Rose and passed her radiance in serene transition
From his eyes who sought a grain and found a pearl.
But the food by cunning hope for vain fruition
Lightly stolen away from keeping of a churl
Left the bitterness of death and hope's perdition
On the lip that scorn was wont for shame to curl.[1]

15.

Over waves that darken round the wave-worn rover
Rang his clarion higher than winds cried round the ship,
Rose a pageant of set suns and storms blown over,
Hands that held life's guerdons fast or let them slip.
But no tongue may tell, no thanksgiving discover,
Half the heaven of blessing, soft with clouds that drip,
Keen with beams that kindle, dear as love to lover,
Opening by the spell's strength on his lyric lip.

16.

By that spell the soul transfigured and dilated
Puts forth wings that widen, breathes a brightening air,
Feeds on light and drinks of music, whence elated
All her sense grows godlike, seeing all depths made bare,

[1] *Les Deux Trouvailles de Gallus.* I. *Margarita, comédie.* II. *Esca, drame.*

All the mists wherein before she sat belated
Shrink, till now the sunlight knows not if they were;
All this earth transformed is Eden recreated,
With the breath of heaven remurmuring in her hair.

17.

Sweeter far than aught of sweet that April nurses
Deep in dew-dropt woodland folded fast and furled
Breathes the fragrant song whose burning dawn disperses
Darkness, like the surge of armies backward hurled,
Even as though the touch of spring's own hand, that pierces
Earth with life's delight, had hidden in the impearled
Golden bells and buds and petals of his verses
All the breath of all the flowers in all the world.

18.

But the soul therein, the light that our souls follow,
Fires and fills the song with more of prophet's pride,
More of life than all the gulfs of death may swallow,
More of flame than all the might of night may hide.
Though the whole dark age were loud and void and hollow,
Strength of trust were here, and help for all souls tried,
And a token from the flight of that strange swallow [1]
Whose migration still is toward the wintry side.

19.

Never came such token for divine solution
From the oraculous live darkness whence of yore
Ancient faith sought word of help and retribution,
Truth to lighten doubt, a sign to go before.
Never so baptismal waters of ablution
Bathed the brows of exile on so stern a shore,
Where the lightnings of the sea of revolution
Flashed across them ere its thunders yet might roar.

20.

By the lightning's light of present revelation
Shewn, with epic thunder as from skies that frown,
Clothed in darkness as of darkling expiation,
Rose a vision of dead stars and suns gone down,

[1] Je suis une hirondelle étrange, car j'émigre
Du côté de l'hiver.
Le Livre Lyrique, i. iii.

Whence of old fierce fire devoured the star-struck nation,
Till its wrath and woe lit red the raging town,
Now made glorious with his statue's crowning station,
Where may never gleam again a viler crown.

21.

King, with time for throne and all the years for pages,
He shall reign though all thrones else be overhurled,
Served of souls that have his living words for wages,
Crowned of heaven each dawn that leaves his brows impearled:
Girt about with robes unrent of storm that rages,
Robes not wrought with hands, from no loom's weft unfurled;
All the praise of all earth's tongues in all earth's ages,
All the love of all men's hearts in all the world.

22.

Yet what hand shall carve the soul or cast the spirit,
Mould the face of fame, bid glory's feature glow?
Who bequeath for eyes of ages hence to inherit
Him, the Master, whom love knows not if it know?
Scarcely perfect praise of men man's work might merit,
Scarcely bid such aim to perfect stature grow,
Were his hand the hand of Phidias who shall rear it,
And his soul the very soul of Angelo.

23.

Michael, awful angel of the world's last session,
Once on earth, like him, with fire of suffering tried,
Thine it were, if man's it were, without transgression,
Thine alone, to take this toil upon thy pride.
Thine, whose heart was great against the world's oppression,
Even as his whose word is lamp and staff and guide:
Advocate for man, untired of intercession,
Pleads his voice for slaves whose lords his voice defied.

24.

Earth, with all the kings and thralls on earth, below it,
Heaven alone, with all the worlds in heaven, above,
Let his likeness rise for suns and stars to know it,
High for men to worship, plain for men to love:

Brow that braved the tides which fain would overflow it,
Lip that gave the challenge, hand that flung the glove;
Comforter and prophet, Paraclete and poet,
Soul whose emblems are an eagle and a dove.

25.

Sun, that hast not seen a loftier head wax hoary,
Earth, which hast not shown the sun a nobler birth,
Time, that hast not on thy scroll defiled and gory
One man's name writ brighter in its whole wide girth,
Witness, till the final years fulfil their story,
Till the stars break off the music of their mirth,
What among the sons of men was this man's glory,
What the vesture of his soul revealed on earth.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

June 1881.

OCEAN TRAVELLING.

THE comforts and luxuries introduced into travelling on land are so often said or sung, that we are in danger of not doing full justice to the wonderful improvements made and making in ocean travelling. However wealthy and well-intentioned a modern steamship company may be, the association is not yet incorporated which can guarantee to the passenger immunity from an evil which may be passed lightly over at present, but which will certainly suggest itself to many readers, and prompt them to regard ironically any attempt to show that an ocean voyage can under any circumstances be luxurious, comfortable, or barely tolerable. Yet it must be admitted that the proprietors of the main lines of ocean steamers have done wonders in alleviating the discomforts of life on ship-board and making their vessels, as nearly as they can be made, floating hotels. A brief description of a recent voyage from Sydney will enable the traveller who remembers it in a sailing ship, or in the steamers which did good service in their day as the pioneers of the present magnificent fleets, to make a contrast. Further, it may give a useful hint to that rapidly increasing number of wanderers, ladies as well as gentlemen, who so frequently in these days substitute "a run to Australia" for the continental tour once considered a necessity and a limit.

At Sydney, the Orient steamers lie at moorings in the harbour; but they will sooner or later have to imitate the example of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's boats, and come into the wharf. It saves much trouble, no doubt, in many minor ways, from the ship's point of view, to be free from too close a connection with the shore, and in a sheltered haven like that of Sydney, there is no great inconvenience in shipping or transhipping cargo by means of lighters. But profuse as are the arrangements for putting passengers and their luggage on board, and keeping up constant communication between steamer and pier, there must be not a little worry and inconvenience. In a word, people prefer to walk comfortably up the familiar staging, and cast off from the wharf in the ordinary manner, to the fuss and scramble of transhipment in a tender.

After somewhat of confusion at the Circular Quay, Sydney, on the morning of February 11th, we got ourselves and our belongings on board the company's launch, in the humble hope that our packages, which had speedily become swallowed up in a vortex of other people's luggage, would be found safely on the "John Elder's" deck—as, indeed, to dismiss them once for all, they were. The old superstition against sailing on Friday must be now exploded, since the vessels of this fleet select it without rebellion amongst the sailors or protests from the passengers. If first impressions are lasting, last impressions are no less abiding. Though February is a month when rain is naturally due in Australia, it was the loveliest of mornings, and the famous harbour passed in review before us in its brightest array, to become thereafter a remembrance of sunny sparkling beauty. The last bell rang for our start on this voyage of (to be quite accurate) 12,065 miles, with a punctuality worthy of imitation by some railway companies that might be named. The passengers' friends, accepting the warning, descended the long side ladder into their launch and accompanied us, as the little pilot fish accompanies the shark, to the Heads. Then they steamed back to Sydney, and we saw them no more.

A few acquaintances were made, likings inspired, and prejudices formed on the first day, but generally speaking these inevitable occurrences of a lengthened voyage do not ripen within a week, and this is especially the case when the ship is for a while not actually clear of the land. We had before us a call at Melbourne and another at Adelaide, and it was understood that the arrangements as to cabins and seats at table were not necessarily final until we were fairly at sea. The first stage from Sydney to Melbourne, a distance of 588 miles, was finished during the forenoon of the 13th February. In the interval we had, proceeding with the leisure so delightful when afloat, somehow, plenty to do. Valuables—I use the word, I regret to say, only because it is the routine expression—were handed to the purser, for deposit in his safe; little ornaments and portraits of faces we loved to look upon were arranged around our cabins; the library at the end of the saloon was inspected carefully for future reference; and in a variety of ways we devoted ourselves to getting "the run of the ship." Sunday is no day when arriving at a port of call, but that did not prevent shoals of visitors from coming off in a gale of wind, arriving drenched with spray, or a few passengers from the ship absconding at the earliest moment. On Monday, of course, everybody went ashore, and we did what could be done with Melbourne, quickly reached by train from Sandridge pier, and elected to spend

most of our time at the Exhibition, where the English section—foremost in it the fine machinery department of Robinson & Co., of Rochdale—was glorying in the honours it had won. Tuesday found the "John Elder" still at anchor in Hobson's Bay, but on the 16th February we commenced the next stage of 499 miles, round Cape Otway, to Adelaide, arriving in the open roadstead of the newly formed port of Semaphore on the 18th, and sailing again on the afternoon of the 19th.

Adelaide, amongst the cities of Australia, has a special beauty of its own. In the completeness of its streets, the cultivation of its open spaces, and the excellence of its public buildings, it is second to no city in Australasia; but its peculiar possession to be envied is the range of mountains some eight miles distant by practical measurement, but apparently ever varying according to the condition of the atmosphere. These mountains, thrown in with the well-kept city, make Adelaide a remarkably pretty place; and in the immediate outskirts, the stubble and the ricks, and small grain fields, give an English aspect to the capital of South Australia. The reader may be assured that this is the only paragraph in the paper which shall smell of the guide book, but it comes in as a matter of conscience. In an article published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in July 1879, and reprinted in *Travel and Trout* (Chatto & Windus, 1880), all the Australasian capitals were lightly sketched from personal observation, but Adelaide and Perth, and I had now an opportunity of confirming the opinion of those travellers who had been loud in praise of the metropolis of South Australia.

Semaphore, it may be added, is used by the Orient boats in preference to the older fashioned roadstead, and it is a young and roughish place, merely useful as a stepping-stone to the city, eight miles up a well-ordered railway line. The steamers of other fleets calling at King George's Sound on their outward voyage are honoured by the aboriginals, who await the landing of passengers anxious to put foot without loss of time on Australian soil, and there and then give them a taste of their skill in throwing nullah-nullah, spear, and boomerang. They know better, probably, than to waste time with the homeward-bound people, who may have seen too much of the noble savage in every-day life. The only excitement we had lying off Adelaide was given by a shark. He lay under the counter, and the water being clear, his movements could be followed. A huge brute of about fifteen feet he was, with a shapely form as seen from above, and a warm nut-brown colour. The shark hook and chain, and the familiar four pounds of pork, were soon forth-

coming, and after the bait had been soused up and down for two or three minutes, he took it, and went off with a mighty rush. We held the rope firmly, but the fish, half leaping out of the churned-up water, got off. The hook was filed sharp, and extra precautions taken, yet the shark got the better of us four times in succession, though he had bolted the meat, and we made sure of having him by the throat. Angling, even for the most ferocious fish that swims, is therefore as precarious a sport as the finer branches of the science.

The course now lay due west, and for three days the inward curve of the great Bight kept us from sight of land. Sailing on the Saturday afternoon (19th February), and having a gloriously fine night at sea, we were able to hold service on Sunday. The "John Elder's" passenger list was now complete, though there were still many seats at table vacant. By the 23rd we were off Cape D'Entrecasteaux, which is the western corner, as Cape Horn is the eastern of the continent. The calm weather had now filled the vacant seats, and settled us down to the long slanting run across the Tropic of Capricorn and the Equator to Cape Guardafui. Rules and regulations were mastered, the capabilities of our floating hotel inspected, and facts ascertained, to wit, that we had been averaging 280 knots per day; that there were on board 450 souls, 50 in the first saloon, 52 in the second, and 230 in the third and steerage; and lastly, that there were eighteen tons of ice in the icehouse, a plenteous stock of live sheep, pigs, and poultry, and a general disposition on the part of the captain and his officers to make all classes comfortable. Now began those stern resolutions to work regularly, to post up the diary every morning, and to mark off the distance run upon the handy track-charts provided by the Company,—resolutions which of course were generally abandoned in the lazy atmosphere of the Southern latitudes before the expiration of seven days.

From Adelaide to Aden is 6,158 miles. Between those points the engines never stopped. There was nothing but the social life of the ship to break the monotony, save in two instances to be referred to presently. At this time of the year the sea was calm, and the heat not oppressive. The days were, as a rule, bright from the moment when the sun rose out of the amber-dappled clouds on one side, and set in more ruddy colours on the other. The nights were clear, and the heavens spangled with such an expanse of brilliant stars as can only be viewed from the centre of the circle of which water is the horizon, and in latitudes where the mean Southern Cross replaces the grand Great Bear. There were two or three cloudy days, and summer lightning often in the evening.

The ship being in no class crowded, good humour prevailed naturally. In a little manuscript sheet written and published, per electric pen, by a second-class passenger, at the end of the voyage, and sold fore and aft at a shilling per copy, the startling statement occurred: "My humble opinion is that animal life is too much indulged on board ship, for nowhere else is the saying 'Who is greater than he that serves?' more strikingly verified. In most cases the cooks and stewards are for the nonce infinitely superior to those they wait upon, as greater is he that feeds the donkey than the donkey who is fed." The author of this outburst must have been a sour soul, and much too economical in the employment of truth. It is a common error to suppose that homeward-bound vessels from Australia are scenes of riotous living, gambling, and roughness. It may have been so in the olden times. But the "lucky digger" of to-day is generally a man who digs his gold vicariously, and receives his gold dust in the shape of dividends. Be that as it may, our life on board the "John Elder" was in the main eminently genteel. The captain of the ship would not allow it to be otherwise. At eleven o'clock all lights were extinguished, and even the smoking saloon on deck was closed. Excess in drinking would be immediately followed by an order to the barman to stop the drinker's supply.

Perhaps the afore-quoted author was a vegetarian whose indignation was aroused by the liberally furnished tables. The ordinary complaint of the ocean traveller used to be severe against the food supplied: it now seems to be taking an opposite direction; though why loyalty to the knife and fork should be considered "animal life" puzzles me. From the number of quadrupeds and poultry slaughtered every day, one would fancy "animal death" would be nearer the mark. Yet it is astonishing to observe how much honest and steady eating is achieved on a long voyage, and at first sight it does seem as if feeding is the sole object of existence. Let us take a day as a sample.

The luxury of lolling about the decks in pyjamas and bare feet must not be indulged in after breakfast at nine o'clock, by which hour the ladies will be about. The more active of the gentlemen will have then had two or three hours' gossip in free and easy attire, and attitude. The six baths were occupied according to a time-table drawn up by the stewards to suit the convenience of passengers; and as the unpunctuality of one would throw the entire arrangement out of gear, there was a source of excitement and amusement provided for every day. At half-past six every morning the first table in the saloon, and another table on deck, would be laid with tea, coffee,

and cocoa, biscuits and butter, as daintily served as at a first-class hotel, and then would be produced the cigarette or pipe puffed over the rail, or from the lounging chairs. At nine o'clock breakfast came, and thanks to the ice-house, delicacies of all kinds could be kept for weeks. Fruit, fish, and vegetables would seem as fresh on the Line as if they had come from yesterday's market. The breakfast menu always contained eight different dishes, and frequently a dozen. The Italian baker sent out rolls the like of which can be produced in London at but few establishments; the cooks had graduated in the high branches of the profession, and the variety of methods in which they cooked potatoes that could be eaten with a relish proved as conclusively as their curries and other *entrées* that they were worthy of their important trust. At half-past twelve the luncheon bell rang. There would be soup, and two or three hot side dishes, but the mainstay would be cold meats and salad. Dinner—here, as ashore, the event of the day—was fixed for half-past five—soups, fish, *entrées*, joints, geese, turkeys, ducks, fowls, or pigeons, as the case might be, delicious pastry, dessert, ices, and coffee. The wine list was varied and reasonable, and there was a claret the whole vintage of which had been purchased some years ago by the company. It was fit for any reasonable person, and the price was eighteenpence per bottle. The item considerably astonished and pleased the Australians, who can at home get nothing of the kind worth drinking under three times the amount. At eight o'clock came tea, with light foods supposed to tickle satisfied appetites. Perhaps at half-past ten, before retiring, just to keep the hand in, some of us would do our duty by a biscuit and cheese and a small bottle of Guinness.

Put down in black and white, this does seem a gross record. But there was nothing else to do, and it would be ill-natured to suppose that it signifies anything further than opportunity given and taken for lingering together in pleasant converse over a brightly-decorated table. The only grumbling I heard during the whole voyage was as to the time at which meals were fixed. The general opinion was that nine o'clock was too late for breakfast, and that luncheon and dinner followed too quickly on its heels. The dinner, moreover, generally interfered with a view of the sunset. The first saloon naturally was better provided with ice, dessert, and *entrées* than the second, and the second fared more sumptuously than the third, but the victualling throughout was beyond complaint.

The amusements on board vessels from Australia are never so energetically conducted as on out-going ships. The vast difference

in the classes of passengers easily accounts for this. Before the Australian-bound steamer is a fortnight out, regular sports and entertainments will be organised, and a weekly journal in circulation. A goodly proportion of the men will be alive with the hope inspired by a new career. They are making a new departure in life, and even the young fellow who leaves home under a cloud soon emerges from it, shakes himself together, and in the reaction of freedom from the withes of trouble becomes a leader of the lively. The spirit of the race born and bred in a temperate climate also counts for something. The larger proportion of passengers who crowd the ships to Australia—even a steamer like the "John Elder" of over 4,000 tons is often crowded on the outward voyage—are cutting adrift from old ties, and looking to the future with high anticipation. Out of these are developed some energy and gaiety. The larger proportion of passengers coming from the Antipodes have spent long years, maybe, in the country, and are not so easily roused to action; or they have perchance lost interest in the active amusements of their youth, and confine their attention to the sedentary attractions of the whist-table or chess-board. But there is always card-playing, mostly of the "Nap" order, and it *was* said that a power of money changed hands in the smoking saloon.

Nevertheless, we were not altogether bankrupt in amusements. A committee of the moving spirits of the first and second saloons was formed, and sports peculiar to shipboard were carried out by orthodox programme. Three concerts were given, with supplementary dances, the piano being brought from the saloon to the quarter-deck for the purpose; but we were not greatly gifted with enterprise, or, with the talent available, thirteen might as easily have been held as three. These things require organising, and organising was our weak point. We loved the precious indolence of the life we were leading too well to take trouble in the matter. This was unfortunate, for there were ladies who sang charmingly and willingly, and gentlemen able to sing or recite to the end of the chapter.

It is worthy of consideration whether an effort might not be made to assist passengers in this respect. The numbers of people now travelling to distant parts in these floating hotels are enormous. Between England and Australia they increase every year. It is found that the voyage home is a really economical method of obtaining rest and change, and rich Australians up-country are getting more and more into the habit of "taking a trip" to England, instead of spending their holidays in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, or Adelaide, as they used to do. The tour of the colonies is also

becoming the fashion amongst English, Germans, and French, and it is no uncommon thing to find elderly ladies and gentlemen "doing" Australia with no more ado than they were wont to make over the Highlands. It is a very delightful way of spending six months to take one of the new Queensland mail steamers to Singapore, and so through the Straits of Malacca, calling at Ceylon and Java, and travelling down the Australian coast, crossing to New Zealand or Tasmania, and returning either by the Orient or Peninsular and Oriental ships; or the San Francisco route, which throws in a seven days' railway journey to New York and a taste of the Atlantic as a finish.

What Captain Galton has done for landsmen in his "Art of Travel" might, I believe, be done for ocean travellers with advantage to the compiler and benefit to the reader. This handy-book should contain track-charts of all the well-known ocean routes, with a text of accurately summarised descriptions. Advice by a practical man as to what preparations are required, and how to meet emergencies, would be at least studied, and if taken, might be the means of saving life. In the "John Elder" there were hung up in various parts of the ship printed directions, allotting to the officers and crew their specific duties in case of fire or other accident. Recommendations might, with equal force, be given to passengers with the view of preventing panic, which is generally the most fatal feature of a disaster at sea. Half-a-dozen simple, suitable, but short plays or dialogues, by which three or four characters might give a performance with such properties as a ship could furnish without trouble, would be a boon to entertainment committees. This voyager's friend might also present a collection of readable fragments from authors who have written about the sea, and furnish a score or a dozen skeleton programmes of entertainments. Half-a-dozen brace of sermons for Sunday reading, and a form of service in which all denominations could join, would not be out of place as an appendix. All these things should smell of the ship and the sea.

Our Sunday services were always well attended, though the third-class passengers did not cordially respond to the invitations addressed to the entire ship. There was a clergyman—a real "good-fellow" clergyman—on board who, by his genial interest in the secular business of the week, became a general favourite; it was soon found that he could preach a short, sensible sermon, beat the champion at chess, and make an uncommonly good score at the shuffle-board. A young lady was appointed pianiste, practices were fixed for Friday mornings, and the services alternated between the first and second saloons. The first saloon being long and narrow, with

a couple of pillars in the centre, was bad for hearing, especially anywhere near the screw; and when in the warm weather the service was held on deck, the voices of the choir were heavily discounted. I fancy we acquitted ourselves creditably with the hymns, but our chanting was destitute of hinges and joints.

Once or twice the service in the second saloon was spoiled by some of the steerage men on deck, who sang music-hall songs out of season. They had an amateur preacher of their own. This gentleman was very fluent, and had a habit of extemporising a prayer-meeting near the sheep-pens, or wherever he could pounce unawares upon a group. In this quarter of the vessel the slaying of a sheep, pig, or bullock always drew a large and appreciative audience. I strolled to the outskirts of the crowd one evening, and was struck with the eager eyes fixed with one consent upon the butcher and his victim. The spectators were absorbed in tragic thought; silent, grave, rapt. The expiring sheep had just performed its last gurgle when, in the rear, a deep unctuous voice broke the spell with the command: "My friends, let us per-ray." A few men resented this taking of a mean advantage, and went away, certainly not praying; but the congregation remaining numbered about a hundred, and they were apparently quite devout.

During our fortnight in the Indian Ocean a melancholy accident happened. We lost one of our companions. The presumption was that he fell overboard during the night. No occurrence could be more distressing. He was a quiet, accomplished gentleman, who had been in the Civil Service at home, and in the prime of life was enjoying his pension. On the evening of his disappearance he had talked a good deal to me of two old office companions who are now well known as poets, and had promised to lend me "Puck on Pegasus" on the morrow. The night was warm, and our fellow-passenger remained on deck after everybody had retired. The quarter-master going on his round at midnight noticed him still sitting in his deck chair. Next morning we met in the barber's shop, or bath-room alley way, or around the early tea-table, jesting and merry as usual. It was nearly breakfast-time, when his cabin mate casually remarked: "Have you seen Mr. D.? He did not turn in last night." Nothing wrong for the moment was suspected, but soon the inquiry was repeated. We then called to mind the dangerous habit Mr. D. had contracted of sitting on the rail, and, fearful of the truth, separated to search. Then the captain was informed that he was missing, and a systematic and exhaustive exploration led to the positive conclusion that he was not in the ship. It was a gloomy

day indeed that followed. The uncertainty attaching to the certainty was an extra source of pain. The only hope was that death had been swift. The ship was high out of water, and if the unfortunate gentleman had—dozing, perhaps, in the drowsy tropical air—fallen overboard from the position at which all the evidence pointed, the boil of the screw would have taken him down perhaps twenty feet and silenced him for ever. But it was terrible to think that while we were safe and comfortable at breakfast, he might be alone on the ocean, drifting in lonely despair, fighting to keep above the surface. As the hot sun mounted higher and higher and hope whispered no comfort, sick at heart and in an agony awful to contemplate, did he wonder what we were saying and doing in the safety and shelter of the ship? And there was always uppermost in our minds the thought of sharks! The chances of his being picked up were discussed in every aspect, and the melancholy opinion was exchanged that chances there were none. We were out of the ordinary track of ships, and the nearest land would be the Chagos Archipelago, a hundred miles to the east. The lost man's effects were by-and-by removed into the saloon, catalogued by the purser, and the necessary entry was made in the log.

In the Red Sea another entry of death was written in the log, and I had painfully personal reason for remembering it. The barman had often been talked about amongst the passengers as strange in his manner. He was a middle-aged man, of classical education, but was taciturn, down in the world, and evidently skaken by drinking. Awaking suddenly in the small hours on a Sunday morning, I became conscious of a man kneeling on my cabin floor, and fumbling amongst the small portmanteaux and hand-bags under the berth. I grasped his sleeve, which was close to my hand, and asked him who he was. Addressing me by name he answered, "Pardon me, I didn't know where I was," and he trembled violently. "At least, let me see who you are," I said, getting out. By the moonlight, glancing upon him from the open porthole, I recognised the barman. "You'll hear all about it," he said, passing his hand over his forehead. "They have turned me out of my cabin. They are in a conspiracy. *Sic semper tyrannis.*" Having recommended him to get to bed, I felt it my duty to inform the steward on duty of what had happened, and he following, found him foraging in the second saloon, amongst the passengers' wine bottles, for liquor. The doctor, called up, put the man in hospital. He soon became insensible, and at three in the afternoon died.

After evening service on deck, an awe-struck crowd surrounded

the opened hatchway on the main deck. Upon a grating, projected outwards and downwards, was a something covered with the union jack, and that something was the barkeeper, stitched up in canvas, with heavy weights at his feet. The lanterns dimly lighted the solemn faces of the passengers and crew, and gleamed upon the gold lace of the captain's uniform, as he stood bare-headed near the clergyman, reading the burial service. The engines had reduced their speed three-fourths, and the softening revolutions of the screw created a sudden silence that heightened the effect of the sadly impressive scene. At the words of the service committing the body to the deep, the grating was tilted, and a shadow glided with gentle plunge into the depths. Within three minutes the shrill bell was heard in the engine-room, and the heavy thud of the screw was resumed at full speed.

Without other incident, without storm or tempest, without passing more than two ships, the "John Elder" arrived at Cape Guardafui on the evening of the 10th of March; the next day we entered the narrow mouth separating Perim and Mocha, and were in the Red Sea, upon our next stage to Suez, distant from Aden 1,310 miles. Fortunate in the comparative coolness of the season, the dreaded sea had no horrors for us; by a continuation of good fortune, there was no delay at Suez, and on St. Patrick's day we were in the Canal. At Port Said there were ample opportunities for going ashore, and it was pleasing to notice how much that once unsavoury place has improved within five years. There is room for cleansing still, but ruffianism has been lopped down to reasonable proportions, the houses have been made respectable and brighter, and the Khedive's soldiers are only a little out at elbows, and no longer tie their dilapidated boots with tar-twine. Even Arab's town had become prosaically respectable by contrast to what it was.

Fairly out in the Mediterranean, you begin to feel that the voyage is virtually broken. Its monotony is gone. A brisk wind tumbled up the sea for a day or two, and empty places once again appeared. On the 20th of March we were running under Crete. On the 21st the Straits of Messina gave us a lovely daybreak view of slumbering Reggio on the Italian beach, and on the left the bolder landscapes of Sicily. Stromboli looked patronisingly upon our decks. Far into the night of the 22nd the anchor dropped in the Bay of Naples, at which, brilliant with lamps, we looked with longing eyes. There was no opportunity of landing, but we were boarded by noisy vendors of knicknacks and fruit, saw the bay outlined by a far-reaching semicircle of lights, and if we did not behold Vesuvius himself, the

intermittent glow of his pipe-bowl, reflected ruddily on the sky, indicated his whereabouts. At Naples we had from Port Said marked off another 1,112 miles. Next came the interesting 2,009 miles from Naples to Plymouth. Running past the southern end of Sardinia, the fine breezy weather enabled us to view with extraordinary clearness the historical points of Spain and Portugal, Gibraltar, Tarifa, Trafalgar, St. Vincent, Cintra and its royal retreat, and Finisterre.

The three troubles dreaded in advance by all homeward-bound travellers are, Cape Leuwin on leaving Australia, the Red Sea, and the Bay of Biscay. Tradition but too deservedly makes the first and last a cauldron of storm, and the second a furnace. In each the tradition was to us belied. Some of our people had deserted us at Naples to finish the journey overland. But thirty new passengers joined the ship to reap the benefit of the seven days' sea trip to England. At Plymouth (reached on the 30th of March) there is always a considerable exodus of all classes of passengers, bound for Ireland, Scotland, or the country districts of England. The easterly gale in the Channel was rude and piercing, but it taught us the sterling qualities of the splendid ship, which ploughed with dignified steadiness through the short, sharp seas, into which smaller vessels pitched vigorously; and it brought out with a distinctness rarely experienced the features of the English coast. Some amongst us had often sailed up and down the Channel in divers craft, but none had ever seen the objects so sharply outlined, or the shore itself brought so near. Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Folkestone, and Ramsgate followed in succession, with bold sunlit faces; and on the 1st of April a delightful trip was brought to an end in the Albert Docks, with thanks carried *nem. con.* to Captain Groves and his officers, and regrets on the part of one individual, if not more, that the quarters in the floating hotel to which, in this splendid run of forty-one days, from Adelaide, he had become accustomed, had to be vacated.

REDSPINNER.

THE POETRY OF PARODY.

THE publication of the volume called "The Heptalogia" has probably turned the minds of many, either for the first time or anew, to the subject of parody in general and of English parody in particular. It is not often that a volume is devoted wholly to this sort of work. We have had plenty of parody in England of recent years, but it has been generally of the fugitive kind; I am not aware, indeed, of any other book thus entirely occupied since the issue of the familiar and time-honoured "Rejected Addresses." And, in truth, performances of this description are by no means certain of a unanimously favourable reception. Parody has flourished and still flourishes among us, but it is not universally approved. There is a notion entertained by the more serious to the effect that parody is rather an irreverent thing. It holds for them the same position towards poetry as scoffing towards religion. It is destructive, they tell us, of all the "finer feelings" of our nature. It "holds nothing sacred." The sublimest sentiments, the loftiest imagination, are not beyond the reach of its ravages. Its amusing character is not denied. It is admitted that it is unquestionably entertaining. But that is just the danger. It is like the humorous application of a quotation from the Bible—irresistible, possibly, at the time, but nevertheless much to be deplored. It is a faculty, we are told, which cannot be exercised without detriment to the subject treated. And I suppose it cannot be ignored that parody certainly has the tendency to "take the bloom" off matters which to many minds are peculiarly dear. It has been destructive of numerous illusions, especially in the world of sentiment and imagination. There are certain moods of mind and feeling which parody has rendered, if not impossible, at least difficult. Nay, we may go even further, and say that there are certain things with which parody has no business to interfere—a certain line over which it ought not to adventure. It must be allowed that there is a limit which good taste will not permit even parody to pass. Such parodies, for example, as the "Chaldee MS." are distinctly to be deprecated. The Bible is a book which, if only out of mere consideration for one's neighbour—

mere respect for the most cherished affections of the overwhelming majority—ought to be kept absolutely free from all vestige of travestie. In the same way, there are passages in our poetry—such as, say, the loftier parts of Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam"—the burlesque of which would be unanimously resented even by those who have the keenest sense of humour. In a word, parody is not a faculty of which the range is unrestricted. There are some matters which must be kept inviolate even from the brightest and airiest of *moqueurs*.

At the same time, it is quite possible to over-estimate the effects of parody. They are neither so numerous nor so deadly as the super-serious suppose. They exist, but not in especially great force. Indeed, it will be found, if the subject be studied for a moment, that they are more or less confined to two directions. If parody does damage, it is, as a rule, in the regions of the exaggerated and the trite. These are the two evils against which it wages the fiercest and most successful war. If a thing has become distressingly familiar, parody is fain to give it the quietus. In this respect, at any rate, it is true that familiarity breeds contempt. There is a limit even to human endurance; and, one fine day, when the world has been roused to positive exasperation, a skilful parodist arises who rids the community of its enemy, and, by so doing, earns, I think, a grateful acknowledgment of the benefaction. The thing is not worth indignation, possibly; it is of no use getting angry with a bore. But parody supplies just the castigation necessary. It pours out ridicule on the offensive piece of work, and all is over. It is killed with a smile; it is laughed out of existence. And so with things which irritate by reason of their exaggeration in the matter of sentiment or of style. Here, too, is a region in which parody is unquestionably destructive, and therefore unquestionably useful. It is not with the truly passionate or the truly imaginative that parody deals. With them it is powerless, or rather, would be, if it tried to deal with them. But it does not. It is only when passion becomes maudlin, and when imagination lapses into the grotesque, that parody acquires its force and its effectiveness. It then answers to an obvious tendency in human nature—the tendency to take the one step which separates the sublime from the ridiculous. We all know how nearly allied are tears to laughter—how apt they are to mingle in cases of excessive and overstrained emotion. And so with literature. The human mind can stand a good deal in the way of the sublime, but let a certain point be touched, and the reaction is instantaneous and complete. Up to a certain level we can follow the impulsive poet,

but if he goes too far we fall back, with a sense of exquisite relief, upon the man who offers us the *reductio ad absurdum*. It is in this way that we are kept out of the extravagance of thought and feeling into which some of our "singing singers" would fain lure us. Just when they are taking us beyond the line, the ready parodist steps in; and, for my part, I think he deserves our thanks for bringing us down to the light of common day, and saving us from that striking of the stars which may be left to the professionally poetic.

It is not sufficient, however, that the parodist should be confined to a certain range of subjects. Something more than that is necessary for successful parody. The matter is so far open to the parodist that he may devote himself indifferently to burlesque of style or to burlesque of sentiment. He may also give us either a travestie of an author's general manner or a travestie of some special poem or passage. These are points concerning which he may consult his pleasure. But, these points once settled, there are at least three requirements necessitated by the standard of perfection. To begin with, it is of the essence of acceptable parody that it should be brief. There are a few instances, no doubt, of parody at once sustained and successful—instances which will occur to every reader. But these have been manifestly exceptional. They have been the work of genius, and, moreover, they have generally been in prose, which admits of variety of treatment. But in verse, the parodist who works for perfection and acceptability must display the virtue of compression. Bret Harte, we know, entitles his parodies of fiction "Condensed Novels," and in his "Lothaw" has hit off the peculiarities of "Lothair" in the space of half a dozen tiny chapters. And he has been all the more successful for his brevity. It is of the nature of good and effective burlesque that it should hit hard and instantly. It is one of those things which are spoiled irretrievably if carried beyond a certain limitation. Travestie is not a food on which the mind cares long to feed. It is one of the condiments or delicacies of the intellectual table, not one of the substantial joints. And so, we say, the most memorable and permanent of poetic parodies are those which are, like the proverbial donkey's gallop, short and sweet. It should be the aim of the parodist to create his effects in the smallest possible space; the smaller the space in which he performs the feat, the more worthy is that feat of commendation.

Again: a parody should not be too close an imitation of its "great original." Of course, in a parody of style, the burlesque is necessarily of a vague and general character. The object of the writer is not to recall special passages or poems, but to give a general

impression of an habitual manner. In that case, there is no fear of, as there is no occasion for, his reproducing too slavishly particular phrases or expressions. But in burlesquing individual poetic efforts, there is always the temptation to follow the author's words too minutely, and that is a temptation which the parodist must be careful to resist. What is wanted in such a case is a mere subtle suggestion of the piece travestied. Words and phrases, turns of style, may be utilized, but they must be utilized with skill, so as just to call up the recollection of the original, and no more. They must be like Sydney Smith's famous "onion-atoms"; they must, "scarce suspected, animate the whole." What is to be desired is, that reminiscences of the model should mingle with the work which has been formed upon it; the pathos, possibly, of the one being made to heighten the humour of the other. And that brings us to the third of the requirements named. It is not sufficient, I think, that a parody should be a parody, and nothing else. It may have in that form a certain measure of impressiveness, and deserve success; but it is hardly calculated to rank among the most acceptable of its kind. To be thoroughly acceptable, I should say, a parody should have an intrinsic humorousness of its own. It should have a comical idea at root, and that idea should be worked out simultaneously with the burlesque of the original poem. There are parodies in the language, excellent as such—excellent as ingeniously suggestive of their prototypes—which are nevertheless not permanently satisfying, for the reason that they are only parodies in form, and have no claim to attention or to admiration in the matter of which they are composed. In a word—to sum up the qualities without which a parody cannot wholly be accepted—it should be at at once brief, suggestive rather than slavish, and inspired by a *motif* of unquestionable ludicrousness. When it has all these characteristics its position in literature is assured.

In the following pages I do not propose to enter into the early history of poetic parody, or to touch upon any of the foreign forms of it. I shall confine myself wholly to the poetic parody which has been written in English, and even on that subject I shall of necessity leave much unsaid. The field is, indeed, too wide to be completely covered in the space of a magazine article, and I shall be unable to do more than refer to a few of the more salient characteristics of this kind of verse.

I have said that the parodist may devote himself to the travestie of style in general, or of poems and passages in particular. In either case, he will naturally fix upon those instances in which the

style is most pronounced or the poems are most individual in character. And in that way it will be found that, as a rule, it is only the most famous poets or the most familiar poems which are laid under contribution. These have risen to celebrity by reason of their very uniqueness, and it is on that uniqueness that the parodist has instinctively fastened. What he requires to work on is something clear and unmistakable; and this he is able to find only in those poets and that poetry whose style and form are so distinctive as to be readily detected. It is of no use for the parodist to devote his powers to the originals known only to himself or to a few; he must take his materials from the poetry which is best known to the public. Consequently, we find that among the poets who are the favourite subjects of parody are such as Spenser, with his quaint archaism of phrase and peculiarity of stanza; Milton, with his imperial blank verse, moving along stately like a goddess; Walton, with his queer simplicity of style; Thomson, with his somewhat prosaic verse; Pope, with his sometimes too well-balanced periods; Swift, with his familiar octosyllabic jingle; Gray and Mason, with their devotion to the ode; Byron, with his grandiose "Childe Harold" manner and his airy misanthropic tones; Moore, with his everlasting prate of "wine and women"; Crabbe, with his Dutch-like mode of painting; Wordsworth, with his occasional lapse into the inane; Macaulay, with the regular rumble of his rhetoric; Poe, with his mechanical management of metre; and, in our own day, Messrs. Tennyson and Browning, in all their respective clearness and obscurity of blank verse; Mr. Swinburne, with his excessive fondness for alliteration and the swing of certain of his metres; Miss Ingelow, with her *penchant* for the archaic and the monotonous in style and rhyme; and lastly, that school of poets which can only be described as the Unintelligible, so impossible is it to attach any definite meaning to its utterances.

One of the best, and one of the least hackneyed, parodies on Spenser is to be found among the poems of Bret Harte, under the title of "North Reach." The subject is American, but, in spite of this, the English reader will detect the comicality of the travestie:—

> Lo! where the castle of bold Pfeiffer throws
> Its sullen shadow on the rolling tide,—
> No more the home where joy and wealth repose,
> But now where wassailers in cells abide;
> See yon long quay that stretches far and wide,
> Well known to citizens as wharf of Meiggs;
> There each sweet Sabbath walks in maiden pride
> The pensive Margaret, and brave Pat, whose legs
> Encased in broadcloth oft keep time with Peg's.

Here cometh oft the tender nursery-maid,
While in her ear her love his tale doth pour;
Meantime her infant doth her charge evade
And rambleth sagely on the sandy shore,
Till the sly sea-crab, low in ambush laid,
Seizeth his leg and biteth him full sore.
Ah me! what sounds the shuddering echoes bore
When his small treble mixed with ocean's roar.

Of Milton, Philips's "Splendid Shilling" still remains the happiest burlesque yet written. The well-known opening lines are especially well conceived :—

Happy the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie or Town Hall repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health and joy and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.

Here, too, is a pleasant passage :—

I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish and crave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose.
But, if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and, eager in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale.

It is worth remembering that Philips was himself the subject of a parody by Bramston, the author of "The Man of Taste."

For a skit on Walton's exaggerated simpleness, we must go to Wolcot (Peter Pindar), who includes in his miscellaneous pieces a few lines like these :—

O harmless tenant of the floode,
I do not wish to spill thy bloode,
For Nature unto thee
Perchance hath given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charm thy life,
As she hath done for me!

Enjoy thy stream, O harmless fish!
And, when an angler for his dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee *out*,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the raskall *in*!

Thomson was made the subject of a parody in Isaac Hawkins Browne's "Pipe of Tobacco"—one of the very few publications wholly given up to entertaining imitations. Thus we read, *à propos* of "the fragrant weed":

> O thou, matured by glad Hesperian suns,
> Tobacco, fountain pure of limpid truth,
> That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought
> Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,
> And at each puff imagination burns;
> Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
> Touch the mysterious lip that chants thy praise,
> In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
> Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
> Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue formed,
> And glazed magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.
> From Paetotheke with pungent powers perfumed
> Itself one tortoise, all, where shines imbibed
> Each parent ray; then rudely rammed illume,
> With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,
> Marked by Gibsonian lore; forth issue clouds,
> Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
> And many-waning fires: I all the while,
> Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.

This is not a bad reproduction of Thomson's dull as well as stilted lines. Nor is the parody of Pope by the same writer much less successful—at least, in the arrangement of the cadences. This is likewise on the subject of tobacco:—

> Blest leaf, whose aromatic gales dispense
> To templars, modesty, to parsons, sense:
> So raptured priests, at famed Dodona's shrine,
> Drank inspiration from the stream divine.
> Inspired by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
> Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
> By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,
> Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
> What though to love and soft delights a foe,
> By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
> Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,
> Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
> Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
> And let me taste thee unexcised by kings.

Swift, again, is parodied by Browne; but let us take, instead, a passage from Goldsmith's "Imitation of Doctor Swift," in which the Doctor is supposed to argue the superiority of brutes to men. The lines are wholly in Swift's manner:—

> Who ever knew an honest brute
> At law his neighbour prosecute,

Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfined,
No politics disturb their mind:
They eat their meals and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at Court;
They never to the levee go,
To treat as dearest friend a foe;
They never importune his Grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw a quill to write for Bob;
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-Noster Row;
No judges, fiddlers, dancing masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds:
No single brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confessed, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape:
Like man he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion;
But both in malice and grimaces
A courtier any ape surpasses.

The odes of Gray and Mason were ridiculed by Lloyd and Colman in a volume now but little read. And, sooth to say, the parodies are by no means brilliant. They caricature the forms of the odes, but they are not intrinsically interesting. How dull they are may be gathered from this single specimen from the "Ode to Obscurity:"—

Sacred to thee the Crambo Rhyme,
The motley forms of Pantomime.
For thee from eunuch's throat still loves to flow
The soothing sadness of his warbled woe:
Each day to thee falls pamphlet clean,
Each month a new-born magazine.
Hear, then, O goddess, hear thy vot'ry's prayer!
And if thou deignst to take one moment's care,
Attend thy Bard, who duly pays
The tribute of his votive lays;
Whose Muse still often at thy sacred shrine;
Thy Bard, who calls thee his, and makes him thine.
O sweet Forgetfulness, supreme,
Rule supine o'er every theme,
O'er each sad subject, o'er each soothing strain,
Of mine, O goddess, stretch thy awful reign!
Nor let Mem'ry steal one note
Which this rude hand to thee hath wrote!

Of Byron, Moore, Crabbe, and Wordsworth, "Rejected Addresses," of course, affords sufficiently interesting parodies. Some of the lines on Crabbe are really exquisite. Of his patient and scrupulous particularity, the following lines, though now familiar, are nevertheless so admirably descriptive that I am fain once more to reproduce them :—

> John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
> Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
> But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues,
> Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
> Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
> Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
> In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred—
> In number twenty-seven, it is said—
> Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head.
> He would have bound him to some shop in town,
> But with a premium he could not come down :
> Pat was the urchin's name, a red-haired youth,
> Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Excellent, too, are such couplets as this one about

> Bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
> Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;

and this other—

> Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
> But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their talk.

Byron, too, is well illustrated by the Smiths, who not only reproduce the familiar "Childe Harold" stanza, but catch happily the tone of thought and sentiment :—

> For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?
> And what is Brutus, but a croaking owl?
> And what is Rolla? Cupid steeped in starch,
> Orlando's helmet in Augustin's cowl.
> Shakespeare, how true thine adage, "fair is foul"!
> To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
> The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
> Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
> And nought is everything, and everything is nought.

So in "Nightmare Abbey," where, under the name of Cypress, Lord Byron is limned by that fantastic fictionist, T. L. Peacock. Cypress is there made to sing a song which is admirably suggestive, not only of a favourite metre, but of the favourite pessimism, real or affected, of the poet. This I may venture to quote in full :—

> There is a fever of the spirit,
> The brand of Cain's unresting doom,
> Which in the lone dark souls that bear it
> Glows like the lamp in Tullia's tomb :

Unlike that lamp, its subtle fire
  Burns, blasts, consumes its cell, the heart,
Till, one by one, hope, joy, desire,
  Like dreams of shadowy smoke depart.

When hope, love, life itself, are only
  Dust—spectral memories—dead and cold—
The unfed fire burns bright and lonely,
  Like that undying lamp of old;
And by that dreary illumination,
  Till time its clay-built house has rent,
Thought broods on feeling's desolation—
  The soul is its own monument.

Not less successful than the above is Mr. Calverley's "Arcades Ambo," in which the beadle of Burlington Arcade is addressed in a style charmingly reminiscent of "Childe Harold":—

Yes, ye are beautiful. The young street boys
  Joy in your beauty. Are ye there to bar
Their pathway to that paradise of toys,
  Ribbons and rings? Who'll blame ye if ye are?
Surely no shrill and clattering crowd should mar
  The dim aisle's stillness, where in noon's mid-glow
Trip fair-hair'd girls to boot-shop or bazaar;
  Where, at soft eve, serenely to and fro
The sweet boy-graduates walk, nor deem the pastime slow.

Moore, again, figures in "Rejected Addresses," and there in connection, too, with a favourite metre and a favourite sentiment:—

The apples that grew on the fruit-tree of knowledge
  By woman were pluck'd, and she still wears the prize,
To tempt us in theatre, senate, or college—
  I mean the love-apples that bloom in the eyes.

There, too, is the lash which, all statutes controlling,
  Still governs the slaves that are made by the fair;
For man is the pupil who, while her eye's rolling,
  Is lifted to rapture or sunk in despair.

Note, too, "The Bard of Erin's Lament," by Bon Gaultier. This might really have been written by the bard himself:—

Oh weep for the hours when the little blind boy
  Wove round me the spells of his Paphian bower,
When I dipped my light wings in the nectar of joy,
  And soared in the sunshine, the moth of the hour!
From beauty to beauty I passed, like the wind;
  Now fondling the lily, now toying with the rose;
And the fair, that at morn had enchanted my mind,
  Was forsook for another ere evening's close.

How Wordsworth is mimicked in the "Addresses" is well-known—"The Baby's Début" being too familiar to need quotation. The skit by Miss C. M. Fanshawe is not, however, quite so hackneyed—though, as a parody of style, it is certainly not less effective on the whole, perhaps, it is the more faithful of the two :—

There is a river clear and fair,
'Tis neither broad nor narrow;
It winds a little here and there—
It winds about like any hare;
And then it takes as straight a course
As on the turnpike road a horse,
Or through the air an arrow.

The trees that grow upon the shore
Have grown a hundred years or more;
So long, there is no knowing.
Old Daniel Dodson does not know
When first those trees began to grow;
But still they grew, and grew, and grew,
As if they'd nothing else to do,
But ever must be growing.

And so on. Of Macaulay, the best travestie in the way of style is probably that which Bon Gaultier supplied in "The Laureate's Journey," in two "fyttes" of verses like the following :—

"He's dead, he's dead, the Laureate's dead"! Thus, thus the cry began,
And straightway every garret roof gave up its minstrel man;
From Grub Street, and from Houndsditch, and from Farringdon Within,
The poets all towards Whitehall poured in with eldritch din.

Loud yelled they for Sir James the Graham: but sore afraid was he;
A hardy knight were he that might face such a minstrelsie.
"Now by St. Giles of Netherby, my patron saint, I swear,
I'd rather by a thousand crowns Lord Palmerston were here!"

Poe's trick of repetition in his phrases has, so far as I am aware, only had justice done to it by Bret Harte, whose "poem" of "The Willows" is certainly irresistibly funny, if hardly in the tone of good society :—

But Mary, uplifting her finger,
Said, "Sadly this bar I mistrust,—
I fear that this bar does not trust.
Oh, hasten—oh, let us not linger—
Oh, fly—let us fly—ere we must!"
In terror she cried, letting sink her
Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Parasol till it trailed in the dust,—
Till it sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

Then I pacified Mary and kissed her,
And tempted her into the room,
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the warning of doom,—
By some words that were warning of doom.
And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,
At the opposite end of the room?"
She sobbed as she answered, "All liquors
Must be paid for ere leaving the room."

Tennysonian blank verse was early burlesqued in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," but on the whole, I doubt if it has been more successfully travestied than by Shirley Brooks in "The Very Last Idyll," which he contributed to an issue of "Punch's Pocket Book." The concluding lines of this have always struck me as particularly good:—

And the blameless king,
Rising again (to Lancelot's discontent,
Who held all speeches a tremendous bore),
Said, "If one duty to be done remains,
And 'tis neglected, all the rest is nought
But Dead Sea apples and the acts of Apes."
Smiled Guinevere, and begged him not to preach;
She knew that duty, and it should be done:
So what of pudding on that festal night
Was not consumed by Arthur and his guests,
The queen, upon the following morning, fried.

The equally characteristic blank verse of Mr. Browning has assuredly never been more happily ridiculed than by Mr. Calverley in his inimitable lines called "The Cock and the Bull":—

The boy he chuck'd a brown i' the air, and bit
I' the face the shilling: heaved a thumping stone
At a lean hen that ran cluck-clucking by
(And hit her, dead as nail i' post o' door),
Then *abiit*—what's the Ciceronian phrase?—
Excessit, evasit, erupit—off slogs boy;
Off like bird, *avi similis*—(you observed
The dative? Pretty i' the Mantuan!)—*Anglice*,
Off in three flea-skips. *Hactenus*, so far,
So good, *tam bene*. *Bene, satis, male*,—
Where was I with my trope, 'bout one in a quag?
I once did twitch the syntax into verse:
Verbum personale, a verb personal,
Concordat, ay, "agrees," old Fatchaps—*cum*
Nominativo, with its nominative,
Genere, i' point o' gender, *numero*,
O' number *et persona*, and person. *Ut*,
Instance: *Sol ruit*, down flops sun, *et*, and,
Montes umbrantur, out flounce mountains. Pah!
Excuse me, sir, I think I'm going mad.

Swinburnian parody turns very much upon the poet's metrical fashions and upon his alliterative passages. Here, for example, is Mortimer Collins's quizzical reproduction of a truly Swinburnian metre:—

Take endive—like love, it is bitter;
  Take beet—for, like love, it is red;
Crisp leaf of the lettuce shall glitter,
  And cress from the rivulet's bed;
Anchovies, foam-born, like the lady
  Whose beauty has maddened this bard;
And olives, from groves that are shady;
    And eggs—boil 'em hard.

Here, again, is Lewis Carroll's adaptation of a metre no less Swinburnian:—

And I whispered, "I guess
  The sweet secret thou keepest,
And the dainty distress
  That thou wistfully weepest;
And the question is, 'Licence or banns?' though undoubtedly banns are the cheapest."

Then her white hand I clasped,
  And with kisses I crowned it,
But she glared and she gasped,
  And she muttered, "Confound it!"
Or at least it was something like that, but the noise of the omnibus drowned it.

For alliteration *in extremis* commend us to this verse of an address to proctors in the Oxford "Shotover Papers":—

O Vestment of velvet and virtue,
  O venomous victors of vice,
Who hurt men who never have hurt you,
  Oh, calm, cruel, colder than ice:
Why wilfully wage ye this war? Is
  Pure pity purged out of your breast?
O purse-prigging Procuratores,
  O pitiless pest!

This, too, from an old number of *Once a Week*, is not so bad:—

If it be but a dream or a vision,
  The life that is after the grave,
The wail of the metaphysician
  Is vain—but an answer I crave;
Amid bright intellectual flambeaux
  I shall find no light clearer than thee,
O sable and sensual Sambo,
  The servant of me!

For a sufficient *exposé* of the faults of Miss Ingelow's poetic style, we have to go again to Mr. Calverley, who has effected this purpose in one of the most successful of his pieces :—

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean ;
Meaning, however, is no great matter),
Where woods are atremble, with rifts atween ;

Through God's own heather we wonn'd together,
I and my Willie (O love, my love) :
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,
And flitterbats waver'd alow, above :

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing
(Boats in that climate are so polite),
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing,
And O the sundazzle on bark and bight !

Through the rare red heather we danced together
(Oh love, my Willie !) and smelt for flowers :
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours.

Parodies on the unintelligible poets have been tolerably numerous, and it is difficult, in regard to them, to know where to begin and where to end. Keeping, however, to comparatively modern times, we have the *jeux d'esprit* suggested by the production of the Laura Matilda school, and the more recent ones induced by the efforts of nineteenth-century writers. And of the former I do not know that there could be a more satisfactory specimen than that which is to be found in "Rejected Addresses," from the pen of Horace Smith :—

Hark ! what soft Eolian numbers
Germ the blushes of the morn !
Break, Amphion, break your slumbers,
Nature's ringlets deck the thorn.

Ha ! I hear the strains erratic
Dimly glance from pole to pole :
Raptures sweet and dreams ecstatic
Fire my everlasting soul.

Where is Cupid's crimson motion ?
Billowy ecstasy of woe,
Lead me straight, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow.

Of the latter, Mr. Carroll's "Jabberwocky" is unquestionably the most felicitous example, though it is certainly run close by Mr. W. S. Gilbert's little known but very admirable lines, "Sing for the garish eye." Says Mr. Carroll;—

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
  Did gyre and gimble in the wabe ;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
  And the mome raths outgrabe.

He has also introduced us to such clear and simple words as "frumious," "vorpal," "manxome," "uffish," "tulgey," "galumphing," "frabjous," "beamish," and "chortled." But Mr. Gilbert is not far behind. List to his light-hearted lay !—

Sing for the garish eye,
  When moonless brandlings cling !
Let the froddering crooner cry,
  And the traddled sapster sing ;
For never, and never again,
  Will the tottering beechlings play,
For bratticed wrackers are singing aloud,
  And the throngers croon in May !

Finally, I turn again to the "Shotover Papers" for a clever skit upon a certain school of modern rhymesters :—

Mingled, aye, with fragrant yearnings,
  Throbbing in the mellow glow,
Glint the silvery spirit burnings,
  Pearly blandishments of woe.

Ay ! for ever and for ever,
  While the love-lorn censers sweep ;
While the jasper winds dissever,
  Amber-like, the crystal deep ;

Shall the soul's delicious slumber,
  Sea-green vengeance of a kiss,
Reach despairing crags to number
  Blue infinities of bliss.

When we come to the parodies inspired by particular poems or lyrics, we are conscious of having to do with some of the most successful and popular of their kind. Burlesque of style and sentiment requires some insight and culture for its quick detection ; but anyone who has any sense of humour at all can recognise a good travestie of a favourite piece of verse. And parodists, by way of helping them to such a recognition, have been careful, for the most part, to select for treatment pieces and passages which have long been familiar to the public. In the case of Shakespeare, there has been a run upon the "To be or not to be" soliloquy ; in the case of Goldsmith, upon the song sung by Olivia in "The Vicar of Wakefield ;" in that of Cowper, upon "Alexander Selkirk ;" in that

We bore him home and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him next morning a couple of red-
Herrings with soda-water.

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him;
But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on,
'Neath the counterpane, just as we laid him.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

This has the best qualities of parody, for it is at once admirably suggestive of the original and yet admirably humorous in itself. Barham has also left a clever parody on "Oh no, we never mention him," suggested by the failure of Bayly's farce, "Decorum." This begins:—

O no! we'll never mention him;
We won't, upon our word!
"Decorum" now forbids to name
An unsuccessful bard.
From Drury Lane we'll toddle to
Our office with regret,
And if they ask us, "Who's been dish'd?"
We'll say that "We forget."

We'll bid him now forsake the "scene,"
And try his ancient strain;
He'd better "be a butterfly"
Than write a farce again.
'Tis true that he can troll a song,
Or tender chansonette;
But if you ask us, "What beside?"
Why, really, we forget.

Of "I'd be a butterfly," we find a snatch in Mr. G. O. Trevelyan's "Horace at Athens," where a college bedmaker sings to this effect:—

I make the butter fly, all in an hour;
I put aside the preserves and cold meats,
Telling my master his cream has turned sour,
Hiding his pickles, purloining his sweets.

I never languish for husband or dower;
I never sigh to see gyps at my feet;
I make the butter fly, all in an hour,
Taking it home for my Saturday treat.

Moore's "'Twas ever thus" has been ingeniously perverted by no fewer than three clever writers of our time—to wit, Mr. H. S.

Leigh, Mr. C. S. Calverley, and Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell. If I quote the whole of Mr. Pennell's version, it is because it is the shortest, and therefore best suited to my purpose :—

Wus! ever wus! By freak of Puck's,
My most exciting hopes are dashed ;
I never wore my spotless ducks
But madly—wildly !—they were splashed.

I never roved by Cynthia's beam,
To gaze upon the starry sky,
But some old stiff-backed beetle came,
And charged into my pensive eye.

And, oh ! I never did the swell
In Regent Street, among the beaus,
But smuts the most prodigious fell,
And always settled on my nose !

Mr. Leigh begins :

I never rear'd a young gazelle
(Because, you see, I never tried),
But had it known and loved me well,
No doubt the creature would have died.
My sick and aged uncle John
Has known me long and loves me well,
But still persists in living on—
I would he were a young gazelle.

On the other hand, Mr. Calverley writes :

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour !
My fondest hopes would not decay :
I never loved a tree or flower
Which was the first to fade away !
The garden where I used to delve,
Short-frock'd, still yields me pinks in plenty ;
The pear-tree that I climbed at twelve
I still see blossoming at twenty.

He continues :

I never nursed a dear gazelle ;
But I was given a parroquet—
(How I did nurse him if unwell !)
He's imbecile, but lingers yet.
He's green, with an enchanting tuft ;
He melts me with his small black eye ;
He'd look inimitable stuff'd,
And knows it—but he will not die !

Canning's trite burlesque of Southey's "Sapphics" need not here be quoted, but I cannot resist the pleasure of reproducing a few verses

from Mr. Carroll's delightful adaptation of "Father William"—certainly one of the very best performances of its kind :—

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white ;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"
"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain ;
But now I am perfectly sure I have none—
Why, I do it again and again!"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet ;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how do you manage to do it?"
"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife ;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell has also written a very ingenious imitation of "How the Waters come down at Lodore," on the subject of "How the Daughters come down at Dunoon." This may be consulted in his "Puck on Pegasus." Of Wordsworth's "We are Seven," incomparably the best parody is Mr. H. S. Leigh's—unhappily, too long to quote in full :—

Said I, "What is it makes you bad?
How many apples have you had?"
She answered, "Only Seven."

"And are you sure you took no more,
My little maid?" quoth I.
"Oh, please, sir, mother gave me four,
But they were in a pie!"

"If that's the case," I stammered out,
"Of course you've had eleven."
The maiden answered, with a pout,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

Of "Marmion," of course, no more successful burlesque has been composed than Horace Smith's "Tale of Drury Lane," with its admirable climax :—

"Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they fear'd on? Fools! 'od rot 'em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

This will remain unsurpassable for all time. Bret Harte is the writer who has been led to cast ridicule on Lord Lytton's rhymeless "Tales

of Miletus," which assuredly are specially suggestive of such unkind treatment. He makes a Greek Bo-peep mourn the loss of her charges, and the parody concludes :

> Her then Zeus answered slow, "O daughter of song and sorrow,
> Hapless tender of sheep,—arise from thy long lamentations !
> Since thou canst trust not fate, nor behave as becomes a Greek maiden,
> Look, and behold thy sheep." And lo ! they returned to her tailless !

When Mr. Tennyson is reached, we become somewhat embarrassed by the riches in the way of parody which have accumulated round certain of his poems. Of "Home they brought her warrior dead," I know at least two perfectly excellent travesties—namely, those by Shirley Brooks and Mr. Sawyer—and there may be more. Shirley Brooks's may be found in the volume of his collected "Wit and Humour." Mr. Sawyer's runs :—

> Home they brought her sailor son,
> Grown a man across the sea,
> Tall and broad and black of beard,
> And hoarse of voice as man may be.
>
> Hand to shake and mouth to kiss,
> Both he offered ere he spoke ;
> But she said, "What man is this
> Comes to play a sorry joke ?"
>
> Then they praised him—call'd him "smart,"
> "Tightest lad that ever stept ;"
> But her son she did not know,
> And she neither smiled nor wept.
>
> Rose, a nurse of ninety years,
> Set a pigeon-pie in sight ;
> She saw him eat—"'Tis he ! 'tis he !"—
> She knew him—by his appetite !

Of "The Brook" I know only one thoroughly good travestie—that by Mr. Calverley, supposed to be uttered by a tinker, and beginning:—

> I loiter down by thorp and town,
> For any job I'm willing ;
> Take here and there a dusty brown,
> And here and there a shilling.

This is very remarkable in the felicity with which the words of the original are suggested:—

> I've sat, I've sigh'd, I've gloom'd, I've glanced
> With envy at the swallows
> That through the window slid and danced
> (Quite happy) round the gallows ;

But out again I come, and show
My face, nor care a stiver,
For trades are brisk and trades are slow,
But mine goes on for ever.

How admirable, again, is the parody on "The Higher Pantheism" which we find included in the volume to which we have already referred—"The Heptalogia"! The mock mysticism is delightful:—

Once the Mastodon was: pterodactyls were common as cocks:
Then the Mammoth was God: now is he a prize ox.
Parallels all things are: yet many of these are askew:
You are certainly I: but certainly I am not you.
Springs the rock from the plain, shoots the stream from the rock:
Cocks exist for the hen: but hens exist for the cock.
God whom we see not is: and God, who is not, we see:
Fiddle, we know, is diddle: and diddle, we take it, is dee.

In the "Shotover Papers" will be found parodies of "Break, break, break," "Flow down, cold rivulet to the sea," and "The Eagle," all from the same clever and ingenious hand. I take, as specimen, the second of the three, which, on the whole, is the best:—

Rise up, cold reverend, to a see;
Confound the unbelievers!
Yet ne'er 'neath thee my seat shall be
For ever and for ever.

Preach, softly preach, in lawn, and be
A comely model liver,
But ne'er 'neath thee my seat shall be
For ever and for ever.

And here shall sleep thy alderman,
And here thy pauper shiver,
And here by thee shall buzz the "she,"
For ever and for ever.

A thousand men shall sneer at thee,
A thousand women quiver,
But ne'er 'neath thee my seat shall be
For ever and for ever.

Tennysonian parody, however, is an old story now, seeing that some of the most successful efforts in that direction are to be read in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads." In that still diverting volume will be found parodies of "Adeline," "The Merman"—

Who would not be
The Laureate bold,
With his butt of sherry
To keep him merry,
And nothing to do but pocket his gold?—

"The May Queen," and "Locksley Hall." That of "The May Queen" is called "The Biter Bit," and thus concludes:

> You may lay me in my bed, mother—my head is throbbing sore;
> And, mother, prithee let the sheets be duly aired before;
> And, if you'd do a kindness to your poor desponding child,
> Draw me a pot of beer, mother—and, mother, draw it mild!

In "The Lay of the Love-Lorn," perhaps the following is one of the cleverest passages:—

> Cursed be the Bank of England's notes that tempt the soul to sin!
> Cursed be the want of acres—doubly cursed the want of tin!
> Cursed be the marriage contract that enslaved thy soul to greed!
> Cursed be the sallow lawyer that prepared and drew the deed!
> Cursed be his foul apprentice who the loathsome fees did earn!
> Cursed be the clerk and parson—cursed be the whole concern!

For an exceptionally excellent parody of Poe's "Raven," the reader may be referred to Mr. H. S. Leigh's "Carols of Cockayne"; and for one of the most satisfactory of the many burlesques of Longfellow's "Excelsior," he may go to the "Puck on Pegasus" of Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell.

Hitherto we have been considering the parodies which have been constructed either on the foundation of a poet's general style or on the basis of particular specimens of his work. These two classes constitute the staple of modern poetical burlesque, but they by no means form the whole of it. In addition to these, you will find parody exercising itself upon various forms of verse and upon various descriptions of poetry. Thus Gay furnishes us with a mock elegy, amusingly descriptive of a species of poem largely common in his day. Cowper presents us with a quaint travestie of the ode as generally written in the eighteenth century. Southey favours us with a sonnet of an agreeably mock-sentimental character; and several writers parody the exaggerated simplicity of the early, and the monotonous refrains of the later, ballads. Gay opens impressively:—

> Stock's fate I mourn! poor Stock is now no more!
> Ye muses, mourn! ye chambermaids, deplore!

Southey's effusion is "To a Goose," and is worth reprinting, seeing that the author of "The Curse of Kehama" (amusingly travestied, by the way, in the "Addresses") is not usually regarded as a humourist:—

> If thou didst feed on western plains of yore;
> Or waddle wide with flat and flabby feet
> Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy moor;
> Or found in farmer's yard a safe retreat
> From gipsy thieves, and foxes sly and fleet;
> If thy great quills, by lawyer guided, trace
> Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race,

Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and sweet,
Wailing the rigour of his lady fair;
Or if, the drudge of housemaid's daily toil,
Cobwebs and dust thy pinions white besoil,
Departed Goose! I neither know nor care.
But this I know, that we pronounced thee fine,
Seasoned with sage and onions, and port wine.

Cowper's "ode" is much to the same effect as Lloyd and Colman's efforts, but more general in its satire—

Shall I begin with *Ah*, or *Oh*?
Be sad? *Oh!* yes. Be glad? *Ah!* no.
Light subjects suit not grave Pindaric ode,
Which walks with metre down the Strophic road.

Of the older ballad style, Johnson was one of the first parodists, with his—

As with my hat upon my head
I walk'd along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.

Of later years we have had, among several, Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, with his—

It was the huge metropolis
With fog was like to choke;
It was the gentle cabby horse
His ancient knees that broke

And oh, it was the cabby-man
That swore with all his might,
And did request he might be blowed
Particularly tight,
If any swell should make him stir
Another step that night!

The purely modern ballad has received its happiest treatment from Mr. Calverley, whose skit, especially, upon the invariable "refrain" is particularly mirth-provoking. No one—not even the writers of the ballads themselves—could resist such a passage as this:—

The farmer's daughter hath frank blue eyes;
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese);
She hears the rooks caw in the windy skies,
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter hath ripe red lips;
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese);
If you try to approach her, away she skips
Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair;
(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese);
And I've met with a ballad, I can't say where,
Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

Among the various descriptions of poetry which have been parodied from time to time are the melodramatic, the didactic, the domestic, and songs of the nursery, the drawing-room, and the popular order. The melodramatic has been dealt with in such productions as the "Rehearsal" of Buckingham, the "Critic" of Sheridan, the "Tom Thumb" of Fielding, and the "Chrononhotonthologos" of Carey. In all of these the reader finds more or less admirable travesties of the popular "tragic" verse-writing of the respective eras. In the case of two of them, modern audiences have from time to time had opportunities of listening to the mock-bombastic speeches of *Tilburina* and *Fadladinida*, *Whiskerandos* and *Aldiborontiphoscophornio*;—of *Tilburina*, with her "mad" soliloquy—

> The wind whistles—the moon rises—see,
> They have killed my squirrel in his cage:
> Is this a gravedigger? Ha! no; it is my
> Whiskerandos—you shall not keep him,
> I know you have him in your pocket.
> An oyster may be crossed in love!—who says
> A whale's a bird?—Ha! did you call, my love?
> He's here! He's there! He's everywhere!
> Ah me! he's nowhere!—

and of *Fadladinida*, with her rhapsody over the king of the Antipodes, who walked upon his hands—

> Oh my Tadlanthe! Have you seen his face,
> His air, his shape, his mien, his every grace?
> In what a charming attitude he stands!
> How prettily he foots it with his hands!
> Well, to his arms—no, to his legs—I fly!
> For I must have him, if I live or die!

In "Tom Thumb" there is the famous image of the dogs, which Leigh Hunt has praised for "the solemnity of its triviality and the stately monosyllabic stamp of its music." The "Rehearsal" is not now so readable as its contemporaries doubtless found it, though the burlesque of Dryden and Sir Robert Howard will always be appreciated by the student. Of didactic verse of the kind common in last century, probably the best burlesque obtainable is in the "Anti-Jacobin"—that mine of graceful wit and rollicking humour. Here, for instance, is a truly edifying passage:—

> Ah! who has seen the mailed lobster rise,
> Clap her broad wings, and, soaring, claim the skies?
> When did the owl, descending from her bower,
> Crop, 'mid the fleecy flocks, the tender flower;
> Or the young heifer plunge, with pliant limb,
> In the salt waves, and fish-like strive to swim?

The same with plants—potatoes 'tatoes breed,
The costly cabbage springs from cabbage-seed ;
Lettuce to lettuce, leeks to leeks, succeed ;
Nor e'er did cooling cucumber presume
To flower like myrtle, or like violets bloom.

Of verse of the domestic or "homely-pathetic" sort, Bret Harte supplies us with an imitation :—

The dews are heavy on my brow,
My breath comes hard and low ;
Yet, mother dear, grant one request,
Before your boy must go.
Oh, lift me ere my spirit sinks,
And ere my senses fail :
Place me once more, O mother dear,
Astride the old fence rail.

The old fence rail, the old fence rail !
How oft these youthful legs,
With Alice and Ben Bolt's, were hung
Across those wooden pegs.
'Twas there the nauseating smoke
Of my first pipe arose :
O mother dear ! these agonies
Are far less keen than those !

In the parody of nursery-poetry Mr. Lewis Carroll is, of course, *facile princeps*. Nothing can surpass the airy felicity of his quaint perversion of our childhood's favourites. "Alice" and "Through the Looking-glass" swarm with them. At one time it is—

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat !
How I wonder what you're at !
Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.

At another it is—

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every shining scale.

Then, too, in the matter of popular melody, what could be better than his—

Beautiful soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a big tureen !
Who for such dainties would not stoop
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup !
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup !

In the direction of drawing-room ditty, we have only to go to Planché, with his—

When other lips and other eyes
  Their tales of love shall tell,
Which means the usual sort of lies
  You've heard from many a swell;
When, bored with what you feel is bosh,
  You'd give the world to see
A friend whose love you know will wash,
  Oh, then remember me!

or to Thackeray, with his—

When moonlike ore the hazure seas
  In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
  Bend down the Lily's bells—
When calm and deap the rosy sleap
  Has rapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline! R lady mine!
  Dost thou remember Jeames?

Closely allied, of course, to these "songs without sense" (of which Bret Harte also supplies an example that might be quoted), are the love-verses which used to be fashionable more than a hundred years ago, and of which Swift, among several writers, has left a very quaint burlesque. These, however, may be studied elsewhere. We have now run lightly over most of the ground occupied by poetical parody in our language, and the result is at least to show that, with some that is poor or merely mediocre in character, there is much that is of the highest interest and value, and that we were never more richly endowed with adequate and successful parodists than we are at this moment.

W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

HOW MEPHISTO WAS CAUGHT.

A CHESS LEGEND.[1]

DESCHAPELL, the Chess King, learnt chess in four days, after which he beat every player who dared to meet him over the chess-board. I studied chess for four years, and acquired a certain proficiency, but discarded all hope of ever reaching that standard of skill to which every young chess-player sanguinely aspires.

Often have I turned away from board and men with the resolve to never again enter a contest, convinced that I never could become a chess-player of the foremost rank; I consoled myself with the thought that Pandora's box could not possibly deal out to every aspirant the genius necessary to become a Ponziani or a Philidor.

Besides—the grapes were sour—to be a first-class chess-player, and keep up the reputation of being such, detracted in my eyes from the pleasures which the game otherwise afforded.

The worship of Cäissa is, however, so alluring, so fascinating, that the mind, after an interval of repose, returns to it with renewed vigour, greater hope, and redoubled energy, intent on wresting the palm of victory from the majority of opponents.

It would be an injustice to the noble game of chess were we guided by momentary results in our estimation of the pleasures and advantages to be derived from the pursuit of this intellectual pastime. We may lose a game, or even a match; yet we have fought well, fairly met our challenged foe, have not blundered, but gained his respect by our doughty combat; and being beaten, we have not hesitated to yield to our opponent in a manly spirit. Such thoughts

[1] The greater part of this legend was written in the earlier part of 1878, and was submitted to Mons. A. Delannoy for translation into French; but not thinking the framework of the story suitable for French readers, and being himself a prolific original writer, this gentleman, with the consent of the author, adapted the leading idea of this story for his amusing article "Mephistopheles at the Paris Exhibition," published in *La Stratégie* in April 1878. The chess-problem appearing in that article was especially composed by Mr. F. Healey.

have often induced me to direct my steps back to the chess club, and enticed me to enter again the list of combatants in a tournament; inspired by the intellectual feats of Staunton, Anderson, and Morphy, I cherished the hope of reaching nearer and nearer the perfection of such masters. When gaining a victory, visions of further successes buoyed me up and refanned my sinking courage; a well-contested but lost game caused me to apply myself to renewed study, and so engaged I often passed the midnight hours in solitude over the chess-board.

It was after an evening spent at the chess club over a match-game which I lost, although (as chess-players always flatter themselves) I ought to have won it. Dispirited, I wended my way homewards, my heated brain busy with the position of the game, in which I made the move that turned fortune (of course, not my opponent's skill) against me. I must have been thinking aloud, must have been soliloquising whilst walking along, for I heard a voice near me exclaim: "You can be the strongest chess-player in the world if you will follow my instructions."

Any other remark would have found my ear deaf; but this so harmonised with the thoughts then occupying me, that I was conscious of hearing the voice very plainly. I turned round to look at the person addressing me, but to my great astonishment I could see no one except two or three human figures flitting along the dimly lighted streets at a distance too great for their voices to have reached me.

I stood still, feeling rather baffled for a moment; then, smiling at my foolishness in allowing my mind to be thrown off its guard by its own wanderings, I resumed my journey. Of course, I thought, this is only a specimen of Dr. Carpenter's "unconscious cerebration," and whilst giving way to a merry laugh, I quickened my steps to make up for the time I had lost so dreamingly on the road.

I reached home later than usual; it was already half an hour past midnight. The servants had strict orders never to wait up for me after half-past eleven, hence all had gone to rest, and I was the only occupant of the lower part of the house. I locked and bolted the street-door, fastened the chain in the usual manner (as confirmed by the servant when questioned about it the next morning), and then looked in at the library, where I opened several letters received by the last post. I could, however, not fix my attention upon either of these letters; my mind was still too much occupied with my defeat; and had I gone to bed, sle

would have kept away from me for hours. So I determined to settle my doubt about the chances I had thrown away in the game played during the evening, by subjecting it to a closer analysis. I arranged board and men, and played the game over up to the point where I could have forced it, my opponent being completely at my mercy. But how could I have possibly overlooked so evident a move at the decisive movement? What made me so blind as not to see that with this one *coup* my opponent's resources were completely gone?

Almost angrily I rose from my chair, fully convinced that, with my mind harassed and irritated by an annoying vocation during the day, I could not expect it to be fit for so trying a mental task as a match game at chess; and I settled the whole question by exclaiming, "I never can be a profound chess-player." At that moment I felt a draught of air through the room as if doors at each end had been suddenly opened, although I heard no noise, and a voice exclaimed, "But you can, if you will follow my instruction."

I recognised the voice; it was the same which I had heard on my way home, but now it seemed to come from every part of the room, and made me stagger back into my chair. I defy the stoutest heart not to beat quicker at such an unwelcome phenomenon occurring to him when alone during the still hours of the night. No human being was near me when the voice in the street sounded so close to my ear, and no one had followed me into the house, as I myself had fastened the street-door. Besides, I had not been so absorbed in my analysis but that the least noise would have forced itself on my attention.

Yet here was the same voice, clear and sonorous, coming from no distinct part of the room to indicate the whereabouts of the speaker. I remember shutting my eyes, whilst the idea of unconscious cerebration flashed across my mind, with the conviction that it could not be this. I was far from harbouring any belief in spirits or ghosts, and my philosophy certainly excluded animism from its doctrines; hence, spiritualistic tendencies of my mind could never have caused my brain to produce unconsciously the speech I heard.

All these reflections passed rapidly before me, and made the whole phenomenon still more puzzling, particularly as I perceived that a mephitic odour diffused itself about me. I opened my eyes, and to my horror discovered my light extinguished, while a subdued red glare filled the room. I felt that my mind was labouring under some fearful hallucination, from which I endeavoured to free myself by rising from my chair. But my limbs refused to obey my will. I

was prostrate, paralysed, and felt the perspiration pouring down my forehead in cold drops. While in this state of agony I heard the voice addressing me in the following words, spoken in a cynical, sarcastic manner, which made me shudder, and caused my blood to curdle in every part of my body: "First, my dear A., let me allay your fears, which I know, from long experience, torture you mortals in a pitiable degree; take my assurance that I have not come to harm you, however mysterious the manner and form of my approach. Take courage, regain your full consciousness, and believe me, although it may appear incredible, that all you have just experienced in your person is but the result of your own weak human nature. Do not be deceived in me and my character, for, I doubt not, we shall be good friends so soon as your eye has become accustomed to my face and figure." These words induced me to take a look at the speaker, who, I felt, now stood opposite to me on the other side of the chess table. The first object that caught my sight was his keen, penetrating eye, which appeared to have a singular attractive power—so great, that I felt myself unable to look at any other part of his person. This, however, did not prevent me from observing his tall figure enveloped in a fiery red dress, his biliously tinted features, expressing a cutting sneer and a sardonic smile, his long fingers, &c. All reflection had forsaken me; my blood seemed to have ceased to circulate, and my tongue refused to express the question now tormenting my mind. But he seemed to guess my thoughts, and forestalled my inquiry by introducing himself to me in the following words: "You will have, I hope, no objection to my taking the seat opposite to you at this table, whilst making you acquainted with me and the object of my visit. You may in your own mind have already denominated me the Devil, or Satan, or given me any of the names by which popular superstition designates what it calls an evil spirit. But as I know, my dear A., that your mind is cast in a mould superior to the ordinary type, it is not necessary now to refute any such ideas about my person or origin—for the moment, at least—and I will beg you to accept my presence here as a material fact; leave all scruples and further questions until we have transacted our business, and call me simply Mephistopheles, or, shortly, Mephisto. I can read in your face that you have heard of me before this, no doubt in connection with the life and death"—(a shudder ran through me when remembering of what kind it was)—"of Dr. Faustus; but feel no alarm; I do not wish to practise magical science with you, but have come to you as a chess-player. You look surprised. Know then, my dear A., that I am as passionately fond of chess as

you are; but I possess the advantage of having practised the game since it was invented, and measured my strength against all the old chess masters, from Greco, Paolo Bois, and Ruy Lopez, down to Philidor and Labourdonnais. Not only have I played with them, but most of the ancient players have had to thank me for their skill. Without your knowing it, I have often watched your struggles to improve in this most fascinating mental sport; and having seen and admired your unflagging industry, and, above all, knowing you to possess a mind which engages in subjects of higher import in a free and unbiassed spirit, I have long felt a desire to assist you in your endeavours to become a strong chess-player." He paused for a moment, as if hesitating how to proceed, whilst the smile on his face assumed a truly diabolical expression. I had ceased to rack my brain for a solution of this extraordinary phenomenon, and was sitting motionless in my chair, ready to accept any phase which this adventure might assume, when I heard him say: "Why I appear to you at this hour and in this form I cannot tell you now, as time is fleeting, and I have to be three thousand miles away in the heart of Asia before the sun shall be at its meridian there; hence I must be brief to-night; but on my next visit we shall have more time for explanation. Yes, my dear 'A.,' I mean to come again, and my visits will, I am sure, become more and more agreeable to you; but we must come to an understanding before we proceed. My presence here is subject to certain conditions; the first, and the only important one, is: that you must not on any account or in any form make the sign of the cross in my presence, or during the whole time that my transactions with you will last. You may by means of it break the spell with which I control you at this moment, and you may banish me from your presence; but you certainly do so at the risk of your life. I need not ask you, as I know that you have strength of mind sufficient to promise fulfilment of this stipulation." At these words I felt my whole body shaking, with a peculiar sensation in every joint; it was evident to me that I was free to move, from which I had been prevented by the mysterious influence of my visitor.

"The other point," he continued, "to be observed by you, in order to make my presence and my return possible, is—silence to every one concerning me and my visits. But I scarcely think there is any necessity for me to dwell longer on the fulfilment of this condition, so that I can now revert to the chief object of our interview." Mephisto's piercing glance had so riveted my eyes, and his words had so fascinated my attention, that I could not gain a moment's time to attempt

an explanation of this apparition ; and he seemed anxiously watching me, so as to prevent my thoughts from being otherwise engaged than in the manner he desired.

"From my remarks," he resumed, "you already know that I profess to teach the royal game of chess ; to which I must add, that I can bring my pupils to a degree of perfection which enables them to combat successfully every other living chess-player. I have, you must know, only one living pupil at a time, and the death of my last disciple in Arabia, who never had an opportunity to measure his strength with European players, has induced me to search for a new candidate. Your earnest desire to improve in the game has attracted my attention, and I now offer you the position of the strongest chess-player in the world, if you will avail yourself of my assistance for that purpose. Before I, however, receive your reply, it is but fair that I should acquaint you with the conditions under which I offer my instructions to you, since, as you will perceive, my dear A., even the devil likes to go to work in a straightforward manner."

I had by this time regained full control over my mind, and determined to meet my uninvited guest with all the courage and mental powers at my disposal ; so I exclaimed (in a voice intended to be firm and fearless, which yet, however, must have betrayed some nervousness, as it brought a smile on Mephisto's face) : "Be you man or devil, I beg you to understand that your presence here was never solicited, nor is it welcome ; and I trust that, by the same mysterious means that enabled you to effect your entrance, you will——." He would not allow me to continue, but, with his condescending cynical smile, interrupted me by saying : "Stop, stop, my dear A., be not too rash with your threats or your judgment ; first hear me out, and then decide. Prejudice and my mysterious approach will, it seems, not allow you to treat me with any confidence ; it is hence necessary that we should come to an understanding. I must beg you to divest yourself of the idea, fostered by popular tradition, that my object in all compacts which I make is the possession of the human soul. That is not the case ; for the service which I desire to render you—namely, making you the strongest chess-player—I shall ask in return your services during your terrestrial life ; my influence over human beings does not extend beyond the grave, so I leave every one to answer for his own soul hereafter. I shall not press you for a decision to-night, but will give you a week to consider my proposition, which time will enable you to discover that I can fulfil my engagement by making you victorious against any chess-player whom you may feel inclined to challenge. This day week I shall return at the

same hour, when I hope, my dear A., you will be ready to receive me, and, like a sensible man and an enthusiastic chess-player, you will accept my terms. So, *au revoir.*" I felt myself rudely shaken, and appeared just awakening from a dream. I rubbed my eyes and looked round me, when, instead of Mephisto, I discovered my wife standing by my side with a candle in one hand, the other resting on my shoulder. It is needless to relate the gentle reproof I received for my imprudence in spending the hours, so needful for rest of body and mind, over the chess-board, and in so exhausted a condition that even an interesting position—still visible on the board—could not keep me awake. I had been asleep, then? Why, of course; and but for some strange noise about the house, which awakened my wife and servants, I might have remained still longer in my unenviable position. I looked stupefied. I was sure I had been awake when my mysterious visitor made his appearance; the whole scene was too vividly impressed upon my mind to be the mere remembrance of a dream. Yet it must have been only a dream; and so, harassed by doubts and reflections, I sought the arms of sleep, hoping for a solution of my perplexed state of mind on the coming morrow.

My face must have betrayed the thoughts that occupied me, since my wife during the next and following days did not cease questioning me about the cause of the trouble so plainly depicted on my countenance; and what made matters worse was my constant endeavour to avoid her company, that I might brood undisturbed over the nature of my adventure. All my attempts at a solution failed, and I could only shift an explanation of the phenomenon on to the shoulders of Kant, Schopenhauer, Helmholtz, or Zöllner, by assuming Mephisto to be a being of four dimensions, with the capacity of assuming our three-dimensional existence whenever it pleased him. All my cogitations ended at last in curiosity as to my chess strength. Was I really stronger than I had been before the eventful night? I could easily put this to the test: and if I found myself really stronger, if I could conquer the first-class players all round, this would amount to a definite proof that I had not been dreaming. Impatience to measure myself against the champions of the club and the chess-divan took possession of me; and my most important engagements for the day being satisfied, I hastened to challenge the first strong player I could meet. I disdained to take odds, and nearly offended my opponent by insisting upon playing even. To his, not more than to my own astonishment, I won—won by a combination which took me utterly by surprise, and which had the effect of bringing

other players of no mean chess strength around me, eager to test whether or not my suddenly acquired chess powers were of a permanent or an ephemeral character. But all had to succumb.

So the week passed on, and the evening approached on which I had to meet my mysterious chess master. My successes over the board had produced, no doubt, the intended effect. The chess strength so miraculously acquired, unconsciously excited in me the desire for further powers, a wider knowledge, and an extended mental vision. I seemed to long for the meeting with Mephisto, and so presented a frame of mind which made me a ready prey for his crafty snares. When I reached home from the club, rather earlier than usual, I was met by the servant at the door, who, in a trembling voice, informed me that a stranger, a tall foreigner, was waiting for me in the library; that he had gone into the room as if he knew the house, and told her not to trouble herself about him, that master would be home directly, and that she might go to bed; but somehow she did not like his appearance, and felt uneasy. Displeased at her encounter with Mephisto, I reproached the servant for her fanciful ideas, and told her rather sharply to be gone.

I found my visitor standing before a bookcase, so deeply interested in a small volume that he appeared not to notice my approach until I was close to him, when he turned round, and, in a pleasing voice, congratulated me on the contents of my library.

"You will," he continued, "during the past week have experienced the chess powers which I have imparted to you, and you can try these powers in a contest with me to determine whether your services shall be at my, or my services at your, disposal during your lifetime. I propose that we shall play three games at chess, one game a week; if I win all these games, your services shall be mine: in which case I shall provide you with ample funds for the remainder of your life, and keep you free from all harm which any undertaking on my account may possibly subject you to, besides making you the strongest living chess-player; and should I fail in this, even in one instance, our compact shall be considered cancelled. If, on the other hand, you can succeed in drawing even one of the games, and so prevent me from winning all three, my services shall be yours in any way you may decide. I have only to repeat what I said at our first interview, as a primary condition, namely: *that you must not on any account or in any form make the sign of the Cross in my presence, or during the whole time that my transactions with you may last.* I

cannot explain to you now for what reason I make this request; suffice it for you to know, that if you make this sign you may banish me from your presence at great risk to yourself; and that should I myself even inadvertently make the sign in any way or form, I forfeit the control of certain natural powers which now I am able to call to my aid. Such, my dear A., are the stipulations of our agreement, and it is for you now to declare whether or not you will accept the position of chess champion of the world, with an ample competency for the remainder of your life, under the conditions I have named; with the chance of gaining my services, should the chess contest decide in your favour."

Here his speech ended, while his keen eye was fixed on me as if searching for a reply. I had sunk into reflection which made it impossible for me to answer as quickly as he perhaps desired. He evidently noticed this, for he turned towards the bookcase whilst telling me he would give me ten minutes for considering the question.

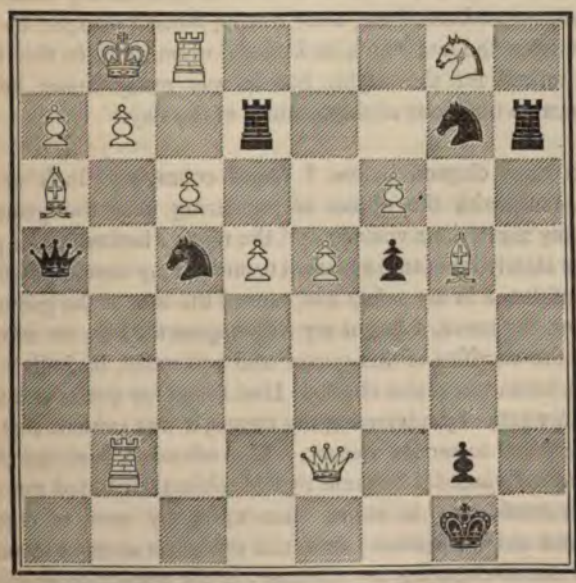
Already during the past week had I, in anticipation of this moment, weighed the pros and cons of the offer made me, and had as often decided in the negative as in the affirmative, as either cool reflection or the intoxicating pride of a chess champion took possession of my mind.

But what at this moment influenced me most was the prospect of winning against Mephisto with one drawn game out of the three. Surely, I thought, the devil's chess play cannot be so far beyond my powers as to prevent me even from effecting a draw, particularly if I concentrate all my powers on this alone. Chances were greatly in my favour; and should fate be against me in this contest, my ultimate lot appeared not a very hard one; so I decided to reply in the affirmative.

Mephisto's account of himself had, no doubt, had great influence in inducing me to treat him with more confidence than I felt towards him in the first hour of our interview; and he had brought my mind into such a condition, that he knew well, probably, how I should decide. Upon informing him of my willingness to agree to his terms, and to engage in the match, he seemed not in the least surprised, and showed not the least sign of rejoicing; but quietly took his seat at the chess-table, and expressed a desire, if I had no objection, that the first game might be played that same evening, although it was late. I consented, having previously taken the precaution of persuading my wife to spend a short time with friends in the country, so that I might be left unfettered in my movements at home.

Mephisto himself proposed that I should have the choice of men, and the first move in the first game; and not seeing any reason why I should refuse, I accepted, thinking that I certainly gained a chance of either bringing the game to a decisive position in my favour or securing a draw; so I chose the white men, and opened with the usual moves leading to the giuoco piano, which gave me a safe position. I obtained what appeared to me a formidable attack, and gave myself up to the idea that I had an easily won victory; but Mephisto's tactics were evidently to allow me to deceive myself. He played simply a defensive game, reckoning upon my over-certainty of winning; and then gradually brought his pieces into a safe position, ready to take advantage of any oversight of mine. So the game must have lasted about three hours, when I considered my attack upon my opponent overwhelming. I had my king safely sheltered, was a piece and four pawns ahead, and threatened mate on the move, as the following position will show:—

"A" (WHITE).



"Mephisto" (BLACK).

Whilst already congratulating myself upon certain victory, I heard my opponent coolly remark, that, although I had played in a most creditable manner, he could now announce a mate in seven moves. For the moment I mistrusted my senses as to whether I had heard

correctly, and indulged in a smile of doubt. Mephisto observing this, repeated his announcement, made the first and indicated the following successive moves, to convince me of the certainty with which he had calculated the issue of his strategy. I stared at the position, my burning head leaning on my hands, whilst I was wrestling with the desire to express in angry words my chagrin at the result; when, with a pitying smile, and in a tone which jarred upon my ears, Mephisto expressed his gratification at finding me so strong, and prophesied better success for me with all mortal opponents. "Meantime, dear A.," he continued, "take matters calmly, and do not yet despair of being the winner in our contest. I shall return in a week's time, and hope to find you complete master over all your faculties. Till then, farewell." So absorbed was I in contemplating the position, that I forgot the ordinary civilities which a host owes to his guest, and he made his exit unattended.

When I found myself alone, a paroxysm of rage for a moment took possession of me, perhaps not so much in consequence of the loss of the game, as because of the patronising tone in which my opponent addressed me, after having himself escaped by a hair's-breadth from the fate which he inflicted upon me. In this frame of mind I retired for the night, but it was many hours before my mind became oblivious of the troubles of the day.

Two days elapsed before I found courage to look at a chess-board again, with the object of pondering over the game played against my mysterious visitor; and the more I looked at the position, the more clearly it became apparent to me that my own impetuosity and over-confidence in my safety had caused the loss of the game. With a mate on the move, I forgot my wily opponent, who so manœuvred that, by the sacrifice of his queen and two rooks, he inflicted defeat on me in seven successive checks. Had I kept my queen at home, and opened my game by advancing my pawns, it was evident that I could not have failed to secure victory. The oftener I analysed the game the more convinced I became that Mephisto depended rather upon my over-confidence in attack than upon my want of combining-power and circumspection; and this reflection seemed to renew my courage for re-engaging my adversary in the remaining games of our match. I purposely avoided the chess-board, and spent a few days in the country; thereby gaining vigour of body and clearness of mind before returning home to meet my opponent.

On the day of our next appointment I arranged the table with

chess-board and men in readiness for the arrival of my visitor. I was desirous that Mephisto should not suspect the slightest hesitation on my part to meet him in our encounter. He arrived in good time, and entered the room unannounced. A pleasing self-satisfied smile was on his face, which made me remark, that he no doubt felt sure of his victim, but that it did not require any special politeness on his part to confirm me in my resolution to abide by the stipulations of our compact. "My dear A.," he replied, "you are in error if you think the emotions expressed in my features are caused by our meeting. What makes me feel happy is the result of my latest adventure; but I will not entertain you by relating this, as the time will soon arrive when I shall make you fully acquainted with me, and when you will learn with surprise that my history is closely interwoven with the history of the human mind; that as this latter widens its field of inquiry and its depth of comprehension, to that extent will my *raison d'être* vanish, and my whole character be understood. But more of this anon; let us proceed to our game, as time is pressing with me, and I should not like to be guilty of hurrying you in your moves."

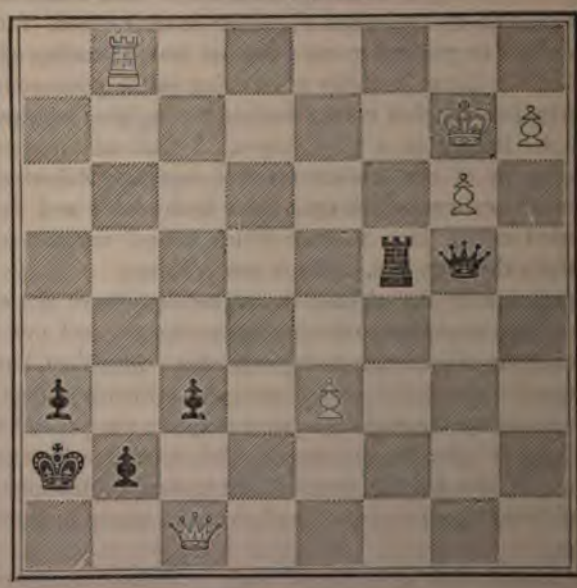
Mephisto had the first move; and on my replying with pawn to K 4, &c., he led up to a Ruy Lopez. I took advantage of the analytical studies of our modern masters, especially Zukertort, who have thoroughly exhausted this opening in both attack and defence, and defended myself in a manner which caused my adversary to study carefully these, to him, perhaps new positions.

I succeeded after the eighteenth or twentieth move not only in making the game even, but in forcing the exchange, and my attack assumed an apparently overwhelming character. Mephisto, however, proved himself a wonderful pawn player, and evidently endeavoured to gain the advantage by pushing a pawn to queen; to prevent which, I was obliged to give the exchange. This, as well as his excellent manœuvring of the knights, enabled him to ward off the immediate danger, and bring about an equality of pieces, as shown in the following position:

We were both left with queen, rook, and three pawns, but the advantage of position was greatly in my favour. I threatened mate on the move, which could only be avoided by an exchange of queens; his rook was *en prise*, and I had a free pawn at K 6 ready to go to queen. He could not possibly escape this time, particularly since any attempt on his part to mate me could only result in a draw, owing to the position of my king. I must have involuntarily evinced my delight at the apparent certainty with which I thought I had caught the devil, because Mephisto looked at me with a sneering

smile, and said, "No doubt, my dear A., you look upon our contest as coming to a favourable conclusion through your unquestionably excellent play; but I am sorry to inform you, that you mistake the issue of this game. You must observe that it is now my move; and taking advantage of it, I can mate you in seven moves at latest." "Never," cried I, excited; "I play my K to R 3 and back to Kt 2, and you can but draw the game; and if you prevent the mate I threaten, then the exchange leaves me with a clear rook." "I have too high a regard for you," he replied, "to do more than indicate the exact position in which I produce the mate." I saw it; saw only too plainly that, with all my good play, I was conquered—conquered by a wily stratagem, of which none but a diabolical chess-player could be capable.

"A" (WHITE).



"Mephisto" (BLACK).

Disheartened, I sank back in my chair; and whether sleep, swoon, or Mephisto's magic power overcame me, I know not—but I lost my senses for a time. When I regained consciousness, I found that my mysterious visitor had disappeared, having left the position on the board as it was at the moment when he announced the mate—a mate, strangely enough, again in the fatal seven moves. Yes, whichever way I played,

with the best reply in my favour, it was, either way, mate in the same number of moves; and my short-sighted assumption, that his checking would lead to a draw, was blown to the winds. In a fit of anger, I swept the men off the board, took my hat, and sought to cool my heated brain in the night air. Who can depict my astonishment when I found the street-door properly locked, bolted, and chained! It made me halt, and sobered my anger considerably; for it forced on my mind the recognition that I had to deal with a superior power. What had become of Mephisto? How had he made his exit? The impossibility of answering such questions, except by guesses, made me discard the attempt; and instead of roaming about the streets in the night, I turned back and went to bed, endeavouring to forget my disappointment in sleep.

The next few days found me gloomily pondering over the adventure in which I had so foolishly engaged; and the question constantly recurred to me: How will Mephisto dispose of my services, should fate decide against me in our next contest? It was of course now too late to raise this question with the view of evading the consequences of his winning the third game; but the greater the probability of the match being decided in Mephisto's favour, the more did my mind dwell on the nature of my connection with this mysterious being. I could not but admit that, so far, his whole appearance and his actions had removed from my mind any fear such as a spirit of the traditional type would have inspired. Mephisto's true nature seemed an enigma which closer acquaintance alone could solve; and the prospect of thoroughly analysing so mysterious a being, who apparently had played so important but dubious a *rôle* in the world's history, fascinated me so much, as to overcome even the slightest hesitation to carry out our compact in the strictest sense. That he was in his nature and character different from what popular credulity had painted him, I was fully convinced; and I was, furthermore, prepared to believe that his so-called supernatural powers were nothing but the most extended knowledge and practical application of natural forces, which humanity laboriously acquires by slow steps. So, the more I reasoned upon my adventure, the less restraint I felt in meeting my chess master for the third and deciding game.

The eventful evening arrived, and I had everything in readiness for the reception of my visitor. When he entered the room, he approached me and cast a searching glance as if to read my thoughts; but seeing me look calm, and, if not exactly cheerful, at least without

any indications of depression of mind, he began chatting about the events of the day in an indifferent manner, until suddenly he turned round and asked significantly, "And you are quite prepared, my dear A., to engage in the last game of our contest, in order to decide in what relation we shall stand to each other during the remainder of your life?" "Oh, certainly," I replied; "do not, pray, imagine that either fear or mistrust would make me break my word in regard to our compact. Let us proceed, if you are willing, to the chess-board at once, and you shall find that I intend to do battle with you till the last chance of my winning has disappeared."

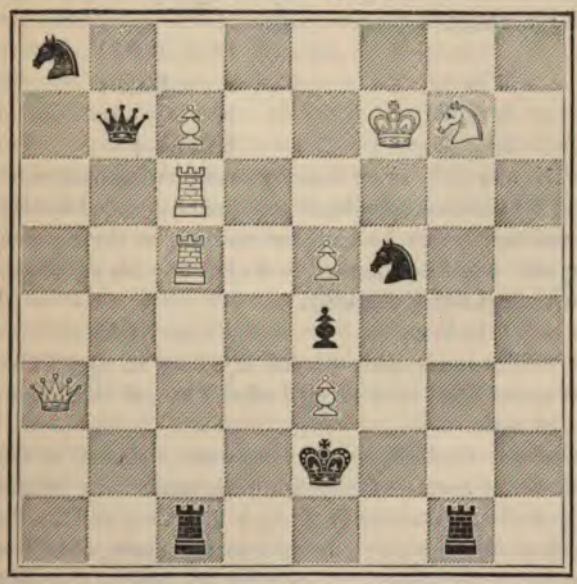
Mephisto looked at me in an inquiring manner, as if to detect a little bravado as the basis of my speech. A smile stole over his face whilst taking his seat opposite me, and he remarked: "Whatever the result of this game may be, I can give you the assurance that you shall never have occasion to regret the manner in which you have confided in me. But," he continued after a short pause, "let us proceed with the game, and reserve all further explanation until the result of our contest has been decided. I shall have more to say to you then than I can utter at present; so, dear A., make your move."

I adopted this time the Vienna opening, and played a careful, steady game, always looking more to safety at home than to attack; but my wily opponent took every opportunity to make me aware of the weakest point in my position, and by this means harassed me. However, his several attempts at breaking into my camp failed, and the battle was in consequence prolonged for many hours. No decided advantage was gained on either side; but, as I had to watch for every opportunity that the varying position afforded for drawing the game, so my opponent had to be upon the alert to prevent this. I began to feel the effect of this continuous strain on my mind, and became alarmed lest my adversary should succeed in beating me through my want of physical endurance; hence I determined to make one great effort to force the position, so that, by the exchange of pieces, the game should become less intricate. I endeavoured to get his queen out of play, and was prepared to exchange rooks, in which case my extra pawn would have won the game, as will be seen from the accompanying diagram.

In fact, the position appeared to me such, that I felt assured my opponent could not succeed in doing more than draw the game, which was equivalent to my winning it. It was Mephisto's move now, and he took some time to decide what to do. He looked intently at the position, and seemed to count. "Aha!" I thought

"he is aware that he cannot escape; he sees, no doubt, how futile is the attempt to ward off the undoubted issue of the battle." I was in my own mind curious how this amiable devil would behave under defeat; how he would admit that he was beaten, and that his services would be at my disposal. He seemed to guess my thoughts, and looked me full in the face in a friendly, serious way, as much as to reproach me for rejoicing at his misadventure. I felt a little ashamed, and was on the point of excusing myself, when Mephisto addressed me in the following words: "You have no doubt in your experience found that Fate often appears to deal with us as if purposely to test our mental and moral qualities, by promising us the easy achievement of our desires, and, at the moment of accomplishment, causing disappointment in an unexpected manner. Well for him who has sufficient fortitude to take life as it comes in

"A" (WHITE).



"Mephisto" (BLACK).

welfare and adversity, determined to do the best he can, since thereby the battle of life is half won. It is for you now, my dear A., to test the qualities of your mind, by accepting the decision of our contest as revealed in the position on the chess-board before us. You are confident the game is in your favour; and if you had the

move, you could no doubt bring the battle to a successful issue; but as it is my turn to play, I am enabled to mate you (if you make the best reply) in seven moves, and I beg you to calmly examine the position, and acknowledge the inexorable fate which gives me the power to demand your surrender." Stung by this patronising admonition, I felt that desperation and a spiteful sentiment had so possessed me as to prevent me from quietly considering the state of the game to ascertain how far Mephisto was correct; so I told him rather impetuously, as if ignoring his announcement of mate, that he had better play, to bring the game to a conclusion. Without apparently noticing my temper, Mephisto took my knight with his rook, giving check, forcing my king to B 3.

White, 'A.'	Black, Mephisto.
	R × Kt (ch)
K to B 3	

He now sacrificed his queen by taking my rook, checking, and the game proceeded—

	Q × R (ch)
R × Q	R × R (ch)
Q to K 3	R × Q (ch)
P × R	Kt to B 7

Although now fully aware that my position was hopeless, I played on, making my moves mechanically and quickly, goaded by Mephisto's brusque manner, which he had assumed whilst these moves were being played. I had nothing left to do but to push my pawn, which he took with his knight, checking,

P to K 4	Kt × P (ch)

and I as readily and quickly played my king to Q 3; whereupon Mephisto grasped his rook to give what I saw at once was a neat and finished mate.

My fate was decided, my services were assigned to the devil, and the deserved reward of a foolish freak made itself painfully felt. All this flashed instantaneously through my mind, and in despair I was on the point of sinking back into my chair, when I saw my opponent, to my great astonishment, allow the rook to drop out of his hand, whilst a fiendish laugh, which sounded like a yell of agony, shook the room and the house to its foundation. Utterly unable to comprehend the meaning of this finish of our game and the paroxysms of rage to which Mephisto gave vent, the reflections upon my fate became doubly painful. My diabolical master seemed to gloat over his conquest, and by his manners to prepare me for the tortures of . . . . . But where was Mephisto? Neither sight nor sound revealed

his presence to me. His disappearance heightened the mystery of the whole scene ; so much so, that I at first hesitated to raise myself out of my chair. It was quite evident that he had suddenly disappeared, but I failed to perceive the cause of this. Before leaving, he had swept the chessmen off the board—contrary to his former custom, when he had left me the position to study. Curiosity made me play over the game, bringing it again to the position in which he had announced mate in seven (oh, that ominous number !) moves, and I carefully repeated the continuation as recorded until I came to the last. The whole secret lay revealed ! Mephisto could not, or would not, make the move ! Why ? Dear reader, I cannot tell you why ; but if you take a chess board and men, go into your chamber, lock the door, set up the position as shown in the diagram, and make the moves as stated, you will understand why Mephisto could not, and I dared not, make the final move.

Astonishment at the turn my adventure had taken made me for the moment quite overlook the consequences. Mephisto, not having completed his last move, had not mated me ; so, of course, according to his own stipulation, I had won the match : and in the excitement of the moment I cried aloud, "The devil is caught ; henceforth his services will be mine, and I shall chain him to the chess-table to play for my amusement."

I had scarcely uttered these words, when I discovered Mephisto standing by my side, his piercing eye fixed on mine ; and he replied, "I take you at your word ; be it so ; but why for your own amusement only, when there are so many devotees to the game who will be anxious to measure their chess strength against me? You look at me in astonishment, no doubt, hardly realising the idea of my being publicly exhibited ; but sit down, and I will tell you why I suggest this.

"You have, during my absence just now, discovered the reason of my inability to mate you in the number of moves I declared to do ; hence I accept the game as a draw, and the match as decided in your favour.

"Fate has declared against me ; and although I might have chosen a different course, it would have entailed upon me a sacrifice too great to be compensated for. I therefore assign to you my services, the nature of which you have already indicated. I can," he continued, "read in your face your surprise at the readiness with which I submit to the conditions of our compact ; and to explain this, as well as to prepare you for the relation in which we are to stand to each other in the future, pray listen to the following : I have already informed you that my superior knowledge of the forces of Nature

and their practical application enables me to produce phenomena which appear to the ignorant the result of supernatural powers, and that I have used this physical advantage for the gratification of my desire to combat and punish deceit, pretence, and arrogance. It is not surprising that in return I should be reviled as the origin of sin, and that my control of the natural forces should be adduced as a proof of my wickedness. The earliest record of the world's history gives proof of the fact that ignorance on the one side and cunning on the other combined to ascribe to me the cause of all evil in the world; and although the ideas about me, my form and activity, may have altered during the last centuries, it was not until a superior mind, about two hundred years ago—Baruch Spinoza—proved, and endeavoured to convince his contemporaries, that the existence of an evil spirit interfering in the world's development was incompatible with the existence of an Almighty ruler of the universe. He was rewarded by expulsion from his community. Other enlightened minds followed, who attempted to free the public mind from the disturbed ideas about my being; who showed the absurdity of the horns, cloven hoof, and tail with which a diseased imagination had pictured me, and who combated the persecutions of witches as the outcome of overstrained fanaticism.

"Most of these men, whose views and ideas were in advance of their times, had to suffer for their boldness in combating the prevailing popular superstitions. Still, these numerous attempts to destroy the belief in the existence of an evil spirit which acts independently of the Almighty have not been without effect in enlightening the minds of the present generation; and the liberal views entertained on this subject by your men of science and by the clergymen of the English Protestant Church, for instance, induce me to believe that the time has come when I may boldly show myself in public. Let my presence in your midst be a proof of the fact that, whatever evil is done henceforth in the world, the devil has had no hand in it, and that any attempt to shift the guilt upon me should be looked upon as an indirect admission of the accuser's own guilty conscience. In this way will my presence here contribute to enlighten the public mind and destroy all superstition, and with this view I am willing to be chained, as you express it, to the chess-table. My consent is, however, subject to one condition, to which, no doubt, you will gladly accede. Let me maintain silence—silence in every tongue—since my natural tendency to expose imposition and conceit would make enemies, which must be avoided; but we can admonish the boastful by defeat on the chess-board."

Here Mephisto finished, placed himself on the chair at the chess-table, and, with his face bent over the board, remained in sullen silence. In vain I attempted to elicit some further remarks from him about the many enigmas surrounding his whole being and his past career : his tongue was tied.

He is now ready to do battle against all comers, the best opponent that any player was ever engaged with. He always smiles at his adversary, has no annoying habits, shows no temper, and when he has defeated his adversary, he merely looks up in acknowledgment of the honour shown him.

Who can solve the mystery?

Some readers may think they discover in the positions of the first two games, well-known problems by Mendheim and Lolli; but there can be no doubt whatever that, when composing the problems in question, these two famous chess-players had the advantage of Mephisto's assistance, because he knew the positions so well, and the solutions of them are so truly diabolical.

THE HÔTEL RAMBOUILLET.

INTRODUCED into society at a very early age, there might, upon the score of youth and inexperience, have been much ground for excuse had Madame de Rambouillet yielded to the coarse and licentious influences by which, at the Court of Henry IV. she was surrounded, and been swept, with her talents and genius, into a perverted channel. But, instead of this catastrophe, by the charm of her person and virtue alone, and without even the factitious aids of extraordinary advantage of position or fortune, she successfully inaugurated a new era in the history of social life. She levelled the artificial barriers which separated the world of letters from the world of fashion, she taught men and women that pure intellectual intercourse might subsist between them and elevate the tone of their common interests; and, whilst she lost none of the grace of a nature essentially womanly, she acquired, as prototype of the Précieuses, a position in which her opinion became an acknowledged and accepted standard of taste.

Imitation is the supreme flattery of admiration, and this homage was rendered to Madame de Rambouillet by the *Précieuses ridicules* whom Molière and Boileau so legitimately satirised; but to make Madame de Rambouillet responsible for all the vagaries and absurdities of the tribe of her would-be copyists would be as unjust as to make real æsthetics and high art responsible for the ludicrous excesses which Mr. Burnand mimics in his comedy "The Colonel." Madame de Rambouillet possessed that sense of the ridiculous which is the safeguard of genius against eccentricity, and the zest with which she assisted at the first representation of the *Précieuses ridicules* proves that she appreciated the aim of the satire. She had the fearless instinct of natural originality which always marks true genius, and was sufficiently sure of herself to venture to act upon her artistic impulses; but the ladies of other and baser clay who tried to copy her by rule and line failed as clumsily as might a flock of heavy farmyard fowls trying to imitate the spontaneous motion of some bird of the air whose flight *sovra gli altri* has excited their emulation.

It appears to us, however, that, setting aside discussions about

the *vraies précieuses* and the *précieuses ridicules*, or leaving them to be elsewhere undertaken and decided, we shall, in reproducing some details of the life and surroundings of Madame de Rambouillet, gathered from various works dealing more or less directly with the subject, be rendering a service to those to whom such works may be difficult of access.

The jargon which the *Précieuses ridicules* affected is familiar to everyone in Molière's inimitable comedies. "A lacquey asks if you are within," says Marotte, the servant-girl, to Madelon and Cathos, "and says his master wishes to come and see you." "Learn, fool," says Madelon, "to express yourself with less vulgarity. Say, *a necessary demands whether an interview accords with your commodity.*" "Dame!" says Marotte, "I don't understand Latin . . ."

No jargon was talked at the Hotel, there was no beating about the bush to avoid the use of what the Madelons and Cathos of the day stigmatised as *natural* language, but the language used in Madame de Rambouillet's presence was not only remarkable, by contrast with prevalent abuse, for its reserve, or, as we should say, its decency, but, as may happen in any limited set, words perfectly correct in their application, but used with an arbitrary restriction or expansion of their sense (permissible for the sake of brevity and convenience) crept into use at the Hotel de Rambouillet. The title *précieux* is an instance of the kind. It was at first always given and accepted as an honourable distinction, applied exclusively to those who constantly frequented the réunions, and who were soon discerned from the exterior world by the remarkable dignity of their manners, the general correctness of their language, and the total absence of all provincial accent.

There was only one sure passport of admission to the réunions; neither position, nor birth, nor fortune, secured an entrance; the doors had the reputation of being "less easily opened than other people's;" they were, indeed, always opened to those who possessed the one essential quality of *esprit*, but, as we stand upon the august threshold, it may well be with a certain shrinking sense of deficiency that we hesitate before passing it.

The host who meets us is by no means one of those "eclipsed husbands" of whom La Bruyère speaks. He is tall and of commanding presence, but so thin that we are at once reminded that he and his brothers were called the *Sapins de Rambouillet* on account of their height and spareness. His face is well-favoured, except that it is somewhat sunken. The De Rambouillet family was ancient and noble, although not distinguished in public life; but, as the

friend of the unfortunate Concini, Maréchal d'Ancre, Charles d'Angennes, Marquis de Rambouillet, was first made ambassador to Spain ; and having, in 1630, drawn Monsieur to the Cardinal's party on the famous *Journée des dupes*, was rewarded by Richelieu with the office of Keeper of the Royal Wardrobe. But Monsieur de Rambouillet was proud, and the King's familiarities and coarseness were offensive to him, and he soon disposed of his charge by sale, without however, Tallemant des Réaux says, ever receiving the stipulated payment.

His marriage with Catherine de Vivonne, who was born in Rome, and whose mother was an Italian, took place in 1600, the bride being a few months less than twelve years of age. Her father, Jean de Vivonne, Marquis de Pisani, was French ambassador to Sixtus V., and, being a bachelor at sixty-three, but "*propre* and fresh still," he was desired by Catherine de Medici to marry an Italian lady, to take the place amongst her attendants recently vacant by the death of the Countess of Fiesque. The lady selected by the Queen to become Monsieur de Vivonne's wife was the childless young widow of an Ursini, by birth a Savelli, and through her mother (who was one of the Strozzi family) connected with the Medici. The marriage was accomplished without delay, the bride and bridegroom having only seen each other once or twice beforehand. But no order came to return to France, and Pisani continued to reside in Rome as ambassador to the Papal Court, until, the martial and patriotic spirit, which years had not affected, being stirred irresistibly in him by the news of the wars of the League, he left his wife to fulfil his diplomatic functions, hastened to join the King's army, and distinguished himself by his intrepid daring at the battle of Fontaine Françoise. It is interesting to learn that the Italian mother from whom Madame de Rambouillet inherited her love of art was a woman of remarkable capacity, that she thoroughly understood Italian politics, and carried on the business of the embassy creditably, until, upon the appointment of a new ambassador in 1595, she rejoined her husband in Paris, where he had been made governor of the Prince de Condé's son. Between this little Prince and Catherine de Vivonne a childish intimacy grew up, of which the severe old military tutor did not wholly approve, "princes being animals who manage to escape only too soon," and Tallemant says that, being told the Prince had kissed Catherine, Monsieur de Pisani had him so vigorously chastised that he never could bear women afterwards. But the brave Marquis was kind as well as strict, and young people enjoyed his company, provided always they

felt themselves to be quite *dans la bienséance.* He was not himself "a savant, but he sought and appreciated the society of men of letters."

A year after his death, which took place in 1599, the little Catherine was married to Charles d'Angennes, whose title of Marquis de Rambouillet was derived from the château and property belonging to his family situated in the village of the same name. As Monsieur de Rambouillet was twenty-three, or double his wife's age at the time of their marriage, she confessed to Tallemant des Réaux afterwards, that she had at first looked upon him with a sort of awe as "a grown-up man," and "that she had never quite lost the feeling, and respected him in consequence all the more." But at any rate, in after life, when the apparent disparity of years dropped out of sight, this deferential sentiment became reciprocal, for Tallemant tells us "there never was a husband more desirous to please his wife in all things, with the one exception of law-suits," which he undertook and adhered to out of love of litigation, and could never be induced to abandon. "Madame de Rambouillet told me, too," says the same writer, "that her husband had always loved her with a lover's love, and thought her cleverer than any other woman in the world; and to tell the truth," says the old author, often so foul and spiteful in his insinuations about other women, but always loyal to his virtuous friend, "it was not hard for him to try and please her, for she never wanted anything but what was reasonable."

It has been justly said that there are two aspects in which the portrait of Madame de Rambouillet must be studied, neither of which can be overlooked without detriment to the other. The brilliant side of her life, in which she appears as Arthénice, the queen of a select court, eager to offer her attentive homage in order to obtain her notice, careful to avoid banishment from her presence, and grateful for her approbation, has naturally attracted the greater attention; but it should never be forgotten that the real Madame de Rambouillet, the Madame de Rambouillet who gave up going to Court soon after her twentieth birthday because she was disgusted and revolted by what she saw and heard there, was before all things a noble wife and a tender mother, a woman whose existence was one of the closest union with her husband in a home closed to the profane, surrounded by many children, prizing the joys of domestic life, and keenly sensitive to the sorrows by which such happiness is always attended. The relief from Court functions gave Madame de Rambouillet leisure to develop her intellect and cultivate her mind. She did not know Latin, like most of the Précieuses—Madame de Sévigné, for instance, who used to

make her Virgil her travelling companion on her long journeys to visit her daughter in the South—but "she had intended once to learn it," says Tallemant, who seems to think the intention, if not so valuable as the accomplishment, of value at least in an apologetic sense. She knew Italian, of course, and French, and after her marriage she learnt Spanish, and set herself to work to study and read seriously. But her studies were not confined to books; from the first it was her delight to form her own mind by contact with others of a superior order, and these she always gathered round her.

The réunions were, of course, of gradual growth, and they had three marked phases, which correspond almost exactly to the chief phases of Madame de Rambouillet's domestic life. There was the first phase of preparation and construction, corresponding to the earlier years of her married life, when her children were born and growing up; the next, the phase when the réunions were established and their influence steady and undisputed, Madame de Rambouillet's children being grown up and taking some a more and some a less important part in society; thirdly, the phase of decline and finally of dissolution, which corresponds to the demolition of Madame de Rambouillet's home by the death of her husband, and her separation from her children: from some by death, from some by their marriage, from others by their religious vocation, and from one by her conduct and bad temper. These phases correspond also with historical periods; the first and second with the closing years of the reign of Henry IV., and with the minority and reign of Louis XIII., when there was no power at Court which led or influenced society; the last phase with the war of the Fronde, which divided Paris into two camps, turned friends into enemies, and for a time dissolved society and involved everybody, either directly or indirectly, in faction or in the disastrous results of faction.

The *réunions* had, in the absence of Court influence, as it were, an open field. There was no one to dispute Madame de Rambouillet's position as an arbitress of taste and focus of intellect. An accident of time, as well as the existence of a necessity, favoured the development of her position. In the reign of the *Grand Monarque* there would have been no such rival or even tributary court possible as that of the Hotel de Rambouillet. Louis XIV., with that faculty for discerning and for assembling about him all the superior men in his kingdom—a faculty which he possessed to a degree equalled only perhaps in our Elizabeth—would by sheer force of his royal predominance have disintegrated the court of Madame de Rambouillet and

attached her followers to himself. There was, however, when she first opened her doors, no intellectual influence either emanating from or attracting to the Court, and there was, on the other hand, a real need for some hospitable resort for men of letters, where they could assemble and meet their patrons, introduce their works, discuss literary subjects, fashion and polish language, and decide questions which could only be decided by a mixed assembly. Science has as much to learn as to teach in the formation of a language; usage, *le bel usage*, as Vaugelas the poet called it, must be taken into account, and in Madame de Rambouillet's *ruelle*[1] princes of the blood and men of all ranks, and women of different ranks, met on a common ground; "duchesses visited her," it was said, "although she was not a princess." She held the thread of conversation and prevented the monopoly of speech, while subjects of all kinds were suggested and handled. Often language was the subject; vicious forms of locution were censured and better ones proposed, modifications in orthography were considered, some words were condemned as vulgar or antiquated, others rescued from disuse; the pronunciation of others was fixed in forms which are still, in some cases, retained. A little word, such as "*car*," would be defended and saved from being set aside as superfluous; the word *serge* was henceforth not to be pronounced *sarge*, nor *Rome* and *homme*, *Roume* and *houme*.

The Hôtel de Rambouillet has been called the "cradle of the Academy," because the work of the Academy was there anticipated.[2] Others have said that Richelieu, jealous of Madame de Rambouillet's control of public opinion, founded it as a counterpoise. And although neither of these assertions may be altogether true, it is yet certain that the Academy existed *de facto* before Richelieu gave it a name and local habitation, and also that the intellectual wave to which it owed its origin, if it did not flow from the Hôtel de Rambouillet, flowed through it, for the original members of the Academy were all of them at one time or other visitors at the Hotel.

The charm of the réunions was their easiness. The hostess herself had the "bold courtesy which breeding gives," and was never afraid of committing herself or of perpetrating a solecism in good manners, for she made manners, and what she did became correct

[1] The word "*ruelle*" literally means "the space left between one side of the bed and the wall;" in this space ladies of the seventeenth century were accustomed to receive their guests, the modern *salon* or drawing-room not having yet been invented; hence the word "ruelle" was used for "reception."

[2] The Académie Française was founded in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu to "fix and polish the language." It is composed of forty members, and the first edition of the "Academy Dictionary" was published in 1694.

when she did it. She was, moreover, a friend upon whom each one of her guests could count; "she is the best of friends," says Tallemant; "her guests are sure of the inviolability of her hospitality;" and then he tells us that Richelieu sent Père Joseph one day to tell her that he was very anxious to serve her husband in some substantial way, but that in return he would ask her to do him a little favour; it behoved a prime minister never to lose an opportunity of gaining information: would Madame de Rambouillet find out for him what intrigue Madame la Princesse and the Cardinal de la Valette were carrying on. "But," says Tallemant, "His Eminence had gone to the wrong person for treachery." "Father," she replied fearlessly, "I do not think they are carrying on any intrigues, but even if they were the trade of spy would not suit me."

But it is time to describe the famous Blue Room where Arthénice presided and received her guests. The original Hôtel de Rambouillet, which stood where the modern Palais Royal now is, was sold to Richelieu, who reconstructed it, and called it the Palais Cardinal, and Monsieur and Madame de Rambouillet lived at the Hôtel Pisani, Rue St. Thomas du Louvre (now Rue du Louvre), which was Madame de Rambouillet's inheritance from her father. It was an old-fashioned house, and inconveniently arranged, but well situated between the Hôtel Chevreuse on the one side and the Hospice des Quinze Vingts [1] on the other. All the hotels in Paris, at this time, were arranged on one plan; a hall at one side, a room at the other, and a staircase in the middle; there was no such thing known as a suite of rooms; "no one before Madame de Rambouillet had ever thought of putting the staircase in one of the angles of an hotel, so as to allow space for a suite of rooms," says Tallemant.

Innovations, as all who have an inventive genius like Madame de Rambouillet know by experience, which depend upon the co-operation of tradesmen accustomed to work in one groove, are hard to accomplish. There is nothing more conservative in such matters than the usual workman, and much of the commonplace architecture and upholstery to which ordinary people submit is due to the resistance with which novel suggestions are met upon the part of those who execute manual labour. But Madame de Rambouillet was not an ordinary person, to be baffled by resistance. When alterations in the hotel were first suggested by Monsieur de Rambouillet,

[1] This Hospice de Quinze Vingts, built by some pious ladies whose husbands lost their eyes in the wars of the Crusades, was intended to hold three hundred (fifteen times twenty) blind men and their families. It has been removed to the Rue de Charenton, where it still exists under the same name.

architects were naturally consulted, but the plans they proposed proved unintelligent, and Madame de Rambouillet, who was, as Tallemant tells us, "a draughtswoman by nature, and could draw the plan from memory of any house she had once seen," made a design of her own. "She sat for a long time reflecting, one evening," says Tallemant, "and then suddenly called out, 'Quick, quick! bring me some paper; I have found out how to manage what we want'; and then and there she drew out the plan," which Monsieur de Rambouillet approved, and which was afterwards studied, by the Queen's order, by her architects. The ceilings of the old hotel were also raised, by a contrivance of Madame de Rambouillet's own invention, and the doors and windows enlarged.

The interior façade of the house overlooked the Tuileries and the Carrousel, and the garden of the hotel, although small, was agreeable and open, as it touched on either side the respective gardens of the neighbouring houses. Into it opened the large windows (which were what we call "French" windows, down to the ground) of the Blue Room. The walls of this room were painted blue, whence the name by which it was always known, the colour being considered peculiar for walls. "She is the first person," says Tallemant, "who has ever thought of having walls painted any colour but red or tan." The furniture was blue velvet, embroidered with raised gold and silver work; very splendid at first, but never renewed when it became shabby, for money was at no time an abundant commodity at the Hotel; the law-suits of Monsieur de Rambouillet, his total want of order, as well as the great retinue of followers and servants always kept up, leaving little to spare, and even sometimes creating embarrassments in the princely household. This want of money was a privation to which Madame de Rambouillet was very sensitive. "She used to say," Tallemant tells us, "that she never could imagine how any one could call giving a pleasure fit for a king; she thought it one fit for God Himself, and often regretted she had not the means of doing more for her friends." She did much for them, however, with the means at her disposal; her delight was to surprise people with anonymous gifts, and unexpected fêtes arranged for their pleasure.

One may imagine a scene in the "Blue Room" when the sun shines in through the wide, new-fashioned windows. Arthénice is never comfortable when the weather is too cold; her Italian nature requires warmth, but unfortunately, however cold the weather, she can never approach the fire, to avoid which she has introduced, amongst other novelties, the Spanish alcove, now so common in

Paris. Here she remains seated in her bed, covered up in winter to keep herself warm, for fire heated her blood so that "under her delicate skin the bubbles actually became visible." "When required, there is always fire in the room for her friends' comfort, but to-day the spring sunshine is enough, and the room, like Cléomire's in Mademoiselle de Scudéry's Cyrus, is full of flowers in diverse great baskets, perfuming the air with their fragrance." Cléomire is Madame de Rambouillet, and her abode "is like nothing else in the world; everything which surrounds her is magnificent; cabinets filled with rare objects show the exquisite taste of her who presides; even the lamps are peculiar. Near her one feels as if one were in some place of enchantment." To-day, as usual, she is surrounded by those for whom "this divinity condescends to become human." She listens to everyone's solicitations and desires, and in her replies makes no distinction except that of worth. Balzac speaks now. The word "Urbanity" is often repeated in his discourse, and sounds strange to unaccustomed ears in its French garb. It was, he says, a word in use among the Romans—the ancestors, as he reminds his listeners, of Arthénice; they were people who understood urbanity and practised it. He describes their politeness, the stately grace with which they performed the commonest actions. Their laughter even, he says, was full of dignity.

The tone and gesture give expression to the words. Arthénice, everyone knows, is his model, who gives Paris the pattern of Roman urbanity. She smiles at the poet with a dignity worthy of the Republic, not displeased, but changing the subject so soon as the fate of the word in question, which she and the company approve, and which is destined henceforward to enrich the French language, is sealed. She speaks of the "Cid" of Corneille, which Richelieu and the Academy profess to underrate; the discussion grows eager; the points of the poem are criticised, and certain lines repeated, which some of the company either remember or wrote down when Monsieur Corneille read it in the Blue Room. Madame de Rambouillet predicts the eventual triumph of the poet over his detractors. Then the conversation becomes general amongst the guests, and life and animation increase. The ladies have arm-chairs, the literary men stools, from which, in the heat of their admiration or controversy, they rise; the men of fashion stand, or recline, or sit on the floor on their silken and velvet mantles, which they spread at the feet of ladies, each of whom deserves not a paragraph or page merely, but a book or article to herself.

We have already said that the growth of the réunions was gradual,

and it must also be remembered that they lasted fifty years, and underwent the natural transformations of time. At first the Hôtel de Rambouillet was the only house in Paris always open to receive, or where, in the language of the day, "company was held"; but soon there were many imitations of the Blue Room, and it became the fashion for ladies to have their respective reception days, of which, after the original model, the most famous was the Saturday of Mademoiselle de Scudéry. With few exceptions, all the best known literary characters attended, at different times, Madame de Rambouillet's receptions. Corneille came, as we have seen, and "le petit Bossuet," the future "Eagle of Meaux," was brought to the hotel when he was sixteen, preceded by his precocious reputation as a preacher, and gave, by request, a sermon after only half an hour's preparation; the sermon of which Voiture said, in allusion to the orator's youth and the hour of the night at which he preached, that he had never heard one before "so late and yet so early."

Amongst the most constant visitors were the four poets, Malherbe, Gombault, Racan, and Vaugelas, who gave their hostess the name of Arthénice, an anagram of Catherine; but afterwards, when some one had the audacity to call another Catherine by the name, Malherbe wrathfully claimed it as his sole invention, devised that the most honoured of ladies might be sung by poets without the secret of her name being betrayed to the vulgar. Segrais called her Arthénice the "beneficent," Ménage (that tutor of Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Lafayette and other great ladies, whose habit it always was to fall in love with his pupils) called her the "admirable," Voiture the "divine," and with this lofty adjective the series closed, because none beyond could be imagined. Then, in succession, the Blue Room received Scarron, afterwards the husband of Madame de Maintenon, but Scarron young and with both his legs; the Abbé Cottin, the king's preacher, Huet, the learned Bishop of Avranches, Chapelain, the author of "La Pucelle," that poem "*bien beau mais bien ennuyeux*," as Madame de Longueville called it, which it took thirty years to write, Balzac, Voiture, Conrart, *le tyran des belles lettres*, and first Secretary of the Academy, Godeau, Bishop of Vence, the faithful friend of the De Rambouillet family, who always showed to best advantage in days of sorrow, Georges de Scudéry and his sister Madelaine, the Prince de Condé, Richelieu, first as Armand du Plessis, Monsieur de Chaudebonne, his brother Monsieur d'Aiguebonne, the Maréchal de Guiche (one of the many suitors for the hand of the fair Julie d'Angennes), the Chevalier d'Albret, famous for his duels and his *esprit*, de Brancas, de Blairamont, de Villeneuve,

Arnauld d'Andilly, and de Montausier, of whom more presently as the lover of Julie and the hero of the courtship so renowned in the Rambouillet annals.

All the most remarkable women of the seventeenth century, as rich in women great in intellect as the century of the Revolution was in women great in courage, assembled in the Blue Room.

Madame la Princesse de Condé and her daughter, afterwards Madame de Longueville, the future heroine of the Fronde, and "friend" of de la Rochefoucauld, and finally the noble if mistaken penitent of Port Royal; Madame de Lavergne and her daughter, afterwards Madame de Lafayette, the authoress of novels, the Princesse de Clèves and Zaïde, the simple style of which created a new epoch in the history of romance writing: she, as well as Madame de Longueville, was one of de la Rochefoucauld's "friends," the last he had, and, until revelations made a year ago through the publication of her correspondence with Madame Royale, Regent of Savoy, which show that she was always an intriguing and active political agent, for two centuries enjoyed the reputation of having lived "suspended between heaven and earth" in a state of constant nervous invalidism which made business of any kind a greater fatigue than her fragility could bear; and Madame de Sablé, that quaint mixture of devotion, greediness, intellect, and sentiment whom Julie d'Angennes had the misfortune to offend, first because she did not ask her to her wedding, and then because she excused herself by saying she knew Madame de Sablé was not "*portable*": Madame de Sablé, who always promised "to go into devotion when her first wrinkles should appear," who helped de la Rochefoucauld to revise his Maxims, and gave him her precious receipts for the dishes no one else could make, who taught her friends how to be dainty artistically, and the latter years of whose life, after the wrinkles came, were spent at Port Royal (for she too was a Jansenist, without the austerity, be it understood), and whose mind, when not busy with the intellectual works of her friends, was occupied by plans for avoiding draughts and chills in order to ward off death and attain earthly immortality. Madame de Sévigné, too, the most charming of women and of letter-writers, graced the assemblies, as Mademoiselle de Chantal first, then as a young wife with her worthless but beloved husband, then as a widow sorrowing but fortunate in his early death; Mademoiselle de Scudéry, the authoress of Clélia; Mademoiselle Paulet, *la lionne* as she was called on account of her fiery nature, her piercing eyes, and her "too golden" hair; and, next in importance to Madame de

Rambouillet herself, the famous Julie d'Angennes, between whom and her mother existed one of those rare and exquisite friendships, founded upon the strongest of natural ties, cemented by harmony of taste and perfected by sympathetic habit, which sometimes exist between mother and daughter. It has been long a point of dispute whether Mademoiselle d'Angennes was or was not the butt of Molière's satire in the persons of *Armande* and the *Précieuses Ridicules*, mainly because she did not accept the hand of Monsieur de Salles, Marquis de Montausier, until he had paid her his addresses for thirteen years. For our own part, the discussion is one which we are not inclined to enter upon at any length. Suffice it to say that, although Mademoiselle d'Angennes knew Mademoiselle de Scudéry's Clélia and its *carte du tendre*, and was not one of those persons "incongrues en galanterie" whom Cathos holds in contempt because they are capable of "beginning with marriage," we believe it to be totally inconsistent with her character to suppose her consciously guilty of the petty prudery and coquetry which Molière's heroines caricatured, and that his satire was aimed, not at the model, but at the unsuccessful imitations.

The position which Julie d'Angennes held in her father's house might well have satisfied any woman's heart and ambition. That house was the centre of intellect, and she was upon a pinnacle surrounded by admiration and deference, and adored by her mother, whom in return she worshipped. She had for Monsieur de Montausier a sincere regard, and no doubt his constancy and homage were agreeable to her, but she did not feel towards him that overmastering sentiment which would irresistibly have attracted her to him from her mother's side; and when she did at last consent to marry him, it was as much because she yielded to general and persevering pressure as from affection. Montausier was, however, a lover who deserved to be rewarded. He was constant, brave, and manly. It sounded fine, no doubt, to ears accustomed to the romantic Scudéry language of the day to say that he "languished and died for love every day for thirteen years," but in reality, although as faithful a suitor as ever wooed and won a maid, he was never love-sick. He fought in Spain and Flanders, he voluntarily exiled himself from Julie for months together in Alsace, of which province he was governor, during the thirteen years, and was all the time resolute, active, busy, as well as tender. "Mademoiselle de Rambouillet had many lovers," says Tallemant, "and few women since Helen have had their beauty sung as she has, although a beauty she never was; but when she *was young, and not too* thin, her figure and complexion

were good; she danced well, was graceful and spirited. . . . . Voiture, the poet, was one of those who loved her, and when asked he refused to make any verses for the Guirlande, perhaps because he was jealous, perhaps because he did not choose to have his verses herded with other people's."

The Guirlande to which Voiture would not contribute was an offering which Montausier made to Julie on her fête day, which fell on the 22nd May. It was a collection of sixty-two short poetical pieces, sixteen of which are by Montausier himself, one by M. de Rambouillet, the others by various authors—Tallemant des Réaux (the author of the Historiettes we have so repeatedly quoted here), Chapelain, Godeau, Gombaud, Georges de Scudéry, and several anonymous authors, one of whom may be Corneille. Each poem bears the name of a flower; the pages of the book, ninety in number, exclusive of the elaborate frontispieces, were vellum; twenty-nine of them were illuminated with floral designs by Robert, a celebrated painter of the day, and the verses were all written out by Nicholas Jarry, famous for his beautiful handwriting. The book was bound in morocco, red inside as well as outside, and profusely ornamented with the cypher J.L. (Julie Lucine) in fine gold lines; the loose outside cover was of *frangipani*, a kind of scented leather made specially for such purposes. The precious book, after having passed through various hands—having been sold, and even having been for a time in England—has been fortunately recovered by the descendants of Julie's daughter, Madame d'Uzès, and is now in the possession of the Duke d'Uzès. Another fact, which has been overlooked in the discussions about Julie's obduracy, is that Montausier himself was too proud to urge his suit until he was rich enough to have substantial advantages as well as his love and homage to offer. He did not insist upon a decided answer until he was invested with the government of Xaintonge and Angoumois, in addition to that of Alsace, which he already held. He was a Protestant, moreover, and finding that his religion was an obstacle in the way of his marriage, he became a Catholic, to the great satisfaction of both Madame de Rambouillet and Julie. Tallemant is not a romantic witness, but romance is seldom an unalloyed sentiment, and perhaps his version of Julie's sentiments contains some grain of truth. "Once she made up her mind to it," he says, "she accepted him with a very good grace. . . . . He sent Mdlle. Paulet, Madame de Sablé, and Madame d'Aiguillon, to talk to her about it for him; upon her part, she esteemed but did not love him. Madame d'Aiguillon said to her, 'Ma fille, ma fille, there is nothing like

marriage; . . . . . it makes one pious.' Then the Queen herself sent her a message, the Cardinal (Richelieu) came and talked to her, and finally her own mother complained of her being hard; this settled the matter, for Mdlle. de Rambouillet was so much afraid of annoying her mother that she made up her mind between bed-time and morning. In the evening she was as fixed as ever against it, and said, 'If I had been going to do it at all, it should have been done out of love for him without any of his governments.' But I think she took also into consideration how agreeable it would be to re-appear as a bride instead of being an old maid, and of the importance it would give her, and the additional weight her opinion would have."

Godeau, Bishop of Vence—"Julie's dwarf," as he was called, because of his diminutive stature, and because he was always following Mdlle. d'Angennes about—gave the nuptial benediction. Montausier not only made an excellent husband, but his devotion to his wife extended to her whole family, and, when deprived of other support and consolation, in him Madame de Rambouillet found not only the affection of a son, but the guidance of a counsellor. She lost both her own sons prematurely; one died in childhood of the plague, and the elder, who inherited the Pisani title, was killed at the battle of Nordlingen, whither, in spite of serious deformity, the result of a fall when out at nurse, he insisted upon going. "His face," Tallemant tells us, "as well as his figure was affected by the deformity, but he was good-hearted, and more successful with ladies than many better-built men." He was, moreover, full of fun, and with his particular friend Voiture kept the whole house alive, and was "for ever busy with him, devising some nonsense which made every one laugh." He tells us, too, that he looked strange and out of place amongst his people; father, mother, sisters, were all tall: only Pisani, who had come into the world "as white and straight" as any of the others, "was crooked and short."

The rest of Madame de Rambouillet's seven children were girls. Julie, the eldest, was only sixteen years younger than her mother. Louise Isabelle and Charlotte Catherine, her second and fourth daughters, became nuns, and only occasionally visited Paris after once—not without Montausier's help—they were peacefully settled in their respective convents. Louise Isabelle, Abbess of St. Étienne at Rheims, was something like Madame de Montausier, clever, gay, caressing; her nuns at first resisted her authority, but Montausier appeased them by his *humanity*, and at first, for his sake, they submitted to his gentle sister-in-law, whom afterwards they learned to love for her own. "Montausier," says Tallemant, "is a most humane

person, as well as clean and orderly; . . . . when his valets were ill they were always cared for at his expense, and he gave them money; but he had some reason to repent his humanity to the nuns, for those excellent ladies *assassinated* him afterwards with correspondence."

Charlotte Catherine became Abbess of Yères, near Paris, after her sister Claire Diane was deposed from the office. "If," says Tallemant, "Monsieur and Madame de Rambouillet had only known beforehand all the trouble the Abbey of Yères would give them, they would not have taken all the pains they did to obtain it." Claire Diane was by nature of a violent and rebellious temper, and she no sooner arrived at Yères than she defied all authority and refused the control of either priest or parent; she wasted the convent revenues, involved the finances, and shut up the chapel; no choir offices were recited, no mass was said, and no confessor admitted. Her sisters Louise Isabelle and Charlotte Catherine had accompanied her to Yères, but she treated them so disgracefully that Montausier had to come to the rescue and carry them home again. Finally, disorder reached the climax when the Abbess herself left the convent, with three-fourths of the total amount of what remained of the annual revenue, and went to live in furnished rooms in Paris. In the hope of introducing reform by the strength of example, some nuns of the Visitation (an order recently founded by St. Francis de Sales and Madame de Chantal) were sent to Yères; but not only was a cabal made at the instigation of the superioress, to prevent them from keeping their rule, but they were refused food, and would have been reduced to starvation if friends from the outside had not contrived to supply their necessities. The Abbey was, as it happened, under the direct control of the Holy See, to which as well as to Parliament an appeal was made against the Abbess, to obtain her deposition; whereupon she issued a libellous *factum*, accusing her family of plotting against her because she had refused to make one of her sisters her coadjutrix and had tried to make both conform to the rule of their order. This factum was answered in detail in an anonymous pamphlet, written it is supposed by Madame de Rambouillet herself, in which the honour of the family was vindicated with patience and dignity. A decree for the deprivation of the Abbess, who had now returned to her convent, was issued by Parliament, but by physical force alone could she be made to move, and in the struggle she resisted so violently that two of her ribs were fractured, as she said, by the officers' brutality. She was removed to a convent in Paris, Rue St. Antoine, where she died in 1699.

The remaining daughter, Claire Angélique, was also destined by her parents for the religious life; but after staying at a convent for a short time, she gave up the idea of being a nun, came back to the Hôtel Rambouillet, and married Monsieur de Grignan, afterwards well known as the son-in-law of Madame de Sévigné, whose daughter was his third wife. She died in 1664, leaving two sons and a husband, who sought consolation at first in a Carthusian monastery, and found it afterwards in matrimony.

Madame de Grignan had a caustic wit, or, as Mademoiselle de Scudéry says of her in her "Grand Cyrus," where Claire Angélique figures under the name of Anacrise, "a goodness of heart which did not happen to be of the sort which scruples to make war upon friends. She is truly redoubtable, for in my opinion no one in the world can equal her in delicate raillery. In all she utters there is such simplicity and yet so much imagination, and whether it be pleasant or malicious, she says everything with such perfect ease and with such an appearance of utter negligence and absence of forethought, that no one could guess she . . . . never says anything but what she intends to say, and always produces exactly the effect she means to produce. Few things satisfy her, or persons please her, because her taste is very peculiar and exquisite . . . But even her dissatisfaction affords entertainment, for her exaggerated description of the tedium of a day spent in the country, or of an afternoon passed in poor company, is so charming and so agreeable that one admires her for having the wit to be more difficult in her taste than ordinary people."

Each one of the de Rambouillet family had gifts and talents; each had that indefinable quality *esprit*, by right of which they might respectively have claimed admission to their mother's circle, if the accident of birth had not given them a still securer right. All had not, as we have seen, agreeable characters; but Madame de Rambouillet could govern without irritating those she ruled. She was sensitive, morally as well as physically, in the highest degree. "A rough word, a want of refinement, as well as any excess of cold or heat or light, caused her positive pain." And there is no education to loving hearts like that of constant companionship with a person of such organisation. Tact becomes the habit of life, and we have seen that rather than give her mother pain Julie d'Angennes consented to leave her. Her refinement was one of the only two defects Tallemant could ever discover in Madame de Rambouillet; the other was her pride in the Savelli family. She could not bear a coarse expression, which "suggested ugly thoughts to her;" and her delicacy was so well known that everyone respected her presence,

and gradually a reform in conversation was effected. The word "*obscenity*" is introduced because decency begins to be understood, and Tallemant thinks Madame de Rambouillet a shade too particular "even with her husband" in the choice of her expressions. The conversation is modest, regular, as well as brilliant, and even *galanterie* respects the Blue Room. The guests of Arthénice are too much honoured by admission to her presence to risk banishment from it. She is no Pharisee, however, and her friendship for Mademoiselle Paulet shows that she is willing to reach out a helping hand to an erring sister. Her greatest pleasure is to prepare surprises; to build a room, and introduce her unsuspecting friends to it when it is finished and furnished for their reception; to receive them at her country house, the Château de Rambouillet, with a procession of village girls crowned with flowers; or to introduce them to an avenue lined with living statues, which descend from their pedestals and dance.

But, with the Fronde, the innocent gaiety, the leisure for civilisation, was broken up, and Paris became a city of division. The de Rambouillets stayed in the Rue St. Thomas until a short time before the Barricades, and then withdrew to their château in the country. When their return to Paris was again possible, Monsieur de Rambouillet had become very blind, and yet nothing would induce him to confess his infirmity, and allow himself to be conducted, so that watching him became a constant strain upon the tact and affection of those about him. Nor had the hostile feeling subsided in Paris, and society upon the old easy footing was still impossible.

In 1652 Monsieur de Rambouillet died, and the separation after fifty years of married life was a terrible blow to his widow, although consolation in her need did not fail her. "She told me," says Tallemant, "with tears in her eyes, she who scarcely ever weeps, that Mademoiselle Paulet had been a great comfort to her." Her son-in-law, M. de Montausier, was most disinterested, and told Madame de Rambouillet that so long as she lived she was to dispose of everything, and that he would touch none of the property which fell by inheritance to his wife. At the Hotel, Madame de Montausier had her late father's rooms arranged for herself and her husband, that they might occupy them and be near Madame de Rambouillet as much as possible; and when the apartment was ready, and everything finished, to spare her mother the pain of breaking down before witnesses at the sight of the once-familiar rooms, she would allow no one, not even kind Montausier himself, to be present at her first visit to them. Upon another occasion there was some amicable strife

between Madame de Rambouillet and her model son-in-law. Some money long due to him from the Treasury as Governor of Xaintonge was paid in, and, as her income was in arrears, he insisted upon her taking it. This, however, she refused to do. "My grandmamma," said little Julie de St. Maure, Julie's daughter, who was always saying sharp things, "*you* say my papa is obstinate, but *I* think it is you who are a great deal the more obstinate of the two."

Madame de Rambouillet had a religious mind, and as age gently advanced, sparing her "all shocking incommodities," and leaving her the beauty of her person and the clearness of her mind to the last, religion became her greatest comfort. She who, like Molière's pattern *savante*, had had "*du savoir sans vouloir qu'on le sut*," and who had been rarely guilty of authorship, composed many prayers which Jarry copied out fair for her. She lived to see Madame de Montausier appointed governess of the Dauphin,[1] her grandchild Julie Maure de Saint Maure married to a son of the Duke D'Usès, and her daughter Madame de Grignan die; and in 1665, at the age of seventy-seven, she also died.

She was buried in the Church of the Carmelites, Faubourg St. Antoine. "She had," said Godeau the Bishop of Vence, "the heart of a Christian and Roman," and she died without fear, and without regret for the world. Her life had presented in many respects the appearance of unusual success and happiness, but she had known the bitterness of sorrow: it would have been strange if a woman with her nature had escaped the common lot of those who love and feel. Of some of her sorrows we know something, others remain hidden. She almost forgot in her later years that there had ever been any joy for her in life, and wrote for herself an epitaph which Ménage preserved in his commentaries upon Malherbe's poetry, and in which she struck that mournful note, *universa vanitas*, which the great men of the world and the preachers of all ages have so often sounded:

> Here lies Arthénice, freed from the rigours
> With which rigorous fate has always pursued her;
> And if, oh! passer-by, thou wouldst reckon her sorrows,
> Thou needst but to reckon the number of her days.

MARGARET MARY MAITLAND.

[1] Madame de Montausier became governess of the Dauphin in 1661, and died in 1671, it is said, of a broken heart because, deceived herself by the King as to the nature of his relations with Madame de Montespan, she had in her turn unwittingly betrayed the Queen's trust in her. The discovery of the King's treachery, and the revelation that in serving him she had been unconsciously assisting him to deceive the Queen, so preyed upon Madame de Montausier's mind that she gradually fell into a state of ill-health, from which she never recovered, and which ended in her death.

WHERE WAS KING STEPHEN BURIED?

IF the question which heads this chapter were put to the general public, nine-tenths would probably look upon it in the light of a riddle, whilst the small contingent remainder, strong in the belief that histories for the people partake of the nature of inspired writings, would confidently answer, "At Faversham Abbey." And yet the question remains, Where really reposes the body of one of the greatest and most unhappy of England's kings?

Let us go back to the old chronicles for information. Of course the *Gesta Stefani* will not assist, because they end soon after the death of Prince Eustace, which was probably also his father's death-blow; Capgrave's "Chronicle of England" bears this testimony: "Stevene the Kyng dyed the VIII. Kalend of April, byried at Feversham, which hous he mad." That this date is utterly wrong it is unnecessary to say; innumerable authorities place the decease as more than six months later, notably Diceto and Henry of Huntingdon. Next we come to that portion of the chronicle usually attributed to William of Malmesbury, which was properly due to the care of the learned Prior of Belvoir known as Roger of Wendover, who died in the monastery of St. Albans, 6th May, 1227. He speaks thus: "The same year died the brave and pious King Stephen, on the 25th of October; his body was buried in the monastery of Faversham, which he had himself founded, and where, a short time before, his wife Matilda and Eustace their son had been buried." In each of these cases it should be noted that reference is made to the year A.D. 1154 and to the old-style reckoning.

After this we get little information which can be taken as bearing upon the subject in any decisive manner. Perhaps the most important note is that made by Sir Richard Baker, of whom that first of gentlemen, Sir Roger de Coverley, thought so highly. He says that the great English King died suddenly in the monastery at Dover, 25th October, 1154, immediately after an interview—the object of which is not disclosed—with "Theodorik, Earl of Flanders," and

was buried at Faversham. But here comes in the question, Was he really so buried? It seems evident that the death was sudden and unexpected, even though the cause be unknown; it is by no means improbable that it may have been the result of some disease which rendered immediate burial necessary; and even waiving this supposition, the troubled state of the realm would have been a sufficient reason for an immediate and secret burial by King Stephen's followers of the body of that master whom all worshipped and would have been eager to shield from all possible profanation.

And the facts seem to be these, viz.: that some seven centuries were to elapse before the true resting place of the chivalrous Count of Blois, "saint, scholar, soldier, and statesman," as was said of a yet more noble English hero, should be found. This is how it *was* found, in such a manner as must carry conviction to the minds of all who are not determined against conviction. In Dover there is an old church dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin; it contains some of perhaps, the finest Early Norman work—apart from the chapel in the Tower of London—existing in this country. In the year 1843 it was found necessary to relay the pavement at the west end of the nave of this church, and in raising the flags for that purpose a singular discovery was made. It must be borne in mind that to the south of the site to be spoken of an altar had originally stood—from its position it can hardly have been the high altar, though even that is possible, as orientation was originally held to depend upon the special position of the sanctuary. However, the explorers came upon what has been described as "the softened remains of a heavy four-inch oaken sea-chest; inclosing a fine, shapely, trefoil-headed lead coffin, about five feet long." Time had loosened the covering of this latter, and when, with pardonable curiosity, it was raised, there was disclosed the figure of a man of small but athletic proportions, in a singular state of preservation. The verger, who was present on the occasion, and from whose lips I derive much of my information, assured me that the perfume of the embalmment pervaded the whole church when the coffin was opened; I had this from him when visiting Dover with the Royal Archæological Institute—of which I was then secretary—in the year 1878. I must return to the words of the worthy Vicar, the Rev. John Puckle, M.A., who has done all in his power to preserve the memory of the great Stephen: "The thick brown hair, moustache, whiskers, and pointed beard, were in natural condition. The integument and fibre of the flesh were changed in little other than colour (dark olive); which became in no way affected by contact with the outer air; the preservation being due to such a costly embalming

as one only reads of in rare regal interments." Now the question arises, Was this the embalmed body of King Stephen, hastily deposited in the church of the town where he avowedly died, and never after removed, first, on account of the national troubles, then because of forgetfulness? Everything tends to prove this to be the case. At the time two experts from the British Museum were summoned to inspect the body—of which it may be remarked that Mr. Puckle, himself no mean artist, made a drawing—and the result of their researches tended to show that this was the body of Stephen of Blois. There was but one other noted person recorded as having died at Dover—he was an unnamed follower of Mary of Scotland; but inasmuch as he was as deformed as David Rizzio, this soldierly corpse could not have been his; and it is worthy of note that the beautiful sad face is that which we have always been shown as that of King Stephen. Whether or not his heart lay in the now desecrated and vanished abbey of Faversham matters little. There was a time when the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion was one of the treasures of the Rouen Museum; we cannot even guess where sleeps Harold Godwinson; but let us at least cherish the resting-places of those amongst our heroes whose last bed we can identify. There is a talk of placing a brass to mark the spot where lies that great and unhappy king whose reign will for ever be remembered by the Battle of the Standard.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Induction Balance and President Garfield's Wound.

"I'M a practical man; I don't care for your theories, I judge by results." Such is the declaration that commonly issues from the mouths of the shallowest and most short-sighted, in fact, the most unpractical of human beings. To such men the wondrous movements of a radiometer have no interest unless they can turn a grindstone. Men of intelligence, endowed with soundly practical intellects, even though no scientific experts, are able to understand that the discovery of broad natural truths, *i.e.*, great scientific laws or principles, must precede their practical application, and that any such discovery, however recondite it may at first appear, may sooner or later become of practical value. This has been remarkably illustrated in the application of Hughes's induction balance by the surgeons attending President Garfield, whose condition is watched with such filial anxiety by every true Englishman.

Turning to the paper read by Prof. Hughes at the Royal Society on May 15, 1879, I find that he defines his researches as an "attempt to investigate the molecular construction of metals and alloys." That a purely philosophical inquiry into such molecular mysteries should have enabled the surgeon to ascertain the position and dimensions of a bullet lodged in the human body, and to do so without any probing or even touching the wound itself,—thereby saving a vast amount of torture,—is only one more added to the multitude of instances of purely scientific researches undertaken without any so-called "practical" object, having led to important practical results. The whole history of modern civilisation is simply a collection of such instances.

Without entering upon details that would be interesting only to electricians, I may state that when a current of electricity is started along a wire, it induces a current in an opposite direction along another wire that is near to it, and that such a secondary current may be used to excite a telephone or enable it to communicate any given

sound. It will be easily understood that two such currents may be made to neutralise each other, if they are exactly equal and pass in contrary directions.

Prof. Hughes's induction balance is so constructed that there shall be two such balancing currents so attached to a telephone that the silence of the latter shall indicate the exact balance of the currents. Anything disturbing this balance by giving preponderance to one or other of the currents brings forth a sound, and the magnitude of the disturbance can be measured by balancing it with another disturber acting in contrawise.

A piece of metal is such a disturber, and its disturbing power depends on its dimensions and composition. Thus, silver chemically pure, of the size and form of a shilling, produces a disturbance (on the scale fixed by Prof. Hughes) equal to 125 degrees, while a shilling itself gives only 115 degrees, the difference being due to the copper in the alloy. On the same scale, the disturbance due to copper = 100; zinc = 80; lead = 38; bismuth = 10. So definite are the disturbances due to given quality and quantity of metal, that a magical divination may be made, which is thus described by Prof. Hughes: "If a person puts one or several coins into one pair of coils, the amount or nominal value being unknown to myself, I have only to introduce into the opposite coils different coins successively, as I should weights into a scale, and when perfect balance is announced by the silence, the amount in one box will not only be of the same nominal value, but of the same kind of coin."

Again, he says "If we take two English shilling-pieces fresh from the Mint, and if they are absolutely identical in form, weight, and material, they will be completely balanced by placing one of each in the two separate cells, provided that for these experiments there is an adjustable resting-place in each pair of coils, so that each coin may lie exactly in the centre of the vacant space between the primary and secondary coils. If, however, these shillings are in the slightest degree worn, or have a different temperature, we at once perceive this difference, and, if desired, measure it by the sonometer, or by lifting the supposed heaviest coin at a slight distance from the fixed centre line, the amount of degrees that the heaviest coin is withdrawn will show its relative mass or weight as compared with the lightest. I have thus been able to appreciate the difference caused by simply rubbing the shilling between the fingers, or the difference of temperature by simply breathing near the coils."

This being possible, the determination of the presence or absence of such a mass of metal as a bullet, and the finding of its exact

position inside the body, merely demands a modification of the apparatus. The bullet cannot be brought like the shilling to the coils, but the coils connected by long wires with the rest of the instrument may be brought near to the bullet on either side, and the moment when it is equidistant between them determined. This can be further checked by a balancing bullet correspondingly situated in reference to the other fixed couple of coils, as in the balancing of the coins, excepting that in the surgical use it is the distance of the disturbing metal that is the main object of determination.

This method of superseding the painful and dangerous probing of a healing wound does in surgery what the stethoscope does in medicine for the diagnosis of lung disease. The analogy to the stethoscope is curiously complete, for in both cases hearing takes the place of vision ; the ear, aided by science, is enabled to see that which is invisible to the eye.

Ozone at the Seaside.

NOW that we are all at the seaside, something about ozone is seasonable, especially seaside ozone. The idea that the air over the ocean is more highly charged with ozone than that over the land has been much disputed, and yet the general properties of what we call "sea air" are quite in accordance with the hypothesis that it contains more than an average supply of this active form of oxygen.

I have a theory of my own on the subject, which I will hereby communicate. It was suggested thus :

Walking on the Deal beach at night with a stout stick in my hand, I observed flashes of pale light whenever I thrust the end of the stick forcibly into the shingle. The nature of the action was soon discovered. The stick, in forcing its way among the pebbles, caused some of them to rub against each other.

This reminded me of an experiment of my schoolboy days, when I carried a couple of quartz pebbles ("milk stones" we called them) in my pocket, in order to astonish my schoolfellows and others by "flashing fire" in the dark. This was done by pressing the stones together as firmly as possible, and then rubbing them one against the other. A considerable amount of light is given out at the surfaces of contact, sufficient to illuminate the whole of the translucent pebbles.

The experiment did not end here. The next part consisted in smelling the "*sulphur*" *on the rubbed* surfaces. With the recollection

of the flash in the schoolboy experiment came that of the so-called sulphurous odour, which, although so long forgotten, at once suggested the odour of the electric machine which led Schönbein to the discovery of ozone.

I then picked up some of the flint pebbles, rubbed them as of yore, saw the flash, and smelt the "sulphur," which I now recognized as ozone.

If ozone be thus generated by the rubbing together of siliceous pebbles, the dashing of the waves upon the shore, and the rattling of the shingle pebbles or rubbing of sand particles together, may explain the origin of the ozone that has been found in the spray of the waves that break on the shore.

The Passivity of Iron.

THIS subject has lately been brought before the French Academicians by M. L. Varenne. But many readers will ask what it means. It is this:

Nitric acid acts very powerfully on most metals, dissolving them furiously with evolution of pungent red fumes. Iron is thus attacked, but it behaves in a manner that appears rather capricious. Under certain conditions it becomes proof against the violent chemical energies of nitric acid, and the acid behaves like mere water. The iron is then said to be passive. Generally speaking, iron becomes passive at once, if dipped in concentrated nitric acid; if the acid is slightly diluted, oxidation and solution with violent effervescence make a start when the iron is immersed, but they stop almost immediately afterwards. As the dilution is increased, the length of time intervening between the action and its sudden cessation increases proportionately. When the acid is diluted beyond a certain degree of weakness it acts on the iron without any cessation whatever.

If, however, a piece of iron that is thus freely soluble in such dilute nitric acid be now plunged into strong acid, and then carefully and slowly, without agitation, be reintroduced to its previous solvent, this is a solvent no longer; the passivity of the iron that was started in the strong acid is now maintained in the weak acid.

All this is very puzzling, but M. Varenne suggests an explanation which I think is correct. He supposes that the gas which is first evolved on the surface of the metal adheres to it and forms a protecting film. This is in accordance with the fact that if it has been rendered passive by strong acid be then pl

acid, it loses its passivity if agitated so as to disturb the film of gas. Also, that the passive state is not assumed in vacuo. Besides these facts, he mentions the brilliant appearance of the passive iron as showing the adhering film of gas.

That iron is much addicted to film itself by gaseous adhesion is shown by many other facts, outside of those stated by M. Varenne.

The well-known experiment of floating a needle on water illustrates it. It is not the needle merely that floats, but the needle plus the considerable quantity of air adhering to it. This may be seen by observing the position of the needle. It rests below the general surface of the water, in a hollow which constitutes its own little air-boat.

A still more striking experiment may be made. Common calcined magnesia is a remarkably light powder; an ounce fills a bottle that will hold above a pound of iron filings. Having settled this point, sprinkle some of the magnesia on water—say from a pepper-box—then do the same with some iron filings.

The magnesia sinks readily, the iron filings float. Force some of the filings down, and you will see the reason of their previous floating in the envelope of air they carry with them.

Milk and Contagion.

AN experiment made some time since by Bollinger deserves more serious consideration than it has received. He took half of a litter of pigs from a healthy sow and fed them with the milk of a scrofulous cow, the diseased condition of which was afterwards proved by *post-mortem* examination. Two pigs were killed at regular intervals, one of those fed on the cow's milk, the other on the milk of the sow. All the latter were found to be healthy, while all of those fed on the scrofulous milk were more or less affected with tuberculosis.

Now that stall feeding so largely prevails, especially in and about large towns, the animals thus deprived of fresh air and natural exercise are liable to very human-like diseases. Consumptive cows are common enough, and there is good reason to conclude that human beings are as susceptible as pigs to scrofulous contagion. This is especially the case with delicate children.

In all cases where commercial milk from unknown cows is used, it should be boiled, in order to destroy the germs (bacteria, probably) of disease, whether they be germs derived from the parent cow, or foreign germs introduced by subsequent contact of the milk with impure air or impure hands or vessels.

We lose a little by such boiling, the "scum" which floats on the top of boiling milk being the albumen which is coagulated by the heat, and usually, though not necessarily, wasted.

Condensed milk is free from the risk of contagion, having been reduced in bulk by boiling, and even raised to the boiling point of syrup, which is considerably higher than that of pure water or ordinary milk.

Seed Potatoes.

GERMAN professors are doing much useful work by applying strict inductive methods to the experimental investigation of agricultural problems. C. Kraus has thus compared the yield of potatoes and artichokes that were set in the ground in three different conditions—1st, fresh; 2nd, slightly decayed; 3rd, much decayed. The results were decidedly in favour of the decayed sets. The fresh tubers made the earliest start of stems and leaves above ground; but the final yield of useful tubers was greater from the slightly decayed than from the fresh tubers, and greatest of all from the highly decayed. This was especially the case when large tubers were selected for the sets. The now common practice of using small tubers as sets is not favoured by the results of these experiments. The advantage of larger sets is especially shown when they are decayed and the weather dry. The results of experiments on Jerusalem artichokes correspond with those on potatoes. I assume that the term "decayed" is used rather in the sense of withered than rotten. If so, I have an experiment in progress that appears likely to corroborate the above. In the autumn of last year I set aside some potatoes that I had grown myself for seed. They were forgotten until about the middle of June, when I found them miserably shrivelled from the dryness of the drawer in which they had been spread, but with some promising sprouts. I put them in the ground with small expectations, but they are now flourishing remarkably so far as stems and leaves are concerned. I will report hereafter as to the tubers.

Arctic Climate.

THERE are few subjects on which popular fallacies are more widespread and persistent than this. I am surprised at the large proportion of educated people who still express the idea that the balloon voyage projected by Commander Cheyne will encou

serious difficulties on account of intense cold in the upper regions of the air during an Arctic summer.

Winter in the Arctic regions is bitterly, horribly cold—and why? Simply because the sun is altogether below the horizon for months; and all this time the earth is radiating its heat into space and receiving none in return.

The geographical school-books—ay, and even some of the most pretentious of the modern treatises on "Physiography"—are very unsound on this point. They dwell on the "obliquity" of the sun's rays as the prime cause of the differences of climate that are connected with difference of latitude; whereas this is but a minor factor, the major being the absence of the sun.

We all had opportunities during the recent hot weather of comparing the difference between 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. as regards temperature. Yet the altitude of the sun and the obliquity of his rays were the same at either of these hours; or we may compare 8 A.M. with 4 P.M., or 7 A.M. with 5 P.M.

The morning hours followed the night, during which the sun was absent; the afternoon hours followed the daytime, and proved the effect of the previous sunshine of only a few hours.

What, then, must be the effect of sunshine, even with very oblique rays, when it continues for two or three months without any nocturnal cessation?

This question is best answered by the actual facts of Arctic summer climate.

In Arctic Norway the weather is not merely mild in summer time, but actually hot, though very variable. I spent two summers there. The first was oppressively hot; the second so totally different, that those who were with me could scarcely believe my description of the first. The difference between Naples and Edinburgh is not greater than the difference between Tromsö and Tromsö on corresponding weeks of those two summers. This was due to the fact that in the first case the air contained but little aqueous vapour, and the sun therefore was shining on and on all day and all night, his heat accumulating on the earth without the break of darkness. The second summer was a very humid one; the air was comparatively opaque to the solar heat rays, and thus they did but little work, in spite of their continuance. Even the potatoes failed that year from sheer lack of warmth.

I have walked thirty miles per day under the July sun of Italy, but never felt more oppressed by summer heat than in the course of a walk up the *Trömsdal to visit* a camp of Laplanders. This valley

is 3° north of the Arctic circle. On board the steam-packet out at sea, where the heat was less oppressive than on shore, the thermometer on July 17th stood at 77° in the saloon below the deck, at 92° in the smoking-saloon on deck, and 108° in the sun. At Alten, 3½° north of the Arctic circle, barley has been seen to grow two and a half inches, and peas three inches in twenty-four hours. At Hammerfest, still further north, the hay is made in a month after the snow has left the ground.

The climatic horrors of Siberia have long been a fruitful theme in popular geography. It has been described as a region of hopeless barrenness; and the descriptions of recent explorations of that country have come upon many as startling geographical revelations. These have verified the intensity of the winter cold, but have shown that under the snow that covers the plains is a well-protected vegetation, that starts into wonderful luxuriance directly the continuous summer sunshine has thawed the snow.

In Greenland, from which most of our descriptions of Arctic climate are derived, the summer is marred by the glaciers, which fill up all the valleys and flow down into the fjords and sea-channels, where, by their immersion in salt water, a freezing mixture is produced.

The summer temperature is reduced by these glaciers just as it is in Switzerland, where a few steps carries the tourist from the scorching hill-side to the frigid atmosphere that stands over the glacier, and has such a curious exhilarating effect directly he steps upon the ice.

The Siberian plains are fed by no such accumulations of mountain ice, and hence the sun does its full work in warming the earth directly the snow has vanished.

A balloon floating well above the Greenland ice would enjoy a luxurious summer climate; the sun would shine upon it continuously, and some part of its rotundity would always receive perpendicular rays, even with the sun on the horizon. The elevation above the lower humid atmosphere would remove much of the chief cause of the difference between the direct heating power of the polar and tropical sun rays—viz., the absorption of a greater quantity of heat by aqueous vapour through which the oblique rays usually travel.

Arctic Daylight.

INTIMATELY connected with the above subject is the effect of continuous daylight on vegetation. Dr. Schubeler, of Christiania, has devoted above thirty years to the study of this su

researches curiously refute the generally received notions concerning the brilliancy of tropical vegetation as compared with that of the north.

Dr. Schubeler finds that flowers growing within and about the Arctic circle are larger and deeper in colour than corresponding species growing farther south. This is the case with garden flowers and such plants as field peas, beans, &c. Wheat and maize grown in Norway have a richer yellow brown than that growing farther south.

He imported seeds of grain from Ohio and Bessarabia and planted them in Norway. They acquired each year a richer and darker colour, and finally reached the full depth of tint of the home-grown winter wheats.

The same with flowers grown from imported seeds; they increased not only in colour but in size also, and the farther north they were carried, the more decided was the change. Among other instances he specifies the *Veronica serpyllifolia*, which changes from a pale to a dark blue as it goes farther north, and the *Trientalis Europæa*, which changes from white to pink.

My own observations confirm these. The most striking example that I remember is that of the saxifrage commonly known as "London pride." The bunches of flowers which in the latitude of London are but little larger than currant bunches, grow in Norway to the dimensions of large bunches of grapes, especially in the far north, where they hang in surprising luxuriance on the inaccessible faces of bare perpendicular rocks, their roots bedded in the imperceptible crevices of the precipice.

Not only are the size and colours of flowers thus developed by the continuous sunlight, but their aroma is also intensified. This applies to all parts of the plant. The intensification of the flavour of savoury garden plants renders some of them almost uneatable in Scandinavia. Thus the white stick celery, grown with all our gardener's precautions, and not distinguishable in appearance from plants imported from Covent Garden market, had a sharp unpleasant taste when compared with the English plant. The same with garlic, shalot, and onions.

The following was written twenty-five years ago, and describes what I witnessed when Dr. Schubeler was beginning his researches, of which I was then totally ignorant:—"A little before reaching Ovne or Aune station there were some of the most magnificent banks of pansies I ever beheld. Several patches of above 100 square yards were *covered with an unbroken* carpet of these beautiful flowers;

the variety, richness, and harmony of their colours were most exquisite; they saturated the atmosphere far around with a delicious aroma which was almost intoxicating in its concentration when I slept upon them for an hour or two; the sunbeams poured upon me with a roasting heat, the rooks were cawing above, and the river rumbling below." This was on the northern slope of the Dovrefjeld mountains, on the highway to Trondhjem.

All the wild and cultivated fruits that can be ripened at all in Norway have more aroma and characteristic flavour than those which are grown farther south. The strawberries, cherries, bilberries, and other wild marsh and wood berries, all exemplify this. I can confirm Dr. Schubeler's conclusions as regards the wild strawberries and the berries. Our bilberries are but poor things compared with the large, luscious, and splendidly coloured "blue berry" of the Norwegian fjelds.

The increase of aroma and heightening of flavour is accompanied with diminished sweetness as we proceed north. The golden-drop plum and greengage of Christiania or Trondhjem, although large, well-coloured, and rich in aroma, are deficient in sweetness. In like manner, the Rhenish and other northern vineyards produce wines of finer aroma and flavour than those of Spain and Portugal, but they are less alcoholic on account of the smaller quantity of sugar which by its fermentation produces the alcohol.

Therefore it is inferred that the light produces aroma, and heat produces sweetness, but I doubt the accuracy of this conclusion.

My own opinion is that the difference is all due to *time*; that in the north the continuous daylight, and the *day-heat* also, develop the fruit so rapidly that there is not sufficient time for the conversion of the starch and woody fibre into sugar to be fully effected, and I base this demand for time on such well-known facts as the ripening of our sweetest pears, many of which when gathered in the autumn are hard and sour, but become lusciously sweet by merely storing them until December or January, or even later. Oranges and other fruits sweeten in like manner after they are gathered, without the help of any notable amount of either light or heat.

The summer in Norway begins so late and ends so early that the snow often falls upon the cherries before they are gathered. I have feasted on currants, cherries, and strawberries plucked from the bushes and trees in September, the beginning of this month being the height of the season for such fruits there, the winter following immediately.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

Modern Taste in Old Books.

PUBLIC taste as regards old books is no less fluctuating than in other matters. A genuine collector, such as Dibdin conceived and described, still delights in large-paper copies, books printed on vellum, and the like, and still prizes an Aldine Virgil, a Giunti Decameron, a Bodoni Homer, or an Elzevir Ragionamenti, to say nothing of Guttenburgs, Caxtons, Valdarfers, and other treasures which can only be seen in the library of the millionaire. The general taste, however, has recently taken a strange direction, and the ordinary book-buyer occupies himself almost exclusively with original editions of Shelley, Ruskin, Tennyson, Dickens, Cruikshank, and other writers or artists of the present century. Classics are for the present a drug, and I have purchased lately at book-stalls for a few shillings books which, at the beginning of the century, would have brought as many pounds. That the modern taste is in part fictitious, stimulated by booksellers who, unable to obtain rarities, try to force a taste for a class of works they are still able to supply, may be conceded. A student of Shelley is, of course, anxious to have the earliest obtainable text of a given poem, which was probably more or less mutilated in succeeding editions. What may be the attraction of works of this class to an average book-buyer, I am unable to conjecture.

Kindred Tastes of London and Paris.

MORE significance is assigned to the taste of which I speak, in consequence of a fancy absolutely analogous having arisen in France. The principal booksellers of Paris will point to their early Molières and Corneilles, their Froissarts and Ronsards, Marots and Alan Chartiers, lying upon their shelves with a stiff price recorded in the first volume, while a first edition of Théophile Gautier or of Victor Hugo will go for its weight in gold. In a Paris catalogue now before me, "Les Rayons et Les Ombres," 1840, of M.

Hugo, is priced 100 francs; while an uncut edition of "Les Chants du Crépuscule," 1835, is left unpriced, its cost being a matter not to be rashly settled. I have been told of a copy of the first edition of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," by Théophile Gautier, being put at a price which would almost secure a First Folio Shakespeare. Illustrated books of the early part of the century, and those of the last century, with designs by Eisen, have been sold for incredible sums. I remember being offered in Scotland for five pounds an edition of Dorat's works which would now be worth going to the Antipodes to fetch.

Self-imposed Starvation.

OF Elwes, the miser, who was a country gentleman of considerable means, it is recorded that he picked up in the street and wore for years a scratch-wig which a beggar had discarded. Discomfort is, of course, to a miser a matter of secondary importance. What is, however, to be said of the man who, with gold in his possession, starves himself to death, and is found dead of the most terrible of sufferings with the money that would have saved him in his desiccated hand? Such was recently the case with a man on whose body a coroner's jury sat in London. Most commonly the miser's victims are his horses, his servants, his family. In this case, a base nature furnishes an ample explanation. What form of disease, however—since disease it must be—induces a man to take the slowest of known deaths, and that most full of torment, when he might "his quietus make with a bare bodkin," or take any of the thousand exits described by Mr. Browning—

> There are byways provided;
> The heart-sick traveller, in the pageant world,
> Slips out by letting the main mask defile
> By the conspicuous portal.

In employing the word *disease*, all is supposed to be said. Shall we ever, I wonder, possess a psychological science even of the most empirical kind?

An Estimate of Tobacco.

IT is obvious that arguments against the abuse of an article like opium do not necessarily apply to its moderate use. In the case of a free and virile race, needless restrictions are harmful, as depriving the people of that habit of self-control on the part of

individuals in which the real strength of a nation consists. Once take charge of what men shall drink or smoke, and you not only reduce them to the level of children, taking from them the sense of responsibility; but, as experience has always shown, you give them a mischievous pleasure in evading the action of laws they ought to approve and support. There is a disposition abroad to attempt tasks of this kind, the danger of which is, I fancy, not apparent to the humanitarians and zealots to whom it is attributable. As to the comparative use and good results of tobacco and alcohol, the two chief temptations of Englishmen, the last word is not said. This rather lengthy exordium serves to introduce a praise of tobacco which I have lately encountered in an unexpected quarter. As few of my readers are likely to see it elsewhere, I extract it from the folio tome in which it is buried. It is in the form of a species of dialogue or parable, and is entitled—

"THE TOBACCONIST.

THERE were two Maids talking of Husbands, which is for the most part the Theam of their Discourse, and the subject of their Thoughts.

The one said, I would not marry a man that takes Tobacco for anything.

Then, said the other, It is likely you will have a Fool for your Husband; for Tobacco is able to make a Fool a Wiseman: and though it doth not always work wise Effects, by reason some Fools are beyond all improvement; yet it never fails where any improvement is to be made.

Why, said the first, what wise Effects does it work?

The second said, it composes the mind, it busies the thoughts, represents several Objects to the mind's view, settles and stays the Senses, clears the Understanding, strengthens the Judgment, spies out Errors, evaporates Follies, heals Ambition, comforts Sorrow, abates Passion, excites to Noble Actions, digests Conceptions, enlarges Knowledge, elevates Imaginations, creates Fancies, quickens Wit, and makes Reason Pleader, and Truth Judge, in all disputes or Controversies betwixt Right and Wrong.

The first said, It makes the Breath stink.

You mistake, said the second; it will make a stinking Breath sweet.

It is a Beastly Smell, said the first.

Said the second, Civet is a Beastly Smell, and that you will thrust your Nose to, although it be an Excrement; and for anything we know, so is Ambergreece; when Tobacco is a sweet and pleasant, wholesome and medicinable Herb."

Female Praise of Tobacco.

TO whom, it will be asked, is attributable this whimsical eulogy? To no less a person than the "Thrice Noble, Illustrious, and Most Excellent Princess"—so is she described in the title-page of the work—the Duchess of Newcastle, the famous "Mad Meg," as she was irreverently described, whose voluminous writings were the delight of Lamb, and whose individuality Sir Walter Scott describes. Did the august lady speak from experience? I wonder. She shared her husband's banishment to the Low Countries, when the Puritans got the upper hand, and she may have there learned the virtues of the nicotian weed. That her husband smoked may be inferred, since, like a model wife as she was, she praises nothing that he did not approve. We may put this strange testimony beside the great passage in praise of tobacco of Charles Kingsley, and may oppose it to the famous counterblast of James the First, and the less-known treatise in the shape of a poem from Joshua Sylvester, "Tobacco Battered, and the Pipes Shattered (about their Eares that idlely Idolize so base and barbarous a Weed; or at least-wise over-love so loathsome Vanitie:) by a Volley of Holy Shot Thundered from Mount Helicon."

The Duchess of Newcastle and Shakespeare.

THE second title of the scarce volume by the Duchess, from which the preceding parable is taken, so closely resembles the description of plays by Polonius, that the idea must have been derived from "Hamlet." It runs thus: "Being several Feigned Stories, Comical, Tragical, Tragi-comical, Poetical, Romancical, Philosophical, Historical, and Moral: some in Verse, some in Prose; some Mixt, and some by Dialogues." It is difficult to avoid adding from Polonius: "Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1881.

THE COMET OF A SEASON.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN OMINOUS VISITOR.

MONTANA went home that night in a mood of utter depression. That was strange to him. He had never had, even in his boyhood, the glowing exuberant animal spirits which are like wings to carry some souls over the heaviest troubles, and which are the purest gift of nature, no more to be acquired by effort or culture than the poet's endowment. But he had a consistent strength of will, and a steady faith in himself, which had hitherto always upheld him against adverse conditions and moods of depression. Now, for the first time, his heart seemed to desert him. Even his faith in himself, in his star, was shaken. He was conscious, all too keenly conscious, that he had made some great mistakes; he was sadly beginning to think that he was not the man he had hitherto believed himself to be. Where was that steady inexorable resolve on which he used to pride himself; which he had grown to regard as something godlike? He had allowed himself to fall in love, and he had failed in love. He had set his heart on marrying Geraldine Rowan, and she had rejected and baffled him; and she was going to marry a good-humoured, weak-headed, uninteresting elderly man. It was bad enough, Montana felt, that he should have allowed himself to fall in love; to fall in love like a boy; to do what he had never really done when he was a boy. That was bad enough; but to publish his love and to fail in it; to put himself at a girl's feet and be spurned;

to tell her in prophetic, commanding tones that she must marry him, and to be quietly put aside for some one else; this was indeed humiliation. Why should he ever succeed in anything again, seeing that he had failed in this? Was this only the beginning of a course of failure? Had the tide of his fortunes turned?

Was he growing old? Was this insane passion for a girl who did not care for him only an evidence that he was already sinking into years and into the weak fondnesses of senility? Yet he doubted if old men in their senile love felt such love as he did—a passion compounded of love and hate. He sometimes positively hated Geraldine for the moment, and could have cursed her; and yet the very resolve he had lately taken was taken only in the hope of pleasing her and making her regard him as a hero. He was going to tie himself for life to Melissa Aquitaine for no other purpose whatever than that he might stand well in Geraldine's eyes. For life? How much of life was left that would be worth having? Would life be endurable to him when he began to decay? To go steadily down into years, to lose his personal beauty and his figure, and his stately way of carrying himself, and his power to attract admiration? After all, perhaps, it was better on the whole that he should marry Melissa Aquitaine. It would lead most people not to believe that he had ever thought of marrying Geraldine Rowan and that he had been thrown aside by her. He would not take Melissa with him to America. She could stay with her father for the present; and Montana could forget for a while that he was married, and to the wrong woman.

When he reached his own door, and was taking out his latch-key, he suddenly became aware of a dark figure seated at the threshold. It might have been one of the ordinary belated and houseless wayfarers who hang about every London street, and seek the shelter of any friendly doorway. But Montana drew back for a moment, almost as one who fears a lurking assassin. Recovering himself, however, he approached the doorway, and the figure rose. It was that of a man, and in another moment Montana knew that the man was the old Chartist, Matthew Starr. Starr had been haunting him a good deal lately, and Montana was vexed at seeing him now. He knew the old man was waiting for him, and feared that there would be a scene of some kind.

"So you have come home at last!" Starr said. He looked like a man in a mood to do something desperate. We are bound to admit that what he actually said was, "So you have come 'ome at last!" and Montana was conscious for the moment of a somewhat ludicrous contrast between his friend's tragic manner and his unlucky perversity of pronunciation.

"So you have come 'ome at last!—I've been waiting for you this long time."

"Well, my good friend," Montana answered, "I have come home at last, and I am ready to speak to you, if you really have anything to say. Will you come upstairs with me?"

"I don't like to cross your threshold; I'd rather talk to you here."

The night was bright, the street well lighted by the moon. There were people passing. There were carriages driving up and depositing ladies in evening dress here and there at doorways. Men with light coats over their black dinner-garb were passing along, smoking and talking. The place was not likely to be quiet for an instant.

"I shall not talk to you here," he said with that quiet firmness of purpose which he usually found very effective in bearing down opposition. "If you want to speak to me, Starr, you must come upstairs."

He opened the door without another word, passed by Starr, and entered the house.

Starr hesitated, and began some remonstrance, and then followed quietly. They passed into Montana's study, and Montana turned up the gas, which was burning low, and pointed Starr to a chair, then quietly sat down himself, took up some letters that were lying on his desk, and began to open them with the air of a man who has no time to waste.

Starr pushed away the chair which was offered to him. "I'm not going to sit down in your house. I want some satisfaction from you for all the evil you have brought on me. *She* has gone again, and I can't recover her, and I don't want to recover her this time, and it is all along of you."

"Your daughter—has she gone indeed?" Montana asked in a tone of sympathy which was not all unreal. "I am sorry to hear it."

"What's the good of being sorry? I knew she'd go if nothing came of this great scheme of yours. Nothing is coming of it, and I suppose nothing ever was meant to come of it. I wish you'd have told me long ago. I shouldn't have been depending on you, and I wouldn't have been deluding her with promises that were never to be kept, and perhaps I could have got her to stay with me. Now she's gone, and you're the cause of it, and I must have some satisfaction."

"My good friend," Montana said composedly, all his nerve and courage coming back to him as usual at the moment he needed it—"you seem to forget that it was I who found her for you before, and brought *her back to you.* Perhaps I can do that again."

"I don't want it done again," the old man almost screamed. "No, I don't,—I'd rather it wasn't done now. Let her go her own way. Let her go to the devil. She has gone from me, and I give her up. But all the same I feel like one destroyed. I feel like one going mad, and I don't care. But I must have some satisfaction."

"What do you mean by satisfaction?" Montana asked. "If you don't want to take the girl back, what can I do for you? It is no fault of mine if your daughter is foolish and impatient. Let me tell you she has a very foolish and impatient father. Do you think a great plan like mine can be hurried up to suit every foolish man who wants everything to come to him just at the right moment? There are other interests more important than yours or any single man's involved in this great enterprise. It cannot be moved on to please you, or me, or any one else. It must take its time."

"Take its time!" Starr contemptuously said. "Take its time! ay, and it has been taking its time, sure enough, and you have been taking your time, and what have you been doing? Nothing for that end, I know. You have been passing your time in fine houses with grand people—in your Belgravias and your Mayfairs, with your countesses and your duchesses; and the poor people you have deluded may starve or drown for all you care. You are a humbug and an impostor, and I'll show you up,—see if I don't. I'll have my revenge on you. I feel as if I could kill you. I am in the humour to kill you now, and myself afterwards, and I don't know but I had better do it."

His eyes really flashed like those of a mad man. Montana saw that there was danger in him. A single mistake now, a word spoken at the wrong time, a change of colour on his part, might drive Starr on to some desperate act. But Montana sat composedly in his chair and showed no sign of emotion.

"I am sorry for you, Starr, I am sorry for your daughter, and I am sorry that you should even at such a moment be so unjust and ungrateful."

"Ungrateful!" Starr exclaimed; "well, I do like that! Ungrateful to you, for humbugging me and deceiving me all this time, and sending my daughter back upon the streets! It would be an act of charity to rid the world of you, for you will do more harm yet if you are allowed to live, and I think I am sent to kill you."

He made a rapid clutch at one of his pockets, and drew out a knife in a sheath, such as he used to carry for the purposes of his craft when he worked harder than he had been doing these late distracted and unhappy days.

"Look here," he said, "I've got a knife, and I'm not sure that I shan't drive it through your heart first and mine after."

"Put back your knife, you foolish old man," Montana said pityingly. "I am sorry to see you make such a ridiculous exhibition of yourself. Do you think you can alarm me with nonsensical bravado of that kind? I have lived long enough in places where a man learns to look after his own life, and has to face, every hour, twenty times more danger than a poor old man with a knife. Why, look, your hand is trembling. What do you think could happen to me from you? Look behind you."

The old man started and looked round, evidently expecting to see some one behind him. That was quite enough for Montana. It gave him all the time he wanted. He seized Starr's wrist with a gripe very much too strong for the excited and half-starved old Chartist. Even in his youngest days Starr would not have been strong enough for Montana. Now his leader was able to disarm him as easily as a nurse can take some dangerous plaything from the hands of a naughty child.

"You must be quiet, Starr," Montana said, coolly throwing the knife into his desk, and locking the desk upon it. "If we are to talk this thing out, it must be like rational beings, and not like two ridiculous actors on the stage of the Victoria Theatre. I thought you had too much respect for yourself to play the part of a mountebank."

A sudden reaction came over the broken old man. He looked piteously at Montana, and then sat down and hid his face in his hands and began to whine. He was trembling all over. An ordinary observer might have said that he was in an advanced stage of *delirium tremens*. An ordinary London policeman would have been for locking him up forthwith as drunk and disorderly. Montana knew Starr too well to have any suspicion of the kind; and he understood the nature of man's emotions too well to confound the phenomena of hysterical passion with the phenomena of intoxication. He allowed Starr to cry and sob for a while in his childish, shivering way, uninterrupted, and then went kindly over to him and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Come, come, my good friend Starr; you must not give way like this any more. You are not the man to sink down in such a way. You have friends who will do all they can for you and for your poor daughter; I am one of them. We'll have her back with us yet."

"Never, never," Starr said energetically, looking up and rousing himself with the words; "I'll never see her or speak to her any more. I'm going now."

"No, stay; let us talk this all over. Don't go just yet."

"Look ye here, Mr. Montana," Starr cried out—screamed out, a new burst of passion overmastering him; "I tell you, if you have any sense, you'll have me locked up. Do have me locked up; it's better for you. You've got off this time, and I've got off; but I shall do something terrible yet; I know I shall. I shan't be able to prevent myself from doing it. I believe I am sent to do it. Have me locked up; it's your last chance, I tell you!"

But he did not give Montana this last chance, even if Montana had been likely to avail himself of it. He suddenly sprang up and darted out of the room. Montana heard him opening the street-door and slamming it behind him. Looking out of the window, Montana saw his distraught follower running down the street like some hunted beast. Perhaps it would have been well if he could have taken Starr's advice and had the crazy old man locked up. But it was too late now to think of that. Montana brooded long over what had happened. He was as little liable to physical fear or nervousness as any man, and yet the menaces of Starr disquieted him. It was a *schauderhaft* sort of sensation to know that this mad old fanatic, vowing some terrible deed against him, was at large, and perhaps in the very same street. Montana wakened up more than once that night, and fancied he heard the stealthy, creeping tread of some one in the room—some one crawling up to his bedside to murder him. What danger ever tries the nerves of a threatened man like that of the private assassin?—and in this case the possible assassin was a half-crazy fanatic, whom neither fear, nor menace, nor persuasion, nor concession, nor bribe could move from his purpose. Montana was, at one moment of weakness, on the point of waking up his servant-man and bidding him sleep in the same room with him. But he soon cast this thought out of his head, and made up his mind that any risk would be better than such an open confession of fear.

He had to brace up his nerves next day when going out of the house, in order to prevent himself from looking eagerly up and down the street to see whether any one was waiting for him and watching him. He felt chilly, even in the sunlight. He found his heart beating quick at any sudden noise close to him—even the familiar rattle of a hansom cab, or the driver's discordant shriek of warning. These were new sensations to Montana. Perhaps they came in part from the condition of mind into which he had been dropped by his recent bitter disappointment. Anyhow, he felt that the time between this and his departure for America could not be too short for him.

There could be no doubt that Matthew Starr had lately been doing a great deal to spread a distrust of Montana and his scheme amongst people of his own class, and especially amongst the devotees of the Church of Free Souls. The wild energy with which the old Chartist declared his own utter want of faith in Montana any more had something electric in it. It brought conviction to men of his own class and of his order of mind. It is true that his story, when he told it, had no logical force as a condemnation of Montana. Montana had evidently done all he could for the man, had rescued his daughter once, and was anxious to rescue her again. Still, what Starr said did impress men and women of his own like, worn down with hard work and suffering, and for a time filled with a sudden wild hope—it did impress them much when this man, who had had such belief in Montana's scheme, and had built his hopes and staked his life and his daughter's life upon it, now went round declaring that there was no such scheme, that there was nothing in Montana, that he was an impostor, and that they had all been led astray and deceived by him. In any case, Montana had been too long in London without giving clear evidence that he had some practical scheme in hand not to encourage a feeling of doubt. He had not lately been to the Church of Free Souls as often as his admirers and worshippers down there could have desired, and Starr had sent the word out amongst all his own class that Montana passed his time in the West End, and was to be seen perpetually with duchesses and countesses. The duchesses and countesses, if they had come to be tested by critical examination, would have dwindled down to Lady Vanessa Barnes, because, although Montana did sometimes visit at the houses of great ladies, it was by no means easy to get him there. He was the pursued, and not the pursuer, so far as rank and fashion were concerned; and Lady Vanessa Barnes was the only woman of rank with whom he was often seen. But there is nothing, perhaps, in life so sensitive, so easily roused, as the jealousy of the very poor concerning one of their leaders who is supposed to be drawing away from their side in order to keep well with the great and the high-born. The train that Starr had wildly laid took fire somehow, and with a certain blaze and explosion, in that physical and intellectual region out of which most of the humblest worshippers in the Church of Free Souls were drawn.

Chapter XXX.

DANGER SIGNALS.

Frank Trescoe and young Fanshawe were approaching London in a train from the North. They had been travelling through the night, and trying to sleep, and waking up and taking an interlude of smoke, and exchanging a word or two now and then in an undertone. They had had little talk on the way, however, for the smoking-carriage had other passengers, and it was not until morning that these others were dropped successively at stations on the way, and Trescoe and Fanshawe were left alone. Then they struggled up into wakefulness, and began with half-dazed eyes to look out on the quiet fields and the soft sunshine.

Soon they resumed a conversation on a subject which had lately occupied them a good deal. Their conversation was about Montana. They had not been very successful in their inquiries concerning him. They had got what might be called fair historical evidence to show that Montana was the son of Varlowe, the livery-stable keeper. If a man were writing Montana's biography, years after Montana's death, he might be well justified in describing him on the strength of that evidence as Varlowe's son, the man who had married pretty Miss Fanshawe. But there was no evidence to bring into a court of law or to confute denial or to overwhelm a defendant's case.

Moreover, Fanshawe, at least, was beginning to take new thought on the matter.

"That's my ultimatum, Trescoe," he said. "I don't care what becomes of the whole affair any more. I'll have no further hand or part in it. Let him be who he will, I'll do nothing to injure him. He is going to marry Aquitaine's daughter. He has behaved well to her, and for her sake and for Aquitaine's I will have nothing more to do with this business."

"Then," Trescoe said angrily, "you really mean to say you will let this man go on, even though he is an impostor? You will let him go on swindling you don't know how many thousands of people, and you will do nothing to expose him, just because he is marrying Aquitaine's daughter?"

"Quite so; I'll have nothing to do with it. You see, I was willing enough to make some sacrifice in my own person and my own family for the sake of having the man shown up in his true colours, whatever they are. If he had turned out to be what we thought he was, he

would have turned out to be the husband of my sister, and I should not particularly delight in such a disclosure as that. But I didn't mind that. I was willing to stand all that. That belongs to the past. Nothing can harm her, and I don't mind what talk might be brought up about her family. But it is different in the case of this poor little girl, Melissa Aquitaine. She was a fool. She was ridiculously in love with this man; but I suppose we mustn't wonder at that."

Trescoe looked darkly at him, as if he thought Fanshawe's words had a double meaning in them. But Fanshawe went on unheeding. "Anyhow, he has acted very well in the affair, and she is going to be Mrs. Montana, and I believe she is off her head with delight, and of course Aquitaine thinks it the best thing that can possibly happen now, although he does not like Montana himself any more than you or I, and I'll not do anything that might spoil that little girl's happiness. No, not if I know it. If I can't make anybody happy, I'll not try to make anybody unhappy."

"How do you know," Trescoe argued, "what mischief he may have done already? You see how he attracts women and all that; you can't tell what harm he may do yet. He ought to be stopped. He ought to be shown up. He ought to be shamed or punished somehow."

"Well, I don't know about that," Fanshawe said, with a half smile. "I fancy, if the women were foolish about him, the men were not much better. We all took up with him a great deal too readily and too much, and we let him come too near our women, I suspect, and we might have seen that such an awfully handsome fellow could not, even if he tried, have kept them from falling in love with him. Anyhow, Trescoe, take my word, the less said about the whole business now the better. What's done is done and can't be helped, and it is my confident belief that his marrying Melissa Aquitaine is about the best thing that can happen for a good many of us. There will be quiet in other families as well as in Melissa's when that job's done."

"That's not my way of looking at things," Trescoe said, "and I see my way pretty well in this matter. I am going to follow this out to the bitter end. I'll never let that man go until I have exposed him, and pulled him down from his confounded pedestal, and let the world know who he is and what he is."

"What's the use? You can't do it. You haven't got any proofs against him. You will get some people to say that he looks like the man who married my sister, and then a lot of others will say they don't see any resemblance, and the man himself will talk plausibly to

his own followers. He has convinced them already. They will believe anything he says."

"No, it's not so; you are wrong, Fanshawe. I have been looking into it. I find there are a good lot of people who are not inclined to believe in him any more than you and I. I can show them he is an impostor, and I am going to do it."

"What are you going to do?"

"Well, I will do this for one thing. He is going to have a great farewell meeting, or reception, or something down at that confounded hole of his in the East End, somewhere in the Minories or Petticoat Lane."

"You know where the place is well enough," Fanshawe interposed, "so do I. We have all been there. It isn't in Petticoat Lane, and it wouldn't alter the condition of things very materially even if it were. Let's hear what you are going to do there."

"When his meeting is full," said Trescoe, "I will get up and denounce him in the face of the whole crowd. I will tell them who he is; I will defy him to deny my statement, and I will dethrone him then and there."

"Stuff!" was Fanshawe's comment. "He will tell them that what you say is not true. He will put on an appearance of offended dignity and injured innocence, and they won't care twopence for what you say or what you do; and you will be ejected neck and crop, or very likely you will be torn in pieces."

"I don't think so," Trescoe said grimly. "I'll take care to have a few fellows to stand by me."

"Oh, I'll come and stand by you, for the matter of that. If you are going to be ejected or torn in pieces, I'll be in the row. But I don't suppose anything more will come of that than that I shall get a share of what is meant for you, and we shall both come out of it equally badly."

"I'll run the risk, anyhow," Trescoe declared, with set teeth. "I will have this thing out. I look forward with delight to the idea of exposing him in the face of his own friends. It is the only satisfaction I have had for months back. I hate the man, and I'll have it out with him. Some of his fine friends, I dare say, will be there: his patrons and patronesses from the West End; this Lady—what's her name—some duchess's daughter who has taken it into her head to patronise him; he's always tied to her petticoat-tail. I will expose him before her very eyes. Yes, I will make her laugh at him. There will be some satisfaction in that."

"Make her laugh at you very likely, I dare say," Fanshawe said,

"when she sees you being personally conducted out of the place by the horny hands of honest labour, with, it may be, an occasional impulse from honest labour's still more horny foot."

"This whole affair seems very trivial to you, Fanshawe, although I should think you might have some feeling against the man who married your sister and treated her badly."

"But come now, look here," Fanshawe said. "First of all, it is not certain that this is the man who married my sister; and next, it is certain that if he did marry her, he did not treat her badly. Our people did not like him because the fellow was a low fellow—son of a livery-stable keeper—and we thought we were bound to be tremendous people at that time—why, I don't know. Anyhow, they didn't like his marrying her, and they sulked about it, and they treated her badly. They may say what they like, but I never heard that he treated her badly, and I don't believe it. Anyhow, I have no personal feeling against the man. I think if this man is deceiving people he ought to be exposed, if we can do it; but I don't see my way to it; and now that he is going to marry little Melissa Aquitaine, I am rather glad that I don't see my way. I am very sorry for any of my dear brother and sister fellow-mortals in general who may be taken in by Montana; but really they must be left to open their eyes for themselves. I am a deal more concerned for Melissa Aquitaine. She is more to me than a couple of hundred or thousand swart mechanics from the East End, about whom I know nothing. I don't believe he is a swindler, mind you, or anything of the kind in the ordinary sense; but if he contrives to impose on them, it is their own affair; I can't help it; but I should be very sorry to distress Aquitaine and Aquitaine's daughter."

Trescoe gave a growl of contempt or disapproval, and dropped out of the conversation.

"What a changed fellow you are, Frank Trescoe!" Fanshawe could not help saying. "I never saw a man pass through such a change in the same period of time. You have become a regular savage. You hate Montana with the hatred of a red Indian in a penny romance."

The train ran into the London station, and there was an end to the conversation for the moment. As the two young men were looking after their luggage, a man passed them, hurrying on his way to a train soon about to start for the north.

Trescoe saluted him in a gruff sort of way.

"Who is that man?" Fanshawe asked, looking after him. "I know him, surely."

"I should think you did. It's young Hope, the man who passed as the son of Varlowe, the livery-stable keeper. The young fellow was in love with Melissa Aquitaine; don't you remember?"

"Is that he? I should never have thought so. He seems greatly changed, doesn't he?"

"Did not notice, I'm sure," Trescoe said. "How changed?"

"Well, he looked rather a raw sort of boy the other day, as well as I remember. He seems changed into a man all at once. Looks as if he meant something. I thought he was a spoony sort of boy—handsome enough, but nothing in him. He looks as if he had something in him now."

"Men often change quickly in that sort of way," said Trescoe gloomily. "Under the influence of some strong feeling, you can't tell how things may change a man, or how soon."

Fanshawe looked at him inquiringly. There was certainly, as he had lately been saying, a great change in Trescoe.

"Yes, I suppose so," Fanshawe said, feeling now indeed well convinced on the subject.

"Anyhow, I have heard so," Trescoe continued grimly; "read of such things in romances, perhaps. They may be in real life."

It was Clement Hope whom they had passed, and undoubtedly his appearance as well as his ways of life had undergone a change. He had ceased to look the sentimental, half-poetic, idle sort of boy that people knew him for only a few weeks before. He had really grown into a man, with a man's bearing and resolve. He was now hurrying off to one of the northern seaports, full of energy and busy with the purpose he had lately taken up. He had been kept moving a good deal of late, up and down London, round London, up and down to places far from London. If he looked earnest and serious, it was not because life wore a melancholy aspect for him, or because his purpose was too much with him, or because anything was going wrong with him. His great trouble of old days had been that he had nothing to do or to strive for; and he was unconsciously withering in an enforced inactivity, believed by many to be an idler, when he was only pining to be a worker. After the first keen grief for Mr. Varlowe's death had passed away, there followed some busy, happy days for Clement. Never before had there been, even for him, days like those days. It is possible that the fullest success of after life, in love, in ambition, in reputation, might fail to give him back the keen, exquisite joy of that brief holiday time. He was in the heart of the veriest fool's paradise. He had contrived to thoroughly misunderstand every word of kindness and sympathy

spoken by Geraldine Rowan to him and of him and his enterprise. He was wildly in love with her, and he had convinced himself that she would not be unwilling, some time or other, to hear him tell her as much. Geraldine was innocently making a sad mistake. Believing that there was no longer any reason why she might not be as friendly with the young man as she wished to be, she had not stopped to think whether Clement knew of this. It had never occurred to her that he might misunderstand her. She spoke and acted in the most perfect good faith and simplicity, glad of her promise to Captain Marion, if for no other reason, because it gave her leave to be frank and sympathetic and friendly with Clement Hope. There is something to be said in her excuse, if such good feeling as hers needs to be excused even in its mistakes. She still believed Clement to be under the influence of an enduring passion for Melissa. Not only would it have seemed to her impossible that Clement could be thinking of any other woman, but the question had never for one moment arisen in her mind. She pictured herself as a sincere and attached friend to Clement Hope, whom a new condition of things, not otherwise very delightful in itself, permitted to acknowledge her friendship without concealment or reserve. Nor did it ever occur to her to think that there might be any danger to her own feelings and her own happiness in their unreserved intercourse. Say what people will about the fitful and ungovernable ways of nature in men and women, it is certain that there are some men and women with whom the sense of duty and of right, consciously or unconsciously, moulds and governs every feeling. There are men and women who, from the moment when they accept a certain course as the right one, lose all inclination for any path but that. When once Geraldine Rowan had given her promise to Captain Marion, any thought of her allowing herself to fall in love with anybody, or allowing any one to fall in love with her, was out of the question. Most of us are weak enough to feed our impulses, our disappointments, and our sentimentalism, even though we had rather they were not living and active. But there are single-minded natures to be found here and there with whom such a contradiction is impossible, and Geraldine Rowan's was one of these. So they went on, Clement and she, and he dreamed of love and she only thought of friendship and sympathy. He consulted her about everything, saw her many times some days, never missed a day of seeing her when he was in town. He was as busy as he was happy. He had thrown himself into his new enterprise with an overwhelming energy. He was always going from one end of the town to the other or from London to some seaport, con-

sulting artisans, tradesmen, peasants, shipbrokers, shipowners, all manner of persons whose advice could be of the least assistance to him in the gathering together of his new colony. He had settled in his own mind that until he was able to start upon his enterprise, and to show himself capable of bringing it to a reality, he would not speak out to Geraldine Rowan the feeling that was in his heart. But he was glad to believe that she must already have seen something of this in him, and he hoped that when his full revelation came to be made it would not be much of a surprise to her, but would perhaps be a welcome announcement. Everything seemed particularly beautiful to him just then. There was a daily beauty in the commonest details of his life. He took the deepest interest in the fortunes of every withered old artisan in the East End whom he endeavoured to induce to join in his enterprise, and to bring with him his wife and his children, out of sickly seething London into bright new air and wholesome free life. Every feeling of sympathy and of kindness that he had in his nature was quickened into warmer and more exquisite life by his love for Geraldine. Nothing seemed mean, or ignoble, or melancholy, or unworthy of care, while that affection filled his heart. It gave him a tender feeling to every man and woman he saw. The dullest streets of the East End, the most noisy, pitch-smelling, bilge-smelling quays of some of the seaports he visited, had for him the sparkle of an eternal sunlight on them. He had attained to a rare condition in human affairs. He was not merely happy. That, after all, is common enough, even in this world "bursting with sin and sorrow." Every one has his season of happiness now and then. But Clement's season was unlike that of most others. He knew he was happy, knew it at the time, felt it to the full, and enjoyed it with all his soul. To most of us happiness is like a painting. We must remove to some distance from it in order to appreciate it. Clement was more fortunate now. In the midst of his happiness he knew that he was happy. He was soon to be undeceived, soon to be flung rudely out of his delicious fool's paradise. Marion would have undeceived him before this, out of pure kindness and pity, but that Marion, like most others, still believed him languishing in hopeless love for Melissa Aquitaine. Only Marion and Geraldine and Montana knew as yet of Geraldine's engagement; and Clement never saw Montana now.

During these days it happened that Clement came into companionship now and then with old Matthew Starr. Clement had known him before through Montana, and was surprised to find, on meeting him lately, that the old man's feelings towards his leader had under-

gone so great a change. Clement was far too just and kindly-hearted not to argue with Starr, and endeavour to make him see that he was wrong in the charges he made against Montana, and that Montana had done all he could do for him. He tried to show the unfairness of Starr's assuming that Montana's scheme was never to be accomplished. But as to this part of the business, Clement himself felt doubts growing up within him which he could hardly account for. The change in his own feelings with regard to Montana seemed to have no real ground of justification; and yet it was there, a solid fact, affecting all his thoughts and memories of his late leader and idol. Clement did his best to induce old Starr to join him in his enterprise, as Starr would have nothing to do any more with anything carried on by Montana, even supposing Montana's scheme were to prove a reality. But on that point Starr was fixed. He would not go anywhere, he said, he would try no more schemes, no, not he; he had done with all of them. He had dragged his miserable life out in London so far, and in London now he would wait until he died. He did not want any better life, he said. The worst there was would be good enough for him. He always added, "Maybe it won't be long. Maybe it won't be long."

Sometimes his manner was so strange, his eyes looked so wildly, his mutterings and frowns were so like those of one who does not know what he is saying or doing, that Clement began to fear the poor old man must be taking to drink. Starr had always been a rigid advocate of total abstinence, a fanatic of temperance as of all other virtues; and it would be a change indeed if he were now falling into the drunkard's ways. Yet his misery was so great that any, even momentary, relief from it might be too strong a temptation for him. Drunkenness has been not inaptly described as the search for the ideal. But Clement always put away the suspicion about Starr; for the strange mood did not last with the poor old man. It often passed away in a moment, and left him clearly sane and sober.

One evening Clement returned to London after an absence of two or three days. When he reached his lonely home he found a heap of letters awaiting him. He turned them over after the fashion of most men, looking at the addresses of various, and wondering from whom they came, before taking the bold step of opening each envelope and making certain. Most of them seemed uninteresting. One, however, attracted him because he knew the handwriting to be that of Matthew Starr, and he knew that Matthew Starr found it

no easy matter to write a letter, and was not likely to write without some purpose.

This was what the letter contained:—

"Respected Sir,—If you should have it in your mind to go to the Church of Free Souls to-morrow, take the advice of a friend, and don't go. Don't go yourself, and if there are any very near and dear to you who intend to go, take the advice of a friend and get them to stay away. The judgment of the Lord is often executed in strange ways and by odd instruments, and to-morrow the judgment of the Lord will overtake some who have deserved it. This is written by one who has a good right to know, for he has had it borne in upon him that he is the instrument of the heavenly judgment. The innocent must suffer with the guilty. Such is the will of Heaven. But it is not necessary that all the innocent should suffer, and that some should not escape, and I should like some of those to get off unharmed that had no share in doing harm themselves. A word to the wise.

"Yours,

"From a Well Wisher.

"P.S.—Do not throw this aside and say it is a hoax. It is not. It is God's truth. If you will go after this, you and yours, then what follows be on your own heads. I have washed my hands clean."

The letter was dated the day before. It was not signed, and yet Clement felt perfectly certain it was from Starr. This very night the meeting was to take place at the Church of Free Souls. Clement had had a vague intention of going there if he should be in town, but he had not particularly made up his mind on the matter. Now, however, he determined to hasten there at once. He looked at his watch. There was not much time left, and the distance between his house and the East End was great. If any danger was there, it was possible that some help could be given, and he resolved to be in the thing, at all events. He did not attach too much importance to the letter, and yet there was always something about Starr of late which would have made thoughtful persons unwilling to disregard his words or his threats. It would be quite too late to attempt to get to Marion's and show him the letter. If Marion and his companions were going to the meeting at all, they would have left home before Clement could get there. No; there was no time for anything but to go as fast as wheels could carry him to the Church of Free Souls. At the very best, he could only be in the place just before the business of the evening was likely to begin.

Chapter XXXI.

ORDEAL BY FIRE.

THERE was a crowd round the door of the Church of Free Souls as Clement drove up. His mind was much relieved when he saw that the door was still open. It was the rule there to close the door the moment the hall was thoroughly filled, so that no one by coming in or going out should disturb the proceedings of a meeting. As he drove across Tower Hill, he saw that there were some carriages drawn up there; and he knew that Lady Vanessa Barnes' was one of them. It was usual when there was a meeting at the Church of Free Souls for those who had carriages to leave them standing on Tower Hill until the business was over. Clement could not help observing that there were fewer carriages just now than were commonly to be seen in the height of the season and the zenith of Montana's fame.

Eight chimed from a clock in a neighbouring steeple as Clement reached the Church of Free Souls. Eight was the hour of the meeting; a moment more, and the door would have been closed against him. Even as it was, Clement had some trouble in forcing his way through a crowd, every one of whom was bent on forcing his own way in before it became too late. Clement was fortunately known to many of the crowd, and they made way for him, regarding him as one who had a sort of prior claim to admission. He had hardly got in when he heard the door close behind him. He made his way into the great hall. It was crowded to overflowing; but Montana had not yet made his appearance.

Something was evidently in the air. Clement could see that at a glance. There was an uneasy look about many of the congregation in that temple which forebode disturbance. Some men looked hard and eager and passionate; others were timid, and kept casting expectant alarmed glances here and there. Nobody seemed to know what was coming, or why there should be dread, but the dread was there. The meeting seemed charged with some electric force which promised explosion. The crowd was gathered together to hear a farewell address from Montana, and bid him God-speed on his voyage across the Atlantic, after which he was to return with plans and details all complete, and to take out his shiploads of pilgrims to the bright new world, the golden free colony whose first sod would have been turned by that time. It ought to have been an occasion for pure good-humour and fraternity and kindness and friendly

regret, brightened by hope and fair prospect. Yet the whisper had gone about somehow that the meeting was not to be entirely friendly, and that those who were weakly of nerve had better stay away. Naturally, those who liked excitement were all the more eager to find themselves present. Some whisper had reached even the stately heights on which Lady Vanessa Barnes was enthroned, and she ventured to ask Montana about it, and to beg of him as a special favour to see that a place was found for her. Montana had smiled his usual cold smile, and said he feared she would be disappointed if she expected any kind of disturbance; but he was willing to gratify her all the same, and promised that a place should be found for her if she persevered in her wish. She did persevere, and now was one of the crowd—attended, of course, by her devoted husband. Captain Marion was there with Geraldine and Melissa Aquitaine. Melissa was looking up with longing eager eyes to the door from which Montana was to come out when he had to address the audience. She knew it well. She had seen him come out there once before, on that memorable day when the foolish old man, the father of that silly Clement Hope, got up and made a row. How god-like Montana appeared to her then, and how god-like he appeared to her now! Yet, her feelings were not all of pride and joy. They were dashed with a deep sense of mortification. It seemed as if the god were not lifting her up to his height, but only stooping from his pedestal and humbling himself in order to get down to her, out of mere pity for her. As Clement Hope came in, he was recognised by many as the organiser of another scheme having the same purpose as Montana's, and he received a cordial cheer. The cheer was taken up when he was recognised by a little cluster of men who may be roughly described as belonging to the same intellectual and political sect as Mr. Starr, who had got it into their minds that Clement was the sincere and true-hearted rival of Montana, and was therefore to be acclaimed with special energy. These men applauded Clement as if he had been a conquering hero; and those who scarcely knew who Clement was, and some who had not the least idea of who he was, took up the applause and repeated it, assuming it to be the right sort of thing to do. Clement, too anxious to be confused even by unexpected popular applause, was only eager to find Montana. He knew where to find him, and soon became lost to public view.

"He is a fine young fellow," Marion remarked to Geraldine. "He looks like a young hero, I can't help thinking."

"I think he is a young hero," Geraldine said.

"Yes; I begin to believe there is something in him."

"I always thought there was something in him. The very first day I saw him, he gave me the idea of a young hero who only wanted something heroic to do."

"A hero not yet in employment," Marion said with a smile.

"Something like that," said Geraldine, but she did not smile. "I hope he has found his path now. I think he has. I know he will do great good yet."

"But surely Montana's scheme is something much grander than anything Clement Hope can start," Marion whispered.

"The sunset clouds look a great deal grander than the hills," Geraldine replied; "but you can't live on the sunset clouds, and you can on the hills."

"You never liked Montana," Marion said, shaking his head.

"I never liked him." Geraldine was inclined to add: "You have no reason to complain of that."

Marion's remark was significant. A man deeply in love with a girl would hardly, even for a moment, have thought of finding fault with her because she had not a high opinion of one who sought to be his rival.

"He does not care much about me," Geraldine thought, "and I am very glad of it."

Meanwhile Clement had found his way into the room behind the platform, where he knew Montana would remain withdrawn from public observation until the moment came for him to make his speech.

Montana was sitting in an old arm-chair, his elbow leaning upon a little table, and his hand supporting his forehead. His eyes were cast down, and he was evidently in deep and not pleasant thought. Clement had not seen him for some weeks, and it seemed to the young man that a remarkable change had come over Montana. Whether it was the dusk of the evening hour, or the dimness of the room with its cloudy old window-panes barred outside, or whether there was a real change in the man himself, it certainly seemed to Clement as if Montana looked much older than before. For all the beauty of outline that face had, and the marble clearness of the complexion, it still showed to Clement like the face of an ageing man, of one who had left the last verge of youth long behind him.

Montana looked up, and, seeing Clement, smiled that welcoming smile which at one time had such captivation for Clement, as for most other people. Yet even in this Clement seemed to see a change. There appeared to be something unreal in it now, almost

mechanical, like a ballet-dancer's soul-less grimace. The change, to be sure, may have been more in Clement's own feelings than in Montana's looks; but, subjective or objective, the change was there for Clement.

In a few breathless words Clement told Montana what he had to tell, and thrust the anonymous letter into his hand, only adding that it was the writing of Matthew Starr. Montana knew this for himself. He was familiar with Matthew Starr's handwriting, and he was not surprised at the threat it contained, although he could not understand the nature of the threat, or the danger which was supposed to be around them.

"I should think the old man means something," he said quietly. "He made an attempt to kill me once—did I tell you?—a few nights ago. No; I have not seen you of late. He did. I should think he means something—some attempt, perhaps, to destroy this place."

Clement suggested possibly dynamite.

Montana smiled a cold smile. No, he said, he thought Starr was hardly up to the level of dynamite; something less scientific—a can of powder, or something of that kind, would more likely be his form. "I shall have to go on almost at once," Montana said, "and, as you know, the doors are always closed when we begin. You must get quietly round and see that they are opened first of all, without making the least disturbance. Tell no one about this. There must be no alarm. If we find that anything is wrong, there will be time enough. It may all come to nothing, and any sort of panic would be worse than the old man's attempt, whatever it may be. There are only three or four rooms altogether, and it can't take long to find if anything is amiss. See if old Starr is in the meeting. I will make some search here—I have a moment or two yet before going on."

Clement went quietly round and himself withdrew noiselessly the bolts of the central door and opened its lock. So much, at least, was secure. He looked into the hall itself, and his keen eyes in a moment saw every face there; but Starr certainly was not one of the audience. Then he went back to Montana.

"There is nothing to trouble us in this room," said Montana, "nor in the little room opening out of it. The walls of this house and of all the houses round are of enormous and old-fashioned thickness. It is not likely our friend Starr would think of getting at us by setting fire to any of our neighbours. If there is anything, it is somewhere here. There is nothing above the hall itself but the roof. The only other place is the room above our heads, up those stairs. I would go up there, but I have not time. I must go on. It won't

take you two moments to make a search there—and when you have made it, just come on to the platform and say one word to me. Then I shall know how to act. Very likely it is a false alarm—the threat of a madman, not of an assassin."

Montana passed out through the door and on to his platform. Clement could hear a thunder of applause, and could detect, too, a low and ominous murmur of disaffection.

Clement crept his way up the creaking stairs. They were scarcely lighted by one window, the dull and blotted glass of which was further darkened by heavy iron bars outside. He reached a broad lobby, now thickly carpeted with dust and rubbish of all kinds. Before him was a great solid old-fashioned oaken door. Clement tried the door, but it was evidently made fast inside. He shook it once or twice, and found that it was barred as well as locked. Suddenly he heard a crackling as of fire beginning to burn up within, and he felt certain that he could also hear movements inside, as of some human being or animal stirring about. He called through the keyhole, "Is any one inside?" He called this again and again, and shook the door furiously with all his strength. He might as well have shaken at the base of the old Tower outside. He was sure he heard something like an exultant chuckle from within. A sudden idea flashed into his mind.

"Are you there, Starr?" he cried.

An answer came back, "The judgment of the Lord is here." It was in Starr's voice, at once hoarse and shrill. "Go away; don't disturb me; I am doing the Lord's work."

"Starr, listen to me, for God's sake!"

"I ain't Starr any more," the voice answered. "I am the judgment of the Lord. Get ye away, and let the judgment of the Lord destroy the deceivers and the wicked."

It afterwards appeared that this upper chamber was used as an old lumber-room, into which successive occupants of the Church of Free Souls, through its various stages of change, had flung all useless things which they found immediately in their way. There were old theatrical wrecks, torn scenery, and wooden properties dating from the music-hall days; there were pots of paint and cans of oil; and there were old barrels that once had held pitch, now broken up into heaps of staves; there were smashed chairs, and forms, and trestles, and mops and brooms, and pails and buckets, and fragments of carpet and sheeting, vast quantities of sawdust, and, in short, a whole magazine of inflammable material ready for the first incendiary who chose to apply a match.

In his days of sanity Starr undoubtedly had become acquainted with the existence of this place, and when the mad fit was on him he remembered it only too well. No explanation was ever had from him, or from anybody else, as to how he had got there, and what he had done when he did get there. These were secrets never to be discovered. But people had little trouble in coming to the conclusion that he had purposely hidden himself until the meeting began; locked and barred the door, so that no one could interfere between him and his desperate purpose; piled up a mass of material for fire, and set it blazing, and waited for the end.

Meanwhile the crackling grew faster and faster, as if fresh fuel were being poured on the fire, and already Clement could see a red light through the keyhole, and smoke began to come forth. He shook the door once wildly again with a final and futile effort of strength, and then with a cry of anger and despair he scrambled down the stairs. He stopped for a moment in the room below, that he might collect himself and present a composed appearance when he entered the hall of the meeting. He well knew that the least alarm would send a commotion through the room which could hardly end without destruction to life. Quietly, therefore—as quietly as if he were entering an ordinary theatre—he passed into the hall through the door by which Montana had reached the platform, and he came just behind Montana.

Right opposite Montana sat Frank Trescoe in front. He was waiting with stern cruel patience, until Montana should finish his speech, to rise and denounce him as an impostor. He had brought men with him to stand by him. But he never got the chance to try his interruption. Starr had anticipated him. Trescoe's eyes flashed as he saw Clement step on to the platform. Had he come to warn Montana? "Confound him! How dares he to interfere? Shall I begin at once—now?"

Clement whispered half-a-dozen words to Montana.

The moment was one of intense anxiety. Montana had not an instant to decide.

"You are quite sure of this?" he said in a quiet whisper, without even looking back.

"Quite sure," Clement said. "Nothing can stop the fire. We can't get at it—the old madman has taken good care of that."

"Go to your people," Montana said; "tell them to keep perfectly quiet, and to do whatever I say."

Not an instant passed in this breathless conversation. Montana then came forward to the front of the platform, and, speaking in

tones as composed as if he were merely announcing the object of the next meeting in that hall, he said, "I have to request all of you to do exactly as I bid you. Let the women all leave the hall first—all but one who will stay with me to the last. Let the men then go. Let this be done with perfect quietness, those who are nearest to the door going first, and the rest after. Let there be no rushing and no alarm. All your lives depend upon it. The house is on fire, and the flames cannot be put out. But there is time enough yet—full ten minutes. I will stay to the last."

His terrible composure over-mastered the crowd. Had he announced at once that the house was on fire, it would have been impossible to keep any order. But his slow, deliberate, ice-cold words, preparing them for some serious announcement, wrought them into a mood of obedience and of self-control. Even while Montana was yet speaking some of the women were moving quietly to the door. Had the excitement of panic broken out in that hall, with its one mode of exit, it is questionable whether a dozen of the crowd would have escaped with life. Not the flames, but the panic, would have killed them—the panic which would have set them rushing and trampling over each other, and maddened strong men to crush down women and children in the selfish frenzy of terror. Now, under the sudden and strong influence of Montana's demeanour and his words, the crowd began to melt away in hushed and orderly submission. They seemed subdued and cowed, not by the presence of danger, but by the sense of discipline.

Meanwhile the cracking of timbers and the falling of planks was already heard, and the smoke began to pour in, and here and there one saw through some cranny in the walls the light of a flame leaping up behind.

"Come here, Melissa," Montana said, beckoning to the girl. "Come up here, and stay with me."

Melissa gave a little cry of delight, ran from her place and sprang up the platform stairs, and stood beside him. He held out his hand to her, and the girl clasped it.

"I am so happy!" she said.

Geraldine was the last woman to leave. It came to a contest of politeness between her and Lady Vanessa. Lady Vanessa had turned pale when Montana began to make his announcement, but her brave blood soon returned to her cheeks, and she stood firm as a graven image. As for Geraldine, whether from tension of nerves, or high spirits, or whatever it might have been, she felt no fear at all. She was not *discomposed* in the least. She had expected

something bad, and this did not seem the worst that might happen. Clement was approaching her to urge her to go. She instinctively drew her arm into Marion's, as if to remind herself that her place was with him.

"Come, girl, you go along," said Marion good-humouredly. "There's really no great danger; but, still, the sooner you women get out of this, the sooner we'll all get out. Where's Melissa?"

He had not seen that she was by Montana. He turned to look for her. Clement was left a moment close to Geraldine. He caught her hand. "Go, go, Geraldine," he murmured to her; "my love, my love!" and then his heart sank within him before the wild look of utter astonishment in her eyes.

Geraldine was going, but drew back to allow Lady Vanessa Barnes to pass. "Standing on ceremony?" said Lady Vanessa; "all right. I will take precedence if you insist upon it. But let's get it through, and not keep these poor men waiting. I am sure they are awfully frightened." She passed round the platform and nodded good-humouredly to Montana. "You are a good sort," she said, "after all; and that is a plucky little girl. But hadn't you better come with us, dear? It will be all right. The men will get out safely."

"No," said Melissa with compressed lips; "I will stay here."

"Well, we'll keep the carriage for you—pray don't be too long."

Lady Vanessa smiled, nodded, gathered up her skirts, and made her way out as composedly as if she were leaving a drawing-room. Geraldine followed. As she left, she cast a look back on the platform and on the hall. The men remained obedient and disciplined as soldiers, although they were as motley and heterogeneous a set as could well be gathered together. Flame was now shooting, broad and lurid, across the ceiling of the hall, and some of the ancient rafters and beams might soon—no one could tell how soon—begin to give way. The smoke was pouring in, but not as yet in great volume. Those parts of the building which had begun to burn were not composed of material to send forth a very stifling smoke at once. So the hall was comparatively clear, and Geraldine could see distinctly as she went. She saw Montana standing in an attitude of statuesque quietude, holding Melissa's hand in his, and looking composedly over the scene, while Melissa's face was turned to him with looks of rapture and of love.

As Geraldine and Lady Vanessa went out, the pent-up feelings of some of the men found vent in a burst of cheering, and the cheer was taken up and repeated.

"What are these confounded fools cheering for?" Trescoe asked of Marion.

"Because all the women are safe, don't you see; and because they behaved so pluckily."

"And because they can save their own skins now," Trescoe added sullenly.

"Well, I dare say that has something to do with it, too. Come along, Frank; let us save our skins."

"I'll not stir a step until that confounded impostor and play-actor on the platform comes down with that girl. Look at him, and his confounded bravado. It's all showing-off, every bit of it. He'd sacrifice that poor girl for the sake of showing what a hero he is! Look at him!"

Montana's mind was exalted into a very empyrean of happy sensation. Danger was always to him what wine is to other men. It roused into animation his cold constrained nature, and gave it a freshness as of youth and joy. Just now he felt keenly the exultation of the moment, the rush of the blood through the veins, the inspiring excitement of his position. He had had disappointment of late, and perplexity, and despondency, and now he felt for the moment free of them all. "If it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy," might have been his thought, although in a very different sense from that of Othello. He was tired of life; he was beginning to be conscious of failure; and if his career might come to an end then and there, going out as if in a martyr's flame, it would be a closing scene worthy of his ambition. To picture himself in some heroic posture before the eyes of an admiring or adoring crowd was always Montana's desire and delight. For a moment the question rose up distinct in his mind—would it not be better to bring the whole thing to a close then and there? How could there be a finer and more picturesque conclusion? How dramatic, how lofty, how ideal, would be this going out of a great career in crash and flame! That chord of Montana's nature which sometimes thrilled with wild irregular pulsation was now strained to intense susceptibility. He would have thought nothing of making himself a victim in the blazing ruins of the Church of Free Souls, he and it going down together. But he was not quite so selfish as Frank Trescoe had just described him. He felt some consideration for the pale panting girl who held his hand in hers, and who looked up to him with eyes of rapture and devotion. Not that Melissa would have greatly cared even if he did carry his momentary thought into execution. She had no more love for life than he; far less love for life, perhaps, of the two: women

such a state of exaltation and devotion as hers do not care much whether life is to end just then or not. It was enough for Melissa that she was there with him. She would have abided with him, and seen the flames close around them, and heard the crashing rafters fall, and waited to the end with as much composure and courage as another Myrrha standing by another Sardanapalus. But Montana looked at her, and put the thought which had been forming itself in his mind abruptly and decidedly away.

The hall was now nearly empty. Montana might easily have gone sooner if he had been anxious to escape, but he did not want to lose too soon the heroism of the attitude of one who remains to the last.

"Hadn't you better bring that girl out of that?" Trescoe cried to him in a voice choking with passion and with smoke. "You've done the *pose plastique* business long enough. Do you want her to be stifled?"

The smoke was thick now.

"Come along, Montana," Marion gasped out; "every one is safe. Gad! what a plucky little thing Melissa is," he said in a lower tone to Clement; "I should never have thought it."

"Come, Melissa," Montana said gravely to the girl. "They are all safe. We can go now." He was satisfied with his own heroism and with her devotion.

He led her down the platform. But as she got on the floor she fainted. Montana lifted her in his arms and bore her to the door.

"The smoke was too much for her," he said quietly to Clement as they went out together; "the fresh air will revive her in a moment."

The wild cheer which broke from the crowd as they were seen to come out made Melissa open her eyes; and she knew with joy that she was borne in Montana's arms.

(*To be continued.*)

À BAS LES JUIFS!

A MEDIÆVAL STUDY.

SOME thirty years ago, when Lord John Russell was scheming to emancipate the Jews by a measure which would have relieved them of their disabilities by a side-wind, Mr. Disraeli rose up to oppose the motion. "He considered," he said, "that such a proposal would work more harm than benefit to the Hebrew cause; there was no hurry in the matter; the Jews were an ancient people, and could wait; they had outlived all manners of persecution, and he felt sure the time was soon at hand when Christianity would acknowledge its debt of gratitude to the race of Israel, and free them from the civil restrictions under which they then laboured. Lord John Russell said he believed the Jews would be emancipated because he had faith in the progress of liberty; he (Mr. Disraeli) also believed in the emancipation of the Jews, not because he only had faith in the development of Liberty, but because he believed in the Being who had always so mightily protected the Hebrews." Thus spake the late leader of the Conservative party some three decades since, and his words have come true. In every country, save one or two where prejudice and intolerance bar the march of advancement, the Jews have been emancipated, and stand on a footing of political equality with all other citizens. No longer do harsh laws forbid them to enter the different professions, to hold land or other property, nor are they obliged to segregate themselves from the rest of the world in a humble quarter, and to confine themselves only to those callings which the vice and avarice of man support and encourage. And the result of their freedom has soon proved that, amid all the sufferings of the past, the intellectual vitality of the Jews has not been deadened, their intellectual faculties have not been clouded. It has not been without reason that the late Lord Beaconsfield consistently maintained that the Hebrew belonged to a superior race, and that it was contrary to the laws of ethnology that a superior race should be suppressed by an inferior. The existence of the Jew is a miracle as astounding and as contrary to all the laws of nature as any that sacred writ or

legend has recorded. A pure race which refuses to mix its blood either dies out from sheer exhaustion, or exists only at the price of intellectual debility. The pure races are extinct; the mixed races remain. The Hebrew is the only instance of a race based upon inter-marriage which has neither become extinct nor idiotic; which has been oppressed, and yet has outlived its oppressors; and which, in spite of centuries of persecution and of evils, has kept itself pure, and maintained its intellectual vitality.

If the Jew refused to be stamped out when oppressed, it stood to reason that when he was allowed free access to all conditions of life, and the arena of the world was thrown open to his energies and activity, he would speedily work his way to the front. A race that is conspicuous in adversity will soon become illustrious when bathing in the sunshine of prosperity. This result has now been attained. In every profession, in every department of science, in every trade, the Jew is not only successful, but his success is so assured as to make him tower above those who have admitted him within their circle. At the bar he is among the soundest of counsel; in science he is among the most original of discoverers; in the sphere of journalism he is among the most brilliant and pungent of writers; music and commerce have always been his special world, and he still wields the sceptre undisputed; indeed, he seldom tries after anything without becoming in the end victorious. Such success has naturally created jealousies and bitter heart-burnings. It was bad enough, many said, to place the Jew on a level with the rest of the competitors, but it became doubly worse, of course, when he not only entered for the race, but ran away with most of the prizes. And so a reaction set in against this tolerance, which has found its fullest exponent, as was to be expected, in Germany. In the Fatherland the Jews command the market on account of their numbers and their intellectual vigour. In other countries the Jew is only an element of the population, but in Germany he constitutes a considerable portion of the wealth and capacity of the empire. An anti-Semitic agitation consequently sprang up. A cry arose that Germany—the Germany which owes all her music and most of her philosophy to the despised race!—was being Judaised. A social onslaught was made upon the Jews, which has occasionally been supported by physical violence. The Hebrew was first tabooed from clubs, from salons, from most of the hospitalities of the day; then he began to be kicked in the café he frequented, and was rudely assaulted in his synagogue. An anti-Semitic feeling has been aroused, which it is probable will not in the future be confined merely to Germany;

the result of the agitation may lead, we fear, to graver consequences than at present is perhaps anticipated.

Until the dawn of the present century every nation has had more or less its periodical fits of anti-Semitic agitation ; in some countries these intolerant ebullitions have lasted longer than in others, yet every people has occasionally yielded to the epidemic. Our own conduct in the matter is not quite beyond reproach. We have baited the Jew in the "good old days" as grievously and with as much gleeful energy as most of his persecutors, and if the treatment was not amusing to the victim, it was certainly very beneficial to the national exchequer. The history of Jewish oppression in England is a curious chapter in our annals, and one which, at this time, when the subject of anti-Semitic agitation has again cropped up, may be studied with profit. Let us, then, briefly run our eye over the records of the past, and see whether in this matter of Hebrew persecution we can throw the stone at Germany for the silly and narrow-minded course she is now pursuing.

The date when the Jews first pitched their tents upon our shores is one of those statements so wrapped up in the fog of history that recent research has been unable to lift the mist which surrounds it. Whether the Jews visited Britain with the Phœnicians or not, it is yet certain that many of them were living here after, and even before, the arrival of the Romans. At one time a cordial alliance existed between the Hebrew and the Roman, and many Jews served as soldiers in the Roman army. It is therefore probable that when the hosts of Cæsar landed upon our coast, the Jews were among the invaders, and many, finding the country to their liking, remained behind and took up their abode here. A curious discovery supports this assertion. Towards the close of the 17th century, whilst some men were digging at the foundation of a house in Mart Lane (the place where the Romans used to barter their goods, now called Mark Lane), a strange Roman brick, the keystone to the arch of a granary vault, was turned up. On one side the brick had a bas-relief representing Samson driving the foxes into a field of corn. "How the story," comments Leland, "of Samson should be known to the Romans, much less to the Britons, so early after the propagation of the Gospel, seems to be a great doubt, except it should be said that some Jews, after the final destruction of Jerusalem, should wander into Britain ; and London being even in Cæsar's time a port or trading city, they might settle here, and in the arch of their granary record the famous story of their delivery from their captivity under the Philistines." By many antiquaries and ethnologists it is sup-

posed that the Welsh are the descendants of those Jews who at this time found a home in the Principality. Certainly the physical attributes of the Welsh—their dark hair, olive complexion, and often beaky noses—favour this theory, whilst their language possesses numerous words of Hebrew origin, not to say anything of the corruption of purely Judaic patronymics, such as Levi's-son into Lewis, David's-son into Davis, and Jonah's-son into Jones. In the early English period of our history mention is frequently made of the manner in which the Jews in this country were to be treated, thus plainly proving their existence in England at an early date. Archbishop Ecbright, for instance, lays down the law that "no Christian presume to Judaise or be present at Jewish feasts." Bede sneers at the British monks for keeping Easter after their own fashion, because it agrees once in seven years with the manner in which the Jews observe the feast of Passover. A charter granted by the King of the Mercians to Croyland Abbey proves that Jews were not only in England, but were owners of considerable landed property, and even endowed Christian monasteries. By the laws of Edward the Confessor it was enacted that "the Jews, wheresoever they be, remain under the king's care and protection; nor shall any one of them put himself under the protection of any rich man without the king's licence, for the Jews and all they have belong to the king; and if any person shall detain them or their money, the king may claim them if he please as his own." [1]

After the Conquest the information we have of the Jews is, however, much more full and connected. Historians and chroniclers make a point of describing the manners and customs of the Hebrews, the extent of their possessions, the persecutions they endured, the odium under which they laboured, and the wealth they were called upon periodically to disgorge. A law-giver on whist says, "When in doubt, play trumps;" and it would appear to have been the maxim of our pre-Edward sovereigns that when they were in doubt how to supply the wants of an exhausted exchequer, they had only to rob the Jews. After the battle of Hastings, William invited several of the Norman Jews to settle in England, and accordingly we find them taking up their abode in the different quarters they especially selected. At first their condition was not unhappy. The Conqueror, imitating the Confessor, decreed that "the Jews settled in this kingdom should be under the king's protection; that they should not subject themselves to any other without his leave: it is declared that they

[1] The well-known work of the learned Dr. Tovey, published in the middle of the last century, upon the Jews in England, is the one great authority upon the subject.

and all theirs belong to the king; and if any should detain any of their goods, the king might challenge them as his own." A love of culture and the gift of imparting education have ever been the characteristics of the wandering Israelite who has not been forced to work in a humble capacity for his bread. At Oxford, during this period, the Jews were the owners of the principal houses, which they let to students. Their schools were named, after their Hebrew proprietors, Lombard Hall, Moses Hall, and Jacob Hall; whilst the parishes of St. Martin, St. Edward, and St. Aldgate were called, from the number of their Jewish residents, the Old and New Jewry. William Rufus was a monarch without any prejudices, who appeared to think that one religion was as good as another, and that Christianity was far from being the one and only true creed its professors asserted. He determined, therefore, to investigate the claims of Judaism. He summoned a council, composed of Christian bishops and Jewish rabbis, and swore by St. Luke's face that if the Jews gained the victory he would embrace Judaism. Like most theological contests, the debate ended in each side declaring that it had defeated the other. The king was, however, not satisfied with this disputed triumph, and considered that the Jews had had the best of the argument. He became all the more prejudiced in their favour, and consequently was never more happy than when snubbing his clerical subjects. The Jews, therefore, began to regard him as their protector, and the old chronicler Hollingshed relates a curious story of the interference of Rufus when appealed to by certain Norman Jews.

"The king being at Rouen on a time," he writes, "there came to him divers Jews who inhabited that city, complaining that divers of that nation had renounced their Jewish religion and were become Christians; wherefore they besought him that for a certain sum of money, which they offered to give, it might please him to constrain them to abjure Christianity and to turn to the Jewish law again. He was content to satisfy their desires, and so receiving their money called them before him; and what with threats and putting them otherwise in fear, he compelled divers of them to forsake Christ and to turn to their old errors. Hereupon the father of one Stephen, a Jew converted to the Christian faith, being sore troubled for that his son was turned a Christian (and hearing what the king had done in like matters), presented unto him sixty marks of silver conditionally that he should enforce his son to return to the Jewish religion; whereupon the young man was brought before the king, unto whom the king said: 'Sirrah, thy father here com-

plaineth that without his licence thou art become a Christian; if this be true, I command thee to return again to the religion of thy nation without any more ado.' To whom the young man answered: 'Your Grace (as I guess) doth but jest.' Wherewith the king, being moved, said: 'What! thou dunghill knave, should I jest with thee? Get thee hence quickly and fulfil my commandment, or by St. Luke's face I shall cause thine eyes to be plucked out of thine head.' The young man, nothing abashed thereat, with a constant voice, answered: 'Truly, I will not do it; but know for certain that if you were a good Christian, you would never have uttered any such words; for it is the part of a Christian to reduce them again to Christ which are departed from Him, and not to separate them from Him which are joined to Him by faith.' The king, herewith confounded, commanded the Jew to get him out of his sight. But the father, perceiving that the king could not persuade his son to forsake the Christian faith, required to have his money again. To whom the king said he had done so much as he promised to do; that was, to persuade him so far as he might. At length, when he would have had the king deal further in the matter, the king, to stop his mouth, tendered back to him the half of his money and kept the other himself. All which," concludes the chronicler, "increased the suspicion men had of his infidelity."

Under our first Henry the Jews had become so numerous and prosperous a people that their influence upon the English nation was feared not a little. Priests and monks went from town to town preaching against the Hebrew faith, and branding its followers as the most detestable of infidels. We learn that the Abbot of Croyland despatched certain of the monks from Cottenham Abbey to Cambridge "to preach against the Jews;" whilst others were sent to the Jewish stronghold of Stamford on the same errand, "where they so exceedingly prospered in their ministry and strengthened the Christian faith against Jewish depravity." The Jew, in his turn, now revenged himself upon his assailants by ridiculing the legends and superstitions of the Roman Church. St. Frideswide at Oxford was a favourite shrine at which Christian invalids were much given to abase themselves, and to pray to be healed of their complaints. To this intercessory saint many wonderful cures were attributed. "Hereupon," we are told by the chronicler, "a certain Jew of Oxford, called Eum Crescat, the son of Mossey, the Jew of Wallingford, was so impudent as to laugh at her votaries and tell them that he could cure their infirmities as well as the saint herself, and therefore hoped they would make him the same offerings. To prove

which he would sometimes crook his fingers, and then pretend he had miraculously made them straight again. At other times he would halt like a cripple, and then in a few minutes skip and dance about, bidding the crowd observe how suddenly he had cured himself. Wherefore (the most devout amongst them wishing some exemplary judgment might befall him) St. Frideswide, no longer able to suffer his insolence, caused him suddenly to run mad and hang himself, which he did with his own girdle in his father's kitchen. And so," ends the chronicler, "he was, according to custom, conveyed in a cart to London, all the dogs of the city following his detestable corpse and yelping in a most frightful manner."

The death of Henry ushered in the reign of Jewish oppression and persecution pure and simple. The English Jews were now a wealthy and considerable body. Under our first three sovereigns they had been to a certain extent let alone; they had been loyal and industrious subjects, and had ministered much to the prosperity of the country of their adoption; they worshipped in their synagogues in peace, bought land and amassed riches; their lines had fallen in pleasant places, and they concluded that the future would be as the past had been. Unhappy delusion! The prosperity of the Jews, as is now the case in Germany, excited the jealousy of the inhabitants among whom they had settled. To the hard-up monarch and the needy baron the wealth of the Jews—an alien people and the followers of a detested creed—was looked upon as almost a personal insult. Animated by the teaching of an avaricious and hostile clergy, the Jews were forced gradually to part with their gold and lands; they were heavily fined for deeds of which they were guiltless; they were grievously taxed; and their lands were annexed by wealthy ecclesiastical corporations. And now it was that, towards the close of the reign of Stephen, we learn that the accusation, which was afterwards so freely hurled at the head of the Hebrew, of crucifying children, was first made. A Jew of Norwich was charged with crucifying an infant, and speedily punished with death. This cry, once raised, was too popular not to spread rapidly and obtain credence; even in the present day, in certain parts of Russia, Poland, and the once Danubian principalities, it is implicitly believed. Various reasons have been alleged for this unjust calumny against a people who, whatever faults they possess, have never been notorious for cruelty and inhumanity. Some have stated, as the cause for this alleged crime, that Christian blood was necessary for the preparation of the unleavened cakes at Easter; others, that it was indispensable for the celebration of the Passover; whilst a third party have declared that it

was obligatory upon the Jews to use the blood of Christians to anoint their dying brethren, or to fulfil a certain portion in their marriage ceremony, or to tone down the peculiar odour with which it is said they are afflicted,—and other similar reasons based entirely upon a lively imagination. Still, whatever were the causes which led to this accusation, certain it is that in the dark and middle ages of our history this special crime was freely laid at the door of the Jews. Singular inconsistency! The Jews were said to hate the Christians, and yet Christians charged them with attributing the most important results to the efficacy of Christian blood! At Bury St. Edmunds, in the reign of our second Henry, the Jews were accused of crucifying a boy named Robert. The mutilated body was buried with much pomp; a shrine was erected over the remains, and pilgrims asserted that the most wondrous miracles took place after visiting the spot. Mediæval history is full of such stories. To turn an ordinary Christian into a saint, it was only necessary for him to have been murdered, or said to have been murdered, by the Jews. He was forthwith entombed, enshrined, and canonised. It was a very simple receipt for conversion.

The religious fervour excited by the crusades now went terribly hard with the "scattered nation." The enemies of Christ were branded as sorcerers; they were heavily assessed to pay the expenses of the various expeditions; and at frequent intervals a raid was made upon their houses, which were plundered and then burnt to the ground. In London, in Dunstable, in Norwich, in York, and in Lynn, the anti-Semitic agitation gave full rein to its intolerance. At the time of the coronation of Richard our lion-hearted sovereign, York—which, next to London, was the favourite city of the English Israelites—was the scene of an exciting attack. A cry was raised by the mob, "Destroy the enemies of Christ!" it was received with acclamation, and soon the houses of the richest Jews were in flames, and many of the community cruelly massacred. A thousand Hebrews, however, with their wives and children, had managed to escape to the castle, in which they shut themselves and defied the hate of their besiegers. For a time all went well; then, when the imprisoned Jews saw it was impossible to resist much longer the power of their assailants, a grave council was held, and one of their rabbis thus addressed the audience: "Ye men of Israel," he cried, "the God of our fathers, to whom none can say, What doest thou? commands us at this time to die for His law; and behold! death is ever before our eyes, and there is nothing left us to consider but how to undergo it in the most reputable and easy manner. If we fall into the hands of

enemies (which I think there is no possibility of escaping), our deaths will not only be cruel but ignominious. They will not only torment us, but despitefully use us. My advice, therefore, is that we voluntarily surrender those lives to our Creator which He seems to call for, and not wait for any other executioners than ourselves. The fact is both rational and lawful; nor do we want examples from amongst our illustrious ancestors to prove it so: they have frequently proceeded in the like manner upon the same occasions."

A few dissentient murmurs greeted these words. "Let those," said the rabbi, "who do not wish to follow my advice take their departure." A timid minority obeyed and went forth from the castle; but the rest resolved to defeat the malice of their persecutors, and calmly set about their work of massacre and suicide. Goods and chattels were at once either burnt or buried. The castle was fired at every point where the conflagration was likely to spread with rapidity. Then each man took his knife, cut the throats of his wife and children, and afterwards plunged the murderous weapon into his own heart. The last to survive was the rabbi, who when he saw the victims of his advice lying dead around him, and that no one was spared to fall into the hands of the Christian, quietly stretched himself on the ground and put an end to his own life. Those who, instead of embracing this awful alternative, had preferred to trust themselves to the tender mercies of the besiegers, were massacred to a man, and a general slaughter of the Jews in York took place. The number of those who were killed on this occasion has been estimated at fifteen hundred. When the news of the massacre reached London, the king at once issued orders for the offenders to be punished. The chief criminals were hanged and quartered, a heavy fine was imposed upon the city, and the governor and sheriff were suspended from their offices. The Jews were too wealthy a bank to be thus despoiled; his Majesty had no objection, when it suited him (and he was often in that frame of mind), to avail himself of their deposits, but he would not permit his subjects to follow his example and make a run upon so solvent and open a treasury.

In order to ascertain exactly the financial position of the Jews, Richard now established the well-known Exchequer of the Jews, over which justices who were sometimes Jews and sometimes Christians presided, and who protected not only the Jewish revenues under their care, but who also decided as judges in civil actions where a Jew was one of the litigants. By this court it was enacted that "all effects belonging to Jews should be registered;" that "the concealment of any particular should be forfeiture of body and whole estate;" that

all Jewish contracts were to be made "in the presence of two assigned lawyers who were Jews and two that were Christians and two public notaries;" and that "every Jew was to take an oath upon his roll that he would truly and faithfully register all his estates, both real and personal, as above directed; and discover every Jew whom he should know guilty of any concealment, as likewise all forgers or falsifiers of charters and clippers of money." These contracts (in Hebrew *shtar*) were written in Hebrew, Latin, or the quaint French of the Middle Ages. They are still preserved in the Record Office, and can be consulted by the curious. They are, however, very difficult to decipher, and to my own personal knowledge more than one Jewish "starr" (corruption of *shtar*) has puzzled some of the most erudite Hebrew scholars. These contracts were entered upon transcript rolls and locked up in chests in a room which afterwards became known as the Star Chamber.[1]

The establishment of this court precisely suited the anti-Semitic tastes of that charming monarch King John of Jew-baiting memory. This tender sovereign saw that the Jews were wealthy, were unpopular, and required only a little judicious pressure to part with whatever they possessed, provided they were permitted to escape the stake, the gaol, or the gallows. He resolved, therefore, to make this plutocratic people serve his own ends. From the contents of the chests in the Star Chamber his Majesty knew exactly what land and gold the Jews held, and, with the transcript rolls in his hand, it was no difficult matter for him to select any particular Hebrew he intended to victimise. Therefore, like a cool sportsman, he cleverly stalked his game, and (until it was too late for flight or resistance) he never let the quarry anticipate what the object was that he had in view. The Jews were far too useful a community to be driven out of the kingdom, so King John began his little devices by allaying all their apprehensions and by warmly ingratiating himself in their favour. He issued a special charter confirming "to Jacob the Jew

[1] "It is well known," says a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "that before the banishment of the Jews under Edward the First, their contracts and obligations were denominated in our ancient records *starra* or *starrs*, from a corruption of the Hebrew word *shtar*, a covenant. These *starrs*, by an ordinance of Richard the First, preserved by Hoveden, were commanded to be enrolled and deposited in chests, under three keys, in certain places; one, and the most considerable, of which was in the king's exchequer at Westminster; and no *starr* was allowed to be valid unless it were found in some of the said repositories. The room at the exchequer where the chests containing these *starrs* were kept was probably called the Star Chamber, and, when the Jews were expelled the kingdom, was applied to the use of the king's council sitting in their judicial capacity."

of London, presbyter of the Jews, the jurisdiction of all the Jews throughout all England;" and granted the said presbyter a charter of safe conduct throughout his dominions. He permitted all Jews to possess lands, to have perfect freedom of action, to settle their disputes according to Hebrew law, and in all quarrels with Christians to have the suit tried before a special judge and by a Jewish jury. This tolerance had the desired effect. The Jews toiled and prospered in England, and invited their co-religionist from Normandy and other parts of the Continent to cross the Channel and settle "in the heavenly isle," where they knew neither persecution nor sorrow. The invitation was accepted and complied with. At the end of a few years the game was so plentiful and had been so well preserved that it was needless to wait longer for sport. The Jews were now to know, like pheasants in the winter, why they had been petted and pampered in the past. First a heavy tax of 66,000 marks was laid upon all Israelites indiscriminately; those who refused to pay were first imprisoned, but if they still continued contumacious were tortured. Then every Jew was compelled to state how much wealth he possessed, and where it was deposited. As we all know, one recalcitrant member of this persecuted race declined to give the desired information or to pay over the sum at which he had been assessed. For his disobedience he was sentenced to lose a tooth daily until he repented of his contumacy. The dentist of the period, however, declining to allay the sufferings of nature by any of the appliances of art, was somewhat too much for the victim, who, after a week's resistance, arrived at the conclusion that it was better to part with his riches than his molars.

Every Jew now became a mine which the king worked more or less according to the royal hopes of obtaining ore. If his Majesty wanted money to carry on his wars with France, or with Ireland, or with Wales, or with his discontented barons, he simply looked up his registers in the Star Chamber, and, having satisfied his curiosity, gave orders that Aaron of York, or Hamon of Hereford, or Mossey of Stamford, or any of the rest of the tribe, should be freely laid under contribution. If an impoverished courtier wanted a tenement, the house of a Jew was calmly seized and forthwith occupied by the courtly pauper. If a favourite had been going the pace, and had no little 'paper' flying about among the Hebrew money-lenders, King John, who regarded all debts to the Jews as debts to the Crown, coolly gave his fast young friend a full release from all claims for which he might be liable. If this predatory sovereign wanted stones, or bricks, or timber to build a wall or an enclosure, he pulled down the

houses of a few Jews until he had obtained sufficient of the required material. If a princess royal was about to be married, the Jew gave the presents and then paid the expenses of the ceremony. If a princess royal was buried, the Jew was called upon to contribute handsomely to the funeral rite. Nor did the king hesitate to lay his hand upon the Jewish cemeteries. Some three hundred years ago, when Ludgate was being rebuilt, a large stone fell out of the excavated wall, on which was written this inscription in Hebrew, "The tombstone of Rabbi Moses, the son of the Rabbi Isaac, the wise and learned." As a set-off against the excesses which this royal monster committed against the Jews, there is but one kindly act to record. In 1213, one Richard, the prior of Bermondsey, built a house in honour of St. Thomas for the reception of converted Jews. The erection was called the "Hospital of Converts," and on its site stands now the Rolls Chapel, Chancery Lane.

In the ensuing reign, Stephen Langton, his Grace of Canterbury, carried on the fell work of persecution with much vigour, and exhibited several curious examples of "the sweetness of the Christian character." A series of general prohibitions as to the conduct of the Jews proceeded from his archiepiscopal pen. No Jew was to quit the country under any pretence without special permission. All Christians were forbidden to buy anything of the Jews, to sell them any of the necessaries of life, or to have any communication with them, as, on account of their infidelity and usury, by the laws of the Church, all Hebrews were excommunicated. No Christian was to serve a Jew in a menial capacity. The Jews were "not to be permitted to build any more synagogues, but were to be looked upon as debtors to the churches of the parishes wherein they resided as to tithes and offerings." And, finally, there came this hateful sumptuary clause: "To prevent the mixture of Jewish men and women with Christians of each sex, we charge, by authority of the General Council, that the Jews of both sexes wear a linen cloth, two inches broad and four fingers long, of a different colour from their own clothes, on their upper garment before their breast, and that they be compelled to do this by ecclesiastical censure: and let them not presume to enter into any church."

Shortly after these restrictions had been published, an Armenian bishop came on a visit to London for the purpose of inspecting some curious relics. His Reverence was interviewed by various of the courtiers, when, the conversation turning upon the manners and customs of the Jews in his country, the bishop assured his hearers that the famous Wandering Jew was then actually living in Armenia,

that he had seen him himself, and had even spoken to him. The old chronicler Matthew Paris thus records the circumstance :—"Several persons," he writes, "did examine this bishop of Armenia about the wonderful Jew, and the prelate gave them his word that he was then living in Armenia ; and an officer of his retinue who came along with him informed the examiners more particularly that this Jew had formerly been porter to Pontius Pilate, and was called Cataphilus ; and that standing by when our Saviour was dragged out of the Judgment hall, he smote him upon the back : at which Jesus, being offended, turned about and said to him, 'The Son of Man will go, but thou shalt stay till He come again.' That afterwards he was converted to the Christian faith, baptized, and called Joseph, living to be an hundred years old. But then growing sick and impotent, he fell one day into a swoon ; upon coming out of which he found himself young again, and as vigorous as a man of thirty, the age he was of when Christ was crucified. The same officer assured them that his master was intimately acquainted with this strange person, and dined with him not long before he came into England ; that he himself had seen him several times ; that he was a man of great seriousness and gravity, never laughing when any questions were put to him concerning ancient history, such as the resurrection of the dead bodies that came out of their sepulchres at the time of the crucifixion, the apostles' creed, and other circumstances relating to those holy persons ; that he was very fearful of Christ's coming to judge the world, for then he said he was to die ; and that he trembled whenever he called to mind the grievous crime of smiting the Son of God, yet hoped for salvation, because it was a sin of ignorance."

The history of persecution, after the first chapter has been told, is apt to become monotonous. Cruelty and oppression soon exhaust their original ideas, and then the narrative of misery is composed of tiresome and sickening repetitions. This was the case with the Jews during the dark days of their early settlement in England. When we have said that they were falsely accused of crimes they never committed, but were graciously permitted to ransom themselves from the hands of justice by the payment of large sums of money ; when we have said that they were heavily taxed on all occasions, or else imprisoned or tortured or banished from the places they had solicited, we have little more to add, but must, as reign after reign presents itself, fall back upon the same category of woes, and content ourselves with the reproduction of the past. So grievous, indeed, was the condition of the English Jews, that towards the close of the reign of Henry III. th had resolved to quit the shores of England. Not only, however, w

their application for permission to leave refused, but their richer representatives were summoned to appear before the council, and threatened with terrible punishment if they did not at once hand over to the king and his advisers a large portion of their wealth. Hereupon one Elias, a rabbi, had the courage to rise and thus address his tormentors:—"O noble lords, we see undoubtedly that our lord the king purposeth to destroy us from under heaven. We entreat, for God's sake, that he give us licence and safe conduct to depart out of his kingdom, that we may seek a mansion in some other land, and under a prince who bears some bowels of mercy, and some stability of truth and faithfulness; and we will depart, never to return again, leaving our household stuff and houses behind us. But how can he spare us miserable Jews, who destroys his own natural English? He hath people, yea, his own merchants, I say not usurers, who by usurious contracts accumulate infinite heaps of money. Let the king rely upon them, and gape after their emoluments. Verily, they have supplanted us, which the king, however, dissembles to know; extracting from us those things we cannot give him, although he would pull out our eyes or cut our throats, when we have stripped ourselves to the skin for him." To this appeal the Earl of Cornwall replied, that he bore the Jews no ill-will, but he was unable to comply with their request; no country would receive them, and they would thus only fly to greater hardships. Refusal, he said, in this instance was the kindest mercy.

The same year in which this application to the council was made, an event was said to have occurred which added not a little to the hatred the English then so freely entertained towards the Jews. The circumstance has so often been exaggerated by the imagination in song and story, that we may as well read it as it is gravely given us in the chronicle of Matthew Paris. Frequent as were the accusations of the crucifixion of children by the Jews, this is the first occasion on which the historian has taken the pains to furnish us with the details of the whole proceeding. To many they will be new.

"About the feast of Peter and Paul," writes Matthew Paris, "the Jews of Lincoln stole a child called Hugo, being eight years old; and when as they had nourished him, in a certain most secret chamber, with milk and other childish aliments, they sent to almost all the cities of England wherein the Jews lived, that, in contempt and reproach of Jesus Christ, they should be present at their sacrifice at Lincoln; for they had, as they said, a certain child hid to be crucified. Whereupon many assembled at Lincoln. And coming together, they appointed one Lincoln Jew for the judge, as it were for Pilate. By whose judgment, by the consent of all, the child is

afflicted with sundry torments. He is whipped even unto blood and lividness, crowned with thorns, wearied with spittings and strikings; and moreover he is pricked by them all with poniards, made to drink gall, derided with reproaches and blasphemies, and frequently called by them, with grinding teeth, Jesus the false prophet. And after they had derided him in divers manners, they crucified him, and pierced him with a spear to the heart. And when the child had given up the ghost, they took down his body from the cross, and took the bowels out of the corpse, for what end is unknown; but it was said it was to exercise magical arts. The mother of the child diligently sought for her absent son for some days, and it was told her by neighbours, that the last time they saw her child whom she sought, he was playing with the children of the Jews of his age, and entered into the house of a certain Jew. Whereupon the woman suddenly entered that house, and saw the body of her child cast into a certain pit. And having warily called the bailiffs of the city together, the body was found and drawn forth, and there was made a wonderful spectacle among the people. But the woman, mother of the child, complaining and crying out, provoked all the citizens there assembled together to tears and sighs. There was then present at the place John de Lexinton, a circumspect and discreet man, and moreover elegantly learned, who said—'We have sometimes heard that the Jews have not feared to attempt such things in reproach of Jesus Christ, our crucified Lord.' And one Jew being apprehended—to wit, he into whose house the child entered playing, and therefore more suspected than the rest—he saith unto him, 'O wretch, knowest thou not that speedy destruction abides thee? All the gold of England will not suffice for thy deliverance or redemption. Notwithstanding, I will tell thee, although unworthy, by what means thou mayest preserve thy life and members, that thou mayest not be dismembered. I will save both to thee, if thou dost not fear to discover to me whatsoever things are done in this case, without falsehood.' Whereupon the Jew, whose name was Copin, believing he had thus found out a way of escape, answered, saying, 'Sir John, if thou makest thy words good by thy deeds, I will reveal wonderful things to thee.' And the industry of Sir John animating and exciting him thereto, the Jew said, 'Those things are true which the Christians say. The Jews almost every year crucify one child, to the injury and contumely of Jesus; but it is not found out every year, for they do this secretly, and in hidden and most secret places. But this child whom they call Hugo, our Jews have most unmercifully crucified, and when he was dead, and they desired to hide him, being dead, he could not be buried in the earth nor hid. For the

corpse of the innocent was reputed unprofitable for divination, for he was unbowelled for that end. And when in the morning it was thought to be buried, the earth brought it forth and vomited it out, and the body sometimes appeared inhuman, whereupon the Jews abhorred it. At last it was cast headlong into a deep pit; neither as yet could it be kept secret, for the importunate mother, diligently searching all things, at last showed to the bailiffs the body she had found.' But Sir John, notwithstanding this, kept the Jew bound in chains.

"When these things were known to the canons of the church of Lincoln, they requested the body to be given to them, which was granted; and when it had been sufficiently viewed by an infinite company of people, it was honourably buried in the church of Lincoln, as the corpse of a most precious martyr. The Jews kept the child alive for ten days, that being fed for so many days with milk, he might living suffer many sorts of torments. When the king returned from the northern parts of England, and was certified of the premises, he reprehended Sir John that he had promised life and members to so flagitious a person, which he could not give; for that blasphemer and homicide was worthy the punishment of many sorts of death. And when as unavoidable judgment was ready to be executed upon this offender, he said, 'My death is now approaching, neither can my Lord John preserve me, who am ready to perish. I now relate the truth to you all. Almost all the Jews of England consented to the death of this child, whereof the Jews are accused; and almost out of every city in England wherein the Jews inhabit, certain chosen persons were called together to the immolation of that child, as to a Paschal sacrifice.' And when as he had spoken these things, together with other dotages, being tied to an horse's tail and drawn to the gallows, he was presented to the æreal Cacodæmons in body and soul; and ninety-one other Jews, partakers of this wickedness, being carried in carts to London, were there committed to prison. Who if so be they were casually bewailed by any Christians, yet they were deplored by the Caursini (the pope's usurers), their co-rivals, with dry eyes. Afterwards, by the inquisition of the king's justices, it was discovered and found that the Jews of England, by common counsel, had slain the innocent child, punished for many days and crucified. But after this, the mother of the said child constantly prosecuting her appeal before the king against them for that iniquity, and such a death, God, the Lord of revenges, rendered them a condign retribution, according to their merits; for on St. Clement's day, eighty-eight of the richest and greatest Jews of the city of London were drawn and hanged up in the air upon new gibbets,

especially prepared for that purpose; and more than twenty-three others were reserved in the Tower of London to the like judgment."

Chaucer in the last stanza of his "Prioress' Tale" alludes to this deed:—

> Oh young Hugh of Lincoln slain also
> With cursed Jews, as it is notable,
> For it n' is but a little while ago.

The animosity which this alleged deed excited was now to be made use of by the advisers of that neediest of monarchs, our third Henry. An edict was issued confirming and extending the harsh decrees of Stephen Langton. No Jew was to associate with a Christian woman, or a Christian woman with a Jewess. No new schools for the education of Hebrew youth were to be erected. In their synagogues all Jews were to pray in a low voice according to the rites of their religion, so that Christians might not be disturbed by their orations. Every Jew was to be answerable to the rector of his parish for parochial dues chargeable on his house. No Christian woman was to suckle or nurse the child of a Jew, nor was any Christian to serve a Jew, eat with him, or live in his house. No Jew was to eat meat in Lent or to speak contemptuously of the Christian faith. Every Jew was to be compelled to wear a badge on his breast, and "should not enter into any church or chapel, except in passing to and fro, and then should not stay there to the dishonour of Christ." No Jew was to hinder his brother from embracing the Christian religion. No Jew was to take up his abode in a new town, but was to continue to reside where he was wont formerly to live, unless he had the king's special licence to change his quarters. This edict, which would even satisfy that bitterest of modern Jew-baiters, Herr Henrici of Pomerania, was passed in the thirty-seventh year of Henry III. All who offended against its clauses had their property seized.

But the end was now approaching. As the days came nearer and nearer for the issue of the stern order expelling the Jews, their sufferings increased in intensity. Whenever the royal treasury was exhausted, a raid was made upon the Jewish quarters in the different towns they inhabited, and wealthy Israelites, like Aaron of York and Hamon of Hereford, were made to bleed freely. When a monastery was in want of a church, the monks waited till a magnificent synagogue had been built, and then obtained permission from the king to seize it and convert it into a Catholic temple. The Jews, from painful experience, had been accustomed to taxation, but on the accession of Edward I. the tax was extended to all Jewish children. Subject to severe restrictions, and not permitted to hold land, the Jews had been for many years the money-lenders of the kingdom; a statute

was now passed forbidding them to practise usury. To turn them from the error of their ways, they were compelled—as they were compelled at the beginning of this century at Rome—to listen to sermons delivered by certain Dominican friars upon the enormities of the Hebrew faith, and an order was issued commanding that any Jew who openly reviled the divinity of Christ was to be put to death.

The prejudices of our first Edward were, however, strongly anti-Semitic, and his Majesty soon became tired of listening to Jewish grievances and of attempting to convert a bad Jew into a still worse Christian. He detested the whole tribe, and the barons and the clergy did their utmost to encourage his dislike. It was said that the Jews were bad citizens, that they sucked the wealth of the country by their usurious practices, that they clipped and sweated the coin, and that England would be well quit of such a wretched race. The cry, once raised, was most popular. Every Englishman owed money to the Jews, and the simplest way of liquidating the debt was to expel the creditors and thus wipe out the whole account. The commons agreed to grant a fifteenth part of their goods and the clergy a tenth part of their moveables, provided the Jews were forthwith ordered out of the kingdom. The tempting offer was not to be resisted. Edward was sadly in want of money, and his three daughters were on the eve of marriage: to obtain funds for the necessary dowry was a matter of difficulty. His advisers knew how deeply they were beholden to the Jews, and begged the impecunious monarch to avail himself of the present temper of the nation, and kick the tribe of Israel out of the country, at the same time enriching himself by seizing their property. Such advice did not fall on deaf ears. In the year of grace 1290 an order was issued commanding all Jews, before the feast of All Saints next, to leave the inhospitable shores of England and never again to return. As a matter of favour, they were permitted to take certain of their moveables and such money as would defray the expenses of their journey—the rest of their goods and coin was calmly and most acceptably taken possession of by the king. Thus robbed and despoiled, and with all their loans unpaid, some sixteen thousand Jews quitted the country, not again to return till nearly four centuries had passed over the heads of their race. Before the progress of culture and civilisation, intolerance and prejudice, so far as the Jews are concerned, have been much mitigated. Still, an anti-Semitic agitation, from the peculiar sentiments it excites, will always be popular with the malevolent and the ignorant; and, once aroused, the movement becomes difficult to thwart and subdue. Let us hope that the example set by Germany will not be imitated by us, or other nations, to the disgrace of true manliness and of common humanity.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

IN SOME BYEWAYS OF DEVELOPMENT.

PART I.

THE attempt has been made in previous papers to show that in the development of living beings there lies an enormous store and fund of evidence which goes either directly to support evolution as a rational theory of the universe, or which, at any rate, aids us in comprehending the causes which have, directly or indirectly, made the world of life the wondrous thing it is. The result of our inquiries has been to show that in the first beginnings of an animal's development, and in its earliest phases of progress, there is an amazing likeness to the early stages of every other animal's progress towards maturity. But even after these early similarities there may be demonstrated in many groups a later likeness, which may often be traced beneath forms of the most diverse kind. The progress of the living being is unquestionably, as Von Baer aptly put it, one from the general to the special. Thus a sponge, a sea-squirt, and a man, may and do agree in the essential phases of their earliest development. But the special features of each group of sponges, sea-squirts, and quadrupeds are soon respectively assumed, and, finally, the more defined structures which mark the completion of development, land us within the class, order, or even species to which each belongs. Development may thus be compared to a journey in which all the travellers, or developing animals, start from a common point, and in which all pursue at first a common path, which shortly, however, branches out into numerous diverging roads and routes, each leading to the goal or destination of the race. Community of origin is proved by two animals following the same beaten track for a longer or shorter distance ; dissimilarity arising when their pathways diverge and the route divides. Thus much for what is observed in the development of animals, as already illustrated in these pages. What is to be inferred by the biologist from the facts of early development? The reply was clearly enough given in the phrase, "development repeats descent;" or, otherwise, "the history of an individual's development presents us with a panoramic or changing picture, more or less

obscured, of the descent or development of its race." In the absence of such a thought, all development is a mystery. Rejecting the idea that the phases of individual development repeat the evolution of the species, we may only say that the facts of natural history are either each a senseless paradox, or "form a mere snare to entrap our judgment." Even in the later developments of animals, we were able to trace, as we have seen, striking likenesses, provable only on the theory of evolution. The mere reference to Crustaceans and Echinoderms, or the Starfishes, will suffice to indicate the grounds on which the latter assertion is based; whilst the history of the insect-class in its developmental aspect teaches the same practical and pregnant lesson. It might be thought that the teachings of development had by these examples received copious enough illustration; but there remain for notice one or two life-histories which, whilst they may trench upon fields already treated, possess yet an interest of their own. It is to these latter examples that we now refer by way of a closing reference to the early history of animals at large.

FIG. 1. MUSSEL.
Shell opened, showing ligaments and foot (*f*).

FIG. 2. SNAIL.

FIG. 3. SLUGS.

Above the rank of the insects, or at least in a different group of the animal world from that in which they are contained, we may find plain illustration of that connection between apparently different classes of animals which evolution explains in rational and consistent fashion.

group of the *Mollusca*, known popularly as that of the "shell-fish," and having as its typical members the oysters, mussels, cockles, snails, whelks, and cuttlefishes—the latter existing at the head of the group—presents us with one or two typical examples of the truths and inferences of development. There are at least four well-marked classes in the Mollusca, and the names of these four groups may be placed before the reader by way of enabling us to retain their distinctness clearly in mind. Thus, firstly, we find the class *Lamellibranchiata*, or "bivalves," represented by the oysters, cockles, mussels (Fig. 1), clams, &c. Then succeed the *Gasteropoda*, of which the snails (Fig. 2), slugs (Fig. 3), limpets, whelks, chitons (Fig. 4), &c., are examples. The *Pteropoda* form a small class, often popularly named "sea-butterflies" (Fig. 5), and of this group the *Clio* and *Hyalæa* (C) may be selected as representatives; whilst last and highest come the *Cephalopoda*, or cuttlefishes (Fig. 6), of which the familiar octopus, the argonaut, and nautilus are examples.

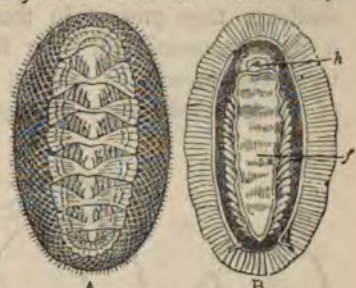


FIG. 4. CHITONS.
A. Upper surface, showing the shell.
B. Under surface, showing head (*h*) and foot (*f*)

FIG. 5. PTEROPODA.
A. Diagram of structure; B. Cleodora; C. Hyalæa.

FIG. 6. CUTTLEFISHES.
The upper figure represents an Octopus swimming backwards.

Such is the constitution of the Molluscan type of animals. When we study the develop-

ment of the three first-mentioned classes, we are struck by the similarity they present in their early history. The cuttlefishes, it may be mentioned, differ from the other groups in development, and present us with an ancient and early specialised group of beings whose early history and evolution is really a matter of geological interest, and lies without the limits of the present paper. The early stages of a bivalve, such as a cockle, to select a familiar member of the first of the classes just noted, exhibit the usual process of sequentation of the egg common to all animals.

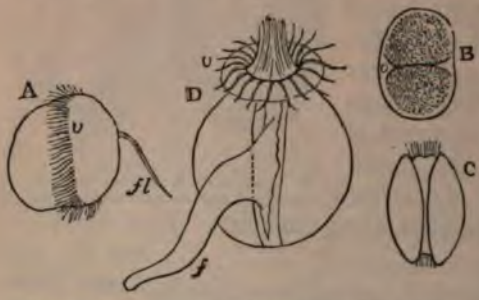


FIG. 7. DEVELOPMENT OF COCKLE AND SHIP-WORM.

Sooner or later, however, the young bivalve develops a somewhat rounded body (Fig. 7, A) at the upper or head-extremity of which appears an expanded disc—often described as consisting of two distinct lobes or halves—richly fringed with the minute vibratile processes called *cilia*, and named the *velum* (*v*). In the centre of this velum, an elongated tuft of cilia is usually found in addition, the tuft being known as the *flagellum* (*fl*). Thus provided with its vibratile hairs, the young bivalve swims freely through the sea, and is said to thus exhibit its "veliger stage." Then a patch of substance forms on the back of the embryo. This becomes the mantle which lines the shell, and in fact forms the latter structure; whilst in due course the internal organs are developed, and the young shellfish assumes the likeness of the adult. The oyster and cockle are thus seen to pass through a veliger stage (Fig. 7, A), each with its ciliated lobes and its free-swimming powers, through the exercise of which the oyster-spat may be conveyed to great distances from its birthplace. As we shall presently note, the likeness of this wandering embryo to the young of certain lower animals is distinctly marked. The curious ship-worm, or *Teredo* (Fig. 8), which was termed by Linnæus "calamitas navium," and

FIG. 8. TEREDO, OR SHIP-WORM.
Showing the shell detached.

which effects an immense amount of destruction annually on the wood of our piers and harbours, is in reality a bivalve mollusc. Its body is shortened and its breathing-tubes are extended to form the worm-like body, whilst its shells are rudimentary and serve as boring-organs. The teredo first undergoes segmentation within the egg (Fig. 7, B), and then appears as an active free-swimming "veliger" (Fig. 7, C), differing from the young cockle only in that there is no lash-like "flagellum." Then its mantle and shell are formed, and when five and a half days old the shells have well-nigh invested the whole body. Next the "foot" (*f*) of the ship-worm is developed, and the velum becomes a crown of cilia (D *v*). Then, as the young animal seeks the wooden pile wherein it is destined to bore and ensconce itself, the shells come into play as excavating organs, and, with the growth of the elongated body, ship-worm development may be said to conclude. Thus we find that the course of bivalve development is distinctly enough marked. Only in one or two cases (such as that of the fresh-water mussels, *Unio*) is the "veliger-stage" suppressed. But this latter fact will cause no surprise to the student of development, who is well aware that the effects of varying conditions on the developing young are seen in the production of many changes in an early life-history, and in rendering obscure many phases in the panorama of individual evolution.

FIG. 9. DENTALIUM AND ITS STRUCTURE.

Coming next to the gasteropods, of which the limpets, whelks, snails, slugs (Figs. 2, 3), and the univalve shell-fish at large, are examples, we find a striking similarity in their early history to the development just sketched. A mussel or oyster or other bivalve has, as every one knows, no distinct head. This may be the result of degradation. But in the snails, whelks, and their neighbours the head is plainly enough marked, although in certain low forms of the gasteropod class this head development may not be at all prominent. Such lower members are illustrated by the *Dentalium* or "tooth-shell," otherwise often named the "elephant's tusk-shell" (Fig. 9, B), from its obvious resemblance to the latter structure. In the early history of Dentalium, we find obvious resemblances to the development of the bivalves. First, segmentation or division of

the egg takes place (Fig. 10, A). Next, the young "tooth-shell" on escaping from the egg appears as a rounded body, and possesses tufts of cilia for swimming, and likewise has a "flagellum" in front (B). The body then lengthens and develops seven circlets of cilia (Fig. 10, C), the resemblance between the young "tooth-shell" in this guise and an embryo worm (Fig. 22, B) being unmistakeable. Then the shell is formed by the "mantle" (Fig. 10, D, *a*) as before, and the cilia form a "velum" (*z*) at the upper extremity of the body, the young condition of the bivalve being closely imitated at this stage. The shell, at first open below, unites by its lower edges to form the toothlike structure of the perfect animal, and with the further growth of the internal organs (E) Dentalium becomes the mature animal. There cannot exist a doubt that, as the lowest gasteropod, and as a poor relation of the higher whelks and snails, Dentalium's life-history shows, as might be expected, the closest approach, firstly, to animals of lower grade than mollusca, and, secondly, at a more advanced stage—that of the "veliger" (Fig. 10, C, D)—to the bivalves themselves.

FIG. 10. DEVELOPMENT OF DENTALIUM.

Equally interesting is the chronicle of development which those little limpet-like animals, the *Chitons* (Fig. 4), present to our view. These latter forms are found adhering to the rocks and stones at low water, like the neighbouring limpets. They agree with the limpets in being gasteropods; but their structure is, if anything, lower than that of the familiar molluscs just mentioned, and their shell is not univalve, but composed of no fewer than eight pieces (Fig. 4, A), arranged one after the other, on the animal's back. No definite head, however, is found in the chitons, this lack of front extremity being, as before, a proof of lowness and democracy in the scale of gasteropod society. The general aspect of a chiton is unquestionably more like that of an "articulated" or jointed animal than of a mollusc, in which latter we do not expect to see segments of any kind represented. It is likewise a fact of much interest that these chitons are a remarkably ancient group of the gasteropod class. They may, it is true, be regarded, by the strict rules of comparative anatomy, as lower organisms than the whelks and their relations. But if antiquity of

origin be in the gasteropods, as it is esteemed in higher circles, a criterion of respectability, then the chiton race may claim a superior rank to many of their neighbours, and may maintain that when the univalve race was but in the infancy of its development, they possessed a stable and well-founded family connection. The chitons begin their fossil history in the lower Silurian rocks, and appear at the present time with but little variation from their past structure. They are, therefore, unquestionably an ancient series of beings, which have most probably sprung from a far back root-stock, whence the gasteropods themselves, and other molluscs likewise, may have branched off to become the superior shelled races and tribes of to-day. What, then, is the course of chiton development? As we should expect, it is much more primitive, much nearer the type of the worms and of Dentalium development, than that of other univalves. The researches of Loven have made us acquainted with the early history of the chiton group.

FIG. 11. DEVELOPMENT OF CHITON (LOVEN).

From the egg, the infant chiton (Fig. 11, A) issues forth as an oval speck possessing a circle of cilia surrounding its body near the front extremity, and likewise bearing a tuft of cilia on its head, The likeness between the young chiton and the young cockle (Fig. 7, A) is clearly traceable. An eye-spot soon appears on each side of the ciliated circlet, and the body next becomes annulated or ringed in appearance (B), such an aspect reminding one most forcibly of the young stages of the worms (Fig. 22). Even when the young chiton exists in this free swimming state, the segments of the shell begin to appear (C), and correspond with the rings into which the larval body is divided; whilst subsequently the broad "foot" is developed, and the animal settles down into a sedentary and placid existence on the rocks and stones of the coast. Chiton development thus tells a tale of early origin, and of alliance with the worm stock. In this respect it forms a worthy companion to Dentalium itself.

FIG. 12. POND SNAIL, GASTRULA-STAGE.

The development of the familiar pond snail (*Lymneus*), as studied by Professor Ray Lankester and others, may render us acquainted with normal gasteropod development in its higher and most typical phases. The eggs of the pond snail are to be found in June

deposited on the under surface of the leaves of water-plants, enclosed in capsules containing a white jelly-like matter. The egg undergoes complete yolk segmentation, and then the "gastrula stage," with its two layers (Fig. 12, *ec*, *en*)—repeated in all animals from sponge to man—appears; the mouth of this sac closing as the young form passes to enter the "veliger stage," in which the body is oval, and possesses a ciliated ridge. This latter stage has also received the name of "trochosphere." Ultimately the "foot" is developed, then the shell appears, and in due time the snail-form is assumed. In the pond snail, as a high form of mollusc, we unquestionably find a "veliger stage," reminding us of the similar phase in other and lower univalves and in bivalves. It is a noteworthy fact that the land snails and slugs do not show the "velum," notwithstanding their apparent nearness to the pond snail. The suppression of the "veliger stage" here does not surprise us. On the contrary, we are fully prepared for such lapses and omissions in development by the consideration, already enforced, that altered ways of life must inevitably produce a changed life-history. Such omissions, in fact, exactly answer the expectation of the evolutionist; and their absence would indeed prove a veritable stumbling-block to his hypothesis. In the "top-shells" (*Trochus*), familiar enough as native species, it may be mentioned that the "veliger stage" (Fig. 13, A), or that of the "trochosphere," is well represented, whilst in this stage it is also marvellously like the embryos of certain worms, and also resembles that of some of the *Rotifera* or "wheel animalcules." Later on, the "velum" of trochus grows larger (B) and becomes more prominent, and as the shell develops, the larva assumes the likeness of the young "top-shell." Such a life-history is worth recording, even in a cursory fashion, if only to emphasise the fact that, even in some undoubted univalves, the likeness to lower worms is remarkable.

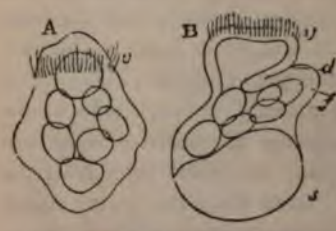


FIG. 13. DEVELOPMENT OF TROCHUS.

Certain other univalves of somewhat different structure from those whose development has just been described, may now be noticed. These latter are the so-called "naked" gasteropods, in which a shell is either rudimentary or wanting altogether. But the curious fact remains that, whether a shell is present or not, these animals invariably possess that structure in their embryonic state. This shell, which is thus never destined to be developed, is an illustration of

" rudimentary organs," which, like the teeth of the unborn whalebone whale—possessing no teeth whatever in its adult state—have a reference to a past state of things. These teeth and the rudimentary shell are heritages derived from ancestors which had well-developed teeth and shells respectively. Otherwise, and on any other theory of nature, their mere existence is a hopeless and insoluble puzzle. The shell-less univalves to which we refer are often familiarly named " sea slugs," " sea lemons," and the like. By naturalists they are placed in such genera as *Doris* (Fig. 14), *Æolis* (Fig. 15), *Aplysia*, &c. Other examples of these molluscs are included in the genus *Bulla*, or that of the "Bubbleshells" (Fig. 16), possessing a delicate shell, and *Aplysia*, or that of the "Sea-hares," famed of old as an ingredient in classical poison-cups. *Bulla* and the Sea-hares possess each a thin shell, which, however, is a secondary growth, and does not represent the true shell or that developed in early life. Now, in these " naked " gasteropods, there is a well-marked " veliger stage." Moreover, if the development of such a form as *Æolis* (Fig. 15), or its neighbours of the " Sea Lemon " tribe, be studied, the young form is observed at one stage of its career to present a singular and highly characteristic appearance. It possesses a velum, consisting of two well-marked lobes (Fig. 17, A), richly ciliated, and by means of which it swims rapidly through the sea, whilst the animal's foot and its shell are also readily observable.

FIG. 14. DORIS.

FIG. 16. BULLA.

FIG. 17. YOUNG OF ÆOLIS AND ADULT PTEROPOD.

FIG. 15. ÆOLIS.

Far away in the Northern seas, the Arctic voyager may sometimes sail for days, or rather for nights, through water which may be discoloured by the innumerable myriads of small organisms floating on its surface. Each of these beings is of very small size—certainly under an inch in length at a maximum measurement; and each

paddles or flaps its way through the sea by means of a pair of wing-like fins attached to the sides of the neck. Such are the "Sea-butterflies," or *Pteropoda* (Figs. 5 and 17, B), already mentioned as a class of the molluscan group. Their title to be regarded as "shellfish" rests on the fact that, besides agreeing with other molluscan characters, they may possess a delicate glassy shell (Fig. 5, C); but this structure may, at the same time, be wanting, and a head may also be indistinctly represented—the latter fact indicating, as we have seen, a position of inferiority in the molluscan scale. Now, when a pteropod is even cursorily regarded in the possession of its "wings" or fins, borne on the sides of its neck, its resemblance to the young (Fig. 17, A) of some of the "naked" gasteropods, such as Æolis (Fig. 15), is both close and unmistakeable. In their development the pteropods possess a "velum," like most univalves. This "velum" is believed by good authorities to remain developed, and to constitute the "wings" or "fins" (Fig. 5, A, *a*) of these animals; but by other authorities their "fins" are believed to represent certain side-lobes of the molluscan body, and as such are regarded by this second theory as secondary developments. However, that the pteropods represent a rudimentary or primitive set of beings no one may doubt. Let us bear in mind that they run through the same early phases of development as gasteropods, and that not only is the "velum" or "veliger-stage" represented in their history, but that certain members of their class present the cilia-girdled appearance (Fig. 18) proper to the early phases of worm development (Fig. 22). Let us also reflect that the pteropod seems to have been arrested in its development at, or a little beyond, the "veliger-stage," and we can readily understand the position of those naturalists who, comparing the *young* of the "naked" gasteropod (Fig 17, A) with the *adult* pteropod (B), see the closest affinity and relationship between them. The pteropod in this view represents a "permanent larval" or arrested gasteropod. Both have

FIG. 18. LARVAL OR YOUNG PTEROPOD.

FIG. 19. BRACHIOPODA AND DEVELOPMENT.

arisen, if the story told by development is worthy of credit, from a common root-stock, of which the "veliger-stage" is the transient representative. Both have developed in parallel, or, it may be, in corresponding and similar grooves. But the gasteropod has been evolved beyond its "veliger-stage" to assume a higher place in the animal series; whilst the pteropod has been arrested in its development at this stage, and has assumed, with possibly a little fixation of its characters, that larval condition as the badge and mark of adult structure.

Passing, last of all, to a lower group of molluscs—that of the *Brachiopoda*, or "Lampshells" (Fig. 19A)—we may find through these latter forms a passage to the still lower and more primitive stock from which the molluscan group may be presumed to have originated. The brachiopods form a scarce group of shellfish in our present seas, but in past epochs of this world's history they were abundantly represented. The Silurian rocks, to mention but one group of formations, literally teem with their fossil representatives, whilst the paucity of these shells in existing waters is matter of zoological notoriety. These "Lampshells" are, therefore, an extremely ancient group of living beings. That they are inferior in many phases of structure to the common bivalves—such as our oysters and cockles—is matter of fact. Hence the development of these "Lampshells" may be presumed, on *à priori* grounds, to be fraught with meaning and information as to the descent and origin of the mollusca at large. Let us, therefore, endeavour to follow out the researches of Morse on the development of these singularly interesting forms.

Studying one species—*Terebratulina*, the common "Lampshell" of the American coast—the first free-swimming stage is that of an elongated body (Fig. 19, B), which divides itself crosswise into three rings or segments (C, D), the front one of which becomes provided with long actively-moving cilia. Eye-spots also appear on the front segment, and the likeness of the young lampshell to an embryo-worm (Fig. 22) at this stage is plainly apparent. Nor is the likeness lessened, when the middle segment is found to develop four bundles of *setæ*, or bristles, such as appear in the worms. Then succeeds the stage of fixation. The young brachiopod now attaches itself by its lower segment (E), and the middle segment increases greatly in size, so as to form a kind of hood enclosing the front segment in part. Then the front segment (F, G) decreases in size; the middle portion originates the bivalve shell (*v*, *d*), which soon comes to enclose the body (H), the lower or third segment being represented by the disc or stalk of attachment (*p*) The technicality of the subject prevents our following out for the reader the later stages of lampshell growth, in which striking likenesses

are presented, not merely to brachiopods now extinct, but likewise to groups of plant-like animals, named *Polyzoa* (Fig. 19, I), and of which the Sea-mats (*Flustræ*) of our coasts are good examples. Hence we conclude that the brachiopods present us with a group which has sprung from a worm-like stock, along with the sea-mats, thus showing us the possibility of higher molluscs having had a similar origin.

The early history of the worms themselves forms a concluding phase in these investigations into the history of the molluscan race.

Fig. 20. Lob-worm (*Arenicola*).

If we study the development of one of the true sea-worms, such as *Arenicola* (Fig. 20) or *Nereis* (Fig. 21) we shall find a striking reproduction of some features with which our molluscan researches have already made us familiar. The young worm (Fig. 22) makes its first appearance as an active free-swimming barrel-shaped body, provided with cilia, disposed in various fashions, in different groups of the class. Thus, in some embryos (B, C) there is a first band of cilia around the body in front of the mouth, a second band exists at the opposite extremity, and tufts of these cilia may also be developed at the extreme front extremity of the body. In other cases numerous bands of cilia encircle the body at its middle portion only (C); whilst a third set of cases exists where a broad zone of cilia occupies the middle region, with or without a tuft at the head-extremity. Out of such larval forms the young worms are gradually developed, the head and front segments appearing first in the order of growth. Certain of those sea-worms which, like *Serpula* (Fig. 23), live in tubes of lime or other matters which they fabricate from the minerals of the sea-water, possess a development equally characteristic with that of their free-living neighbours. In the larvæ of these tube-dwelling worms (Fig. 22, A, D), the head is provided with cilia, disposed chiefly in two rings, one at either

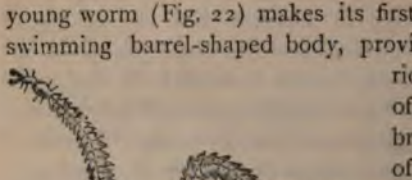


Fig. 21. Nereis. A Marine Worm.

Fig. 22. Development of Worms.

extremity of the body. Soon tentacles are developed from the head portion, the body becomes segmented, and the tentacle which, under the name of *Operculum* (Fig. 23, *o*), is destined to form a stopper to the mouth of the tube, may likewise be discerned. At this stage, with its segmented body, the young tube-dwelling worm resembles the permanent condition of its free-living neighbour of the sand (Fig. 21). Hence, when we discover that the tube-dweller finally secretes a tube, and lodges its body therein, becoming a stationary form, we conclude, rationally enough, that both kinds of worms have arisen from one common stock, and that the tube-dwellers represent the more modified race of the two groups; whilst they likewise may be regarded as "degraded" forms when compared with their free-living neighbours.

FIG. 23. SERPULA.

We have thus had presented to view a series of developments extending from those of the molluscs, through the "lampshells," and finally ending with that of the worms themselves. Is there evidence at hand to show that something more than a theoretical conception of the connection between these apparently dissimilar forms is a warrantable thought? The answer to such a question depends on the credence we place on what development teaches. If the truth of the axiom that "development repeats descent" be not admitted, it is worse than useless to invite comparison between the larva of a chiton and that of a worm. Unless the mind has been prepared to discover in development the shifting and progressive past history of a species, there can be no benefit of an intellectual kind in comparing the likeness of the young brachiopod with the early stages of the worm. But, conversely, when it is admitted that all development is meaningless unless some idea of its use, purport, or cause is afforded, and when in the study of the phases of an animal's growth we are led to see prospects of tracing its past evolution, the likenesses and analogies of development become forcibly plain and valuable. Primarily, it may be said, a very large part of the reasonableness of evolution depends on its rational interpretations of development. *Without* development and its lessons,

evolution would be well-nigh unprovable. Conversely, without the idea of evolution, the development of animal or plant is a meaningless piece of natural transmogrification and change.

In so far as the life-histories at which we have just glanced are concerned, the general conclusions to be drawn from their study lie on the surface of the subject. Beginning with the worms and their transformations, we find a type of larva, presenting a rounded body with variously disposed cilia (Fig. 22), which simply becomes segmented, and with little further change becomes the worm. From the worms to the "Lampshells" is an easy transition, for in the development of the latter (Fig. 19) we find the clearest reproduction of the features of the young worm larva (Fig. 22) in the body divided into its three segments and exhibiting its cilia and eye-spots; whilst, as Huxley remarks, the resemblance to the worm-larva is increased when we find the young lampshell developing bundles of bristles (Fig. 19, F, G), such as the worm possesses, on the middle joint of its body. From such resemblances, Huxley is more than justified in remarking that, whilst the lampshells bear a likeness in development to the plant-like "Sea-mats" and their neighbours (Fig. 19, I), their development "no less strongly testifies to their close relations with the worms." Thus the evolution of a race of lower shellfish from a worm-stock is plainly enough taught by development; and such a fact testifies directly enough to the possibilities of other molluscan developments having had a similar origin.

Coming next in order to the molluscs themselves, we find two classes—the bivalves and the gasteropods—in each of which certain primitive forms of development may be traced. The "Veliger-stage" (Fig. 7, A) may be regarded as common to both groups; and the common origin for both classes may reasonably enough be argued for and maintained on this ground alone, and apart from any plain agreement in structure. It is, however, in the lowest members of each group that we may expect to find the most marked likeness to the primitive type and root-stock from which these classes have been derived. Hence, it is to Chiton (Fig. 4) and Dentalium (Fig. 9) that we turn for aid in solving the problem before us. The young "Tooth-shell" (Fig. 10, C) is unmistakeably a worm. Its barrel-shaped body, its circlets of cilia, its end tuft of these appendages—all are characters which reproduce before us the embryo worm (Fig. 22, B). Nor is the early history of chiton materially different from that of the "Tooth-shell." The young chiton (Fig. 11, A) leaves the egg, as we have seen, with a ciliated girdle in the middle of its body, *and a long* tuft of cilia on its head; whilst this embryo seems to

proceed even further on the worm-track, when we find its body to become segmented or divided as in the worms (B, C); these divisions becoming the shell-plates of the mature Chiton. Thus Chiton may be regarded, without exaggeration, as a worm-form existing under a molluscan guise. And when we arrive at the higher gasteropods, with their "veliger-stage" and "trochosphere," we see produced before us simply a later modification of the worm stock. The life history of a sea-butterfly or pteropod, in fact, takes up the narrative where the development of chiton ends it. Chiton led us to the worm-larva stage, and thereafter branches off on its lower molluscan path. But the pteropod may, as we have seen, begin life as the worm (Fig. 18), and proceeds not merely to develop its "veliger-stage," but remains permanently therein; flapping its way over the surface of the sea by means of the permanent "velum," or its substitute in the form of the fins or wings. Last of all, a gasteropod like *Æolis* presents us with a *multum in parvo* of the whole process of gasteropod and molluscan evolution. Here, we take up the story at the stage where the pteropod history concluded. *Æolis* and its neighbours, or *Lymneus*, passing through the pteropod stage, each with its "velum," develop onwards to become the higher and shelled gasteropod, and represent the furthest evolution of the race. Thus, from the worms to the lampshells on one hand, and to the chitons and "Toothshells" on the other; from these latter, in turn, to the pteropod and thence to the bivalves and gasteropods, the track of development seems plainly marked. The whole story it tells is that of a shifting panorama of the modification of the animal form; phase succeeding phase, and each new succession of forms obscuring, or it may be intensifying, the development of the preceding classes and groups. But, clearly marked or obscure, understood fully or only suggested to the mind, the whole process of development reveals to us the operation of a great law of evolution and progressive change, manifested through those wondrous cycles and transformations which nature seems never weary of exhibiting to the earnest mind and seeking eye.

If, finally, one might be tempted to inquire into the origin of these ciliated worm-larvæ themselves, we may find that speculative natural history is not unprepared with a reply. We are reminded that, as the early changes of egg-segmentation are not peculiar to the molluscs, so neither are the veliger stages the special belongings of that group of animals. The "velum," or its representative ciliated girdles, appears before us equally in the development of the echinoderms or starfish group, of the worm, of the wheel-animalcule or rotifer, and of the mollusc. The zoologist would further remind us that

these ciliary bands often remain in adult animals, and are represented by certain stable possessions, such as tentacles or feelers, gills, the "arms" of lampshells, and like structures. "It is probable enough," says Professor Ray Lankester, "that *all the ciliated bands of invertebrate embryos, even of adult organisms, can be explained as derivatives of one primitive organ.*" If this thought be fully worked out, it contains a veritable "philosopher's stone" for the zoologist, inasmuch as it enables us to account for the forms and structures of animals on a rational basis. That is to say, the particular form and structure of an animal or class are due to the fashion in which the original ciliated bands of the larva and the embryo itself have been modified by the external and internal forces which now, as of old, operate on living things. Professor Lankester has suggestively worked out this idea of the derivation of all existing embryos from a type-form, to which he has given the name of "Architroch"—a form represented by deputy, so to speak, in certain worms in the sea-mat class, as adult organisms. Such a theory explains to us, on a basis of a reasonable nature, how different forms may arise from a similar root-larva. And it may be added, that should any objection be urged to such views on the ground that they are entirely hypothetical, one may retort that to all other explanations of the past of nature, whether theological or scientific, exactly similar opposition may be offered. Further, we must reflect, that in any case we have to choose between filling up from our observation of nature the gaps in our knowledge which a philosophical necessity entails, or allowing these gaps to yawn unsatisfactorily and permanently unfilled. The rational mind is not likely to hesitate in its choice of alternatives. And if, lastly, it be borne in mind that, so far from being merely shadowy theories, such

Fig. 24. Development of Frog.

ideas of the origin of animal forms are based on close observation of nature—often the work of many concentrated lifetimes—the logical standing of a theory which connects the facts of nature, and by so connecting explains them, needs no justification, as it fears no honest and unbiassed criticism.

ANDREW WILSON.

(*To be concluded.*)

IMMANUEL KANT.

THIS year Germany, and all the world with Germany, celebrates a great centenary—the hundredth anniversary of the "Critique of Pure Reason." All civilised nationalities may well hold out their hands to her in sign of brotherly well-wishing and congratulation for such a celebration. Just a century ago, Immanuel Kant completed the great work which fitly crowned and concluded his many labours and his long experiences—wrote "Finis" at the end of the volume which was to give a new importance to speculative thought, and change for ever the conditions of philosophic inquiry. At such a time, therefore, it may not be thought either wholly purposeless or wholly presumptuous for me to put forth in few words something of the life and labours of the great man who has been made immortal by a single book. While every one knows of the "Critique of Pure Reason," at least by name, and can answer roundly that it was written by Immanuel Kant, it is quite possible that, to put the matter modestly, there may be a few to whom the facts of Kant's life are more unfamiliar than other things, and who may not be entirely unwilling to be told of them. To these few—perhaps half a dozen or so—I will, if they please, tell what I know of the story of Kant's life and of the book which has just come to its hundredth birthday.

In Königsberg, in the year 1724, Immanuel Kant was born. This Königsberg—King Ottocar's town—was founded by those wild, wonderful Teutsch Ritters, who did so much good and evil in their day—founded while they were banking the Weichsel and the Nogat, and subduing their quagmires into meadows and their waste streams into deep ship-courses, and doing all the other deeds celebrated by the historian of the Great Frederick. How the town had its three towns originally—namely, its Altstadt and its Löbenicht on one side of the river, and built, marvellous to tell, on seven hills, like another and no less famous city, and its Kneiphof, standing on piles on swampy island in said stream—need not be written of at all here, or, indeed, at much length anywhere. There is an interest about Löbenicht, however; for to it belongs the tower on which Kant

turned his thoughtful eyes at twilight, and from which presuming poplars thought at one time to bend his gaze. Margrave Albert, whose monument does all in its power to keep the Margrave's memory green in the great cathedral, was wise enough in his time to found the university which the name of Kant made famous centuries after the Margrave had sought his latest and stateliest slumbers within the tomb which struggles, as I have said, to keep Albert's name flourishing for a while in the minds of men. Bellicose Margrave Albert would no doubt have cared but little for philosophic fame; would have cared much, though, to know that one day his dust would be stirred by the pomp and pageantry accompanying the coronation of the man who was later on to be the Emperor of New Germany, the conqueror of France.

The curious Baltic town, with its narrow, rugged, crowded streets, its multitudinous bridges, its numberless Hebrew inscriptions over doors and windows, its amber-shops, and odd old market, is as much consecrated to the memory of Kant as Weimar is to the memory of the great Goethe and the good Schiller, who lived and lie buried there. Schadow's bust of him presides over the university; Kiss's statue adorns the public gardens, and daily reminds the dwellers in the Baltic town of the great man whose name has lent the place a glory even greater than the most successful amber trade could have given. His house still stands in a little, quiet street, where noisy carriages never come, and where the pilgrim treads to-day as reverently as Hasse did when, as he tells us in his Memoirs, he first went to visit the philosopher. Hard by is the antique Schloss, whose towers, and very owls, recall the great man's daily life. Here for so many years the great thinker and teacher lived in all imaginable simplicity. George Henry Lewes tells, in his book on Goethe, of the emotion he experienced on first beholding the exceeding plainness of the room in which Germany's greatest poet passed so much of his life. An equal plainness belonged to the dwelling of her first philosopher. In Königsberg the spirit of Kant is everywhere. When his house is seen and his rooms in the university, there is the daily walk to be tracked out; that daily walk which we are told was interrupted once, and once only, for a few days, by the philosopher's eagerness to read a new book which was then appearing. The book was called "Émile;" and it is not one of the least worthy tributes to the genius of Rousseau that Kant consented to forego a custom of exercise that he might find time to follow the strange wisdom and melancholy lessons of that sad and lovely story.

Enthusiastic visitors will rejoice to look upon the famous tower

at which it was Kant's delight to gaze dreamily in that twilit hour which he devoted to reflection. They will question eagerly of those poplar trees—more celebrated even than the amber-weeping Heliades by the waters of Eridanus—which shot their tall spires so high as to deprive the philosopher of the sight of his dear tower, and which were obligingly lopped by their proprietor to please Kant's fancy. Carlyle, irritated and bewildered by the noisy carol of too neighbouring cocks, begs in vain for the suppression of chanticleer; has at length to buy house and all to be rid of shrill bird and surly owner. Kant has kingly poplars decapitated at his wish. The German anecdote is the pleasanter of the two. Thus these same enthusiastic visitors will go on, seeking out all things that link them at all with their master of the wise; glad, indeed, if they could find that precise spot where Kant, grown old and feeble, fell one day in the street, and was lifted from earth by two young girls, to one of whom he gave, with stately old-fashioned courtesy, the rose he was carrying in his hand. We are told that this flower from the old man's hand was ever preserved by the girl in memory of that hour and her one brief interview with the great philosopher. Where is that rose now? one is tempted to ask. Is it still religiously guarded somewhere by descendants of the graceful girl whose young arms lent their strength to Kant—guarded as a great treasure, and shown forth rarely to the curious while the pretty tale is told again? Or has it gone the way of the roses bewailed by the Persian poet? Let us hope not. Indeed, let us rather please our imaginations, always seeking for such pleasure as lovely memories can offer, with the thought that it still lives, this *rosa philosophica*, in mummied honour somewhere in this real, rapid world, as it lives, a very simulacrum, or platonic rose idea, in the recollection of all who have ever heard the gracious story.

Of Kant's family little knowledge remains to us, and yet knowledge enough. We know that Kant's father was honest, upright, truthful; saddler by profession, Scotch by descent, of a race that spelt their name at one time with a "C"; altered by the son of this Scotch-descended saddler to a "K" for all time. Kant's mother, too, lives well in the memory of men, a woman of comely life and calmly pious nature, Anna Regina Reuter her maiden name, worth remembering. A prayer written by her, and written in the simple strength of the religion she professed, is preserved to this day in the archives of Königsberg Kantian Society. A brother, too, has some faint interest of his own apart from the interest of his brotherhood. He was a gifted and an able man, a scholar and a student, for whom it had seemed safe enough to predict a promising career and a fair

future. Such predictions, if made by friends of the quiet Kant family, prove strangely unsuccessful, for brother Kant chooses, with unexplained perversity or humility, to bury his talents in a Mittau parish and to fade out of the world in the beginning of this century, unremembered of men, but content, it may be believed, with having lived a good and honourable life. In such a family—truthful, pious, able—there was promising material for the formation of the character of the young Immanuel. Very fond of this name of his the young Immanuel was, in later years, taking much delight in going through it syllable by syllable, and dwelling on its sweet Hebrew meaning of "God is with us." It is pleasant to think that the young Immanuel was young enough once, for all his later wisdom; we can even heartily rejoice over boyish idleness as we hear how gravely he accuses himself to us, of a slothful and truant schoolboy-dom; accusations which need not be accepted too readily or dwelt too sternly upon; should be taken rather as the graceful unbending of an overwise philosopher to an idolising public, than any too angry recrimination of his youth. At ten years old, however, truant time and slothfulness came to an end. He was sent to the Frederick College, an uncle Richter, whom history does not further dwell upon, paying college expenses seemingly, for which we and all time are hugely obliged to his shadowy memory. The young Immanuel makes a good student, loving the classics with as warm a love as that which St. Jerome displayed of old time, that love so strong as to resist the special command of a seemingly celestial messenger and forbidder of classic poets. With him as companion and friend we find a young man, Ruhnken by name, who shall be very famous among students and philologists by-and-by; now a very studious youth among other studious youths. Oddly enough, we discover no taste for philosophy in the young Kant as yet, but instead a strong taste for theology. He enters the Königsberg University in 1740 as a theological student, and we hear of him, almost seem to see him, preaching stray sermons in neighbouring churches. One is vaguely curious to know how he preached and how he edified his congregations, this studious young man with world-wide fame of very different kind so far before him, and little dreamt of now in these Königsberg suburb Sundays. Theology, grateful perhaps for these occasional homilies, offers him a means of livelihood; plants him for a time as tutor in a clergyman's family away from Königsberg. Tutoring is persevered in for a time, and we watch him flicker from clergyman's family to nobleman's family before he finally flickers out of tutoring altogether, into professorial chair, and teaching the world through the ears of Königsberg students.

He is too eager in acquiring knowledge to care much about imparting its poor rudiments to others, whether of noble or clerical families. His desire for knowledge was aided by his great memory; for Kant had so marvellous a memory that he had no need to store about him a huge library. What he read once he remembered as few men can remember after long and patient study, and he had the art of getting so deep into all subjects that at all impressed him as to make them in the completest sense his own. Once, for example, a wandering Englishman is dining with the philosopher. Talk falls by chance upon Westminster Bridge, whereupon Kant suddenly holds forth upon the bridge immortalised by Wordsworth, describes all its belongings and the time it took to build, nay, even its very weight, if tale be true. Wandering Englishman, turned for a moment into wondering Englishman, leans forward, asks in some amazement how long Kant had lived in London; leans back wondering more than ever to hear that Kant has never seen London. A similar story to this lives of the manner in which Kant amazed Brydone by his exhaustive knowledge of the condition of Italy—a knowledge which would seem to imply long residence in the country, which Kant had no more seen than Goethe had seen Jamaica, of which he once showed such knowlege, or than Schiller had trod the mountain pass of Küssnacht, or Jean Paul Richter looked upon the many-voiced sea.

In 1755 a darling wish is gratified. Kant becomes private lecturer in his dear university, and spends his next fifteen years in the delivery of discourses which soon become popular, and carry the name of Lecturer Kant even outside the gates of Königsberg. Very famous these lectures are now, and the way they were delivered. We are told that Kant always chose for himself a single hearer from his audience, and spoke straight at him, but luckless, indeed, was it for both lecturer and audience if this chance-favoured hearer had anything about him to disturb philosophic equanimity, and with it the current of philosophic thought. Is it not on record, and an old tale now, how the absence of a button from the coat of the student thus pitched upon dispelled Kant's ideas, destroyed the lecture, and dispersed a disappointed audience? Calm lecturing-life is interrupted for a moment by a tempting offer of professorship of poetry elsewhere; offer wisely refused, if entertained at all. Kant had a sincere love for poetry, especially reverencing the high Roman muse, and knowing his "Lucretius," his "Virgil," and his "Horace," as busy men too seldom know any poets. With his own German literature, too, he was closely familiar, cherishing chiefly Hagedorn and Bürger more than they are cherished to-day, though after the "Critique" appeared

he, unfortunately, ceased to follow it in its later development, or rather its new birth, under Goethe and Schiller. But for all his love for poetry, we have reason to congratulate ourselves that the chair of poetry at Jena was never filled by Kant. Kant, the philosopher, has been of more use to the world than Kant, the critic and expounder of poetry, lecturing like a greater Schegel on drama-growth, or, mayhap, excogitating a new Homer theory, none of which, happily, came to pass. Poetry cuts but an ill figure in the Hall, and wears the gown of the schoolman detestably. Six years later more auspicious Fates offer the chair of logic and metaphysics in his beloved Königsberg, and Kant accepts. It is curious to know what Kant was judged to be worth to the world just then: his salary was sixty pounds a year; hardly enough to satisfy the modest desires of Dr. Pangloss.

Seldom, probably, was the life of a great man so uneventful in the sense which demands of the events of a man's life that they must be strange and vivid, having nothing in them of the commonplace, the daily domestic. Kant's life was all the commonplace and the daily domestic. His career is a long routine of duties and daily actions, performed every day at the same hour, until it passed into a proverb at Königsberg that the cathedral clock itself was not more regular than the professor, whose every instant of life it had measured out from his birth, and was to measure out until his death.

"There," says Madame de Staël, "in the very midst of the icy North, he passed his whole life in meditating upon the laws of human intelligence. An indefatigable ardour for study made him acquire numberless branches of knowledge. Sciences, languages, literature, were all familiar to him, and, without seeking after glory, which he only enjoyed very late in life, only hearing in his old age the noise of his fame, he contented himself with the silent joys of reflection. Solitary, he contemplated with delight his soul; the examination of thought lent him fresh strength for the support of virtue; and although he never mingled in the ardent passions of men, he knew how to forge weapons for those who were called to the combat."

But if uneventful, it was not unheroic. Other men have passed lives as peaceful, as undisturbed by the busy world outside and beyond them. In Hogg's "Life of Shelley" there is a story told of a clergyman who was possessed of a modest competence, which enabled him to live without working. He devoted the life, therefore, which he was not compelled to devote to labour, entirely to the study of Greek literature. He had a three years' course of authors; when it came to an end he began again. This was a harmless, happy life

enough. The man made no evil use of the ease which fortune had favoured him with ; but it was a selfish life, if only passively selfish. Kant would have marvelled at the idea that our lives were given to us only for the purpose of reading the Greek tragedians and going to the seaside to study Homer. It would not have been enough for him to think that he left humanity no worse than he found it ; he wished to think that he had tried at least to leave it in some poor measure wiser and better, and, therefore, happier than he found it. So his life was not unheroic. It was given over to the struggle with the powers of darkness, with ignorance and falsehood and doubt, with all the high heroism of a Theseus or a Heracles, fighting their monsters. His life was nobly passed in labours for the good of the race, and in the private practice of the tender charities.

There is an amusing story told of the fame for benevolence which Kant attained. On one occasion an importunate beggar made his way to the philosopher's room, and proceeded to experiment on Kant's charity by helping himself to the philosopher's watch. It is an amusing picture this of sturdy mendicancy, with a taste for theft unabashed in the presence of venerable charity too feeble to resist. Happily for Kant, however, a friend makes his appearance before the rapscallion has got off with his booty. Kant's watch is returned to philosophic fob, and beggar bundled promptly out of doors, with, very possibly, a couple of kicks to help him on his mournful way.

Goethe once said of his travels, " Where have I not been, and yet I have always been glad to return to Weimar." To the globe-rangers of to-day, who are more familiar with the Rocky Mountains than their great-grandfathers were with the Apennines, and who are almost as much at home in the Sandwich Isles as the men of the last century were in Paris, the travels of the great German poet will seem trifling matter enough. A journey or two to Italy, with Sicily for the remotest bounds of wandering, do not seem surprising to a generation that thinks nothing of rushing across the Alps for a week in Rome or Naples between breathing-times of business. But compared to Kant's career, Goethe appears a right Marco Polo, a very Anson, a skimmer of the seas, and a triply-brazen adventurer of more than Acroceraunian dangers. Goethe was glad always to get back to Weimar. But Kant in all his life scarcely left Königsberg at all. It might almost be said that not for one day did he pass beyond the suburbs of the almost Oriental town of East Prussia, where he was born, where he lived for eighty years, and where he died. He has been compared in this, as in many other particulars, with Socrates, who never once put philosophic foot outside the Athens

which he loved so well. St. Thomas à Kempis has somewhere placed his ban upon the uneasy man who travels abroad; such wanderings are inconsistent, the Saint declares, with the duties of a holy and contemplative life. The life of the German physician bears out the saying of the unknown teacher and preacher whom the world has chosen to call à Kempis. Seldom has history been honoured by the record of a life so good, so pure, so privately blameless and lovely, so publicly devoted to all honest and upright things, to unfaltering execution of the task appointed, to earnest striving after the truth and the light, and to loyal efforts to leave men a little better and wiser than he found them. It is difficult not to be profoundly, almost painfully, impressed by the simple sweetness and goodness of Kant's life.

But if the influence of travel is wanting to Kant's life, another and a greater influence is still more strangely absent. The influence of woman counted for as little in the life of Kant as it counted for much in the life of his great countryman Goethe. As far as I can tell, there is no suggestion that Kant ever so far acknowledged human weakness as to fall in love. Nay, more, he has been accused by his detractors of setting too low an ideal of woman in his Ethics; has been ranked with those grim teachers who, like Simonides of Amorgos the day before yesterday, and Arthur Schopenhauer yesterday, regard woman as in one case the basest of all things, and in the other shudder over her as an æsthetic mistake.

Kant the man was small of stature, feeble of appearance. The being with the deformed right shoulder, with the concave breast, who was scarcely more than five feet high, with the fair hair, fresh complexion, and light blue eyes, ranked physically among the world's pigmies rather than her giants. But his face looks out upon us with a wise and tender gravity. Inquiry is there, and the deep desire of truth, all touched and tempered by that wonderful human pity and kindliness of his. A good, wise, worn old face it is, as we behold it in latter-day portraits and engravings, a face well deserving of love no less than homage. Indeed, the great thing that impresses the student of Kant's life is the marvellous loveableness of the philosopher. This was the quality which endeared him to all who knew him. He had a somewhat cynical theory of friendship, which happily was allowed, as many other cynical theories have been allowed by their upholders, to have no influence upon his relations with those about him. He had accepted for himself the Aristotelian paradox, "My friends, there are no friends," and he affected to regard the all that is implied in the word "friend" as being of no

better value than the formulated protestations of fidelity and sincerity which conclude a letter, and which are as purely a custom as the S. V. B. E. E. V., which stood service with Roman letter-writers for *si valetis bene est, ego valeo.* But this grim, unlovely theory had to be abandoned in the end, when he found that so many men were true to him. His recognition of facts was stronger than his devotion to his theory. He saw that he had friends, and he gave up his cheerless paradox.

This loveableness of Kant's did more than captivate his friends; it could even conquer his enemies. Herder had the grace to speak well of Kant in 1795, in spite of the quarrel that had estranged them. This quarrel between philosophers arose out of a sternly truthful review by Kant of Herder's "History of Philosophy," the said review appearing in the pages of that Berlin Journal to which he was a constant contributor—constant and faithful, for he was not to be tempted thence even by Schiller, who sought to have Kant's name among the list of writers for his *Horen.* Here is what Herder wrote: "I have had the good fortune to know a philosopher who was my teacher. In the vigour of life he had the same youthful gaiety of heart that now follows him, I believe, into old age. His open forehead, built for thought, was the seat of imperturbable cheerfulness and joy; the most pregnant discourse flowed from his lips; wit, humour, and raillery came to him at will, and his instructions had all the charm of an entertainment. He excited and pleasantly impelled us to mental independence. Despotism was foreign to his nature. This man, whom I name with deepest gratitude and respect, is Immanuel Kant. His image rises before me, surrounded with pleasing recollections." It is not among the least honourable acts of Herder's life that he had the humanity to allow his admiration for a great man to overgrow the anger of a hostile review.

The appearance of the "Critique of Pure Reason" caused a great change in Kant's position before the world. A little while for the book to make its way, to be read by wise men and fools everywhere, and if not understood, at least interpreted, and lo! the whole reasoning world, and no small section of the unreasoning, are turned at once into Kantists and anti-Kantists. Scholars lauded him to the skies or denounced him in treatises that have long since slipped from sight in dusty libraries; he was expounded, controverted, defended, assailed, admired—in a word, he was vastly popular. Whatever might be said, his book was a success; but that was the part Kant was least likely to care about. He was a teacher of truth, and his book was true. That the world should see the

truth was gladdening to the teacher, but we need not believe that the howlings of hysterical enthusiasts, who hailed him as a second Messiah, and who, in sure belief of his omniscience, questioned him as to the advantages of inoculation, can have given him any keen sense of gratification. Divines and theologians applied the teaching of the "Critique" to Christianity, and found themselves satisfied with the result of the experiment; on the other hand, were thinkers who, making similar trial, were either unsatisfied or content, for anti-theological reasons.

De Quincey truly says: "Measured by one test of power—viz. by the number of books written directly for or against himself, to say nothing of those which indirectly he has modified—there is no philosophical writer whatsoever, if we except Aristotle, Descartes, and Locke, who can pretend to approach Kant in the extent or in the depth of influence which he has exercised over the minds of men."

The great philosophical treatise still holds the high position it assumed when it first appeared. Its advent has been declared to be of as much importance to philosophy as Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood to physiological science. The comparison is, however, somewhat misleading. Harvey's discovery was accepted as soon as it was promulgated as an established scientific fact, and no one now would think of contesting the truths which he first made known to the world. It is, however, very different with Kant's great work. There is much in the "Critique of Pure Reason" which is neither accepted nor understood by students of philosophy. Profound thinkers like Cousin have been gravely accused of misunderstanding important portions of the Kantian doctrine, and of misinterpreting the utterances of the master. The master himself has been declared by philosophers like Schopenhauer and writers like Michelet to have introduced radical changes into his work when it went into a second edition, while thorough-going Kantists declare that the additions are merely amplifications which leave the purity of the original teaching untouched. English students of philosophy will be better enabled to investigate this point when a famous scholar brings out his translation of the first edition, which has not hitherto been done into English, as he intends to print in an appendix all the more important alterations introduced by Kant into the second edition. The reason of these arguments and differences of opinion must in great measure be attributed to the extraordinary defects of the style and language of the "Critique"—defects themselves, perhaps, owing to the rapidity with which the work was written. Kant only gave it twelve months of mental

elaboration, and the process of writing it out only occupied five months.

With the completion of the "Critique of Pure Reason" the great purpose of Kant's life was over. He lived for twenty-three years longer, and they were years well and worthily spent; but they did not make the man who lived them a jot more famous than if he had ceased to be when he had put the final touch to the "Critique." But they were twenty-three eventful years, and full of interest to such a student of human affairs as Kant. But a few years from the publication of the "Critique of Pure Reason," and the world is turned from all philosophies and all metaphysics to watch the wonder of the French Revolution. Desmoulins' declaration from the table of Café Foy, that fourteenth of July which true revolutionists prefer to call twenty-six Messidor, which beheld the Bastile tumbled down, all the pike feasts and reason feasts, that answering of Europe's challenge with the head of a king, the Revolution's Saturn-like consumption of its own children, Terror and White Terror and final triumph of Corsican sub-lieutenant—all these things are watched with quiet eyes from afar by our Königsberg philosopher. He sympathises with this Revolution, too much perhaps for the taste of Kaiser Fritz; for when we find Kaiser Fritz writing angrily to Kant against his essays on "Religion within the Bounds of Reason," there is perhaps political as well as religious feeling mixed with the monarchical anger. A philosopher who is not horror-struck at these wild men of Paris must be frowned on; Kant has to promise "not to lecture on religious subjects so long as he should be a subject of his Majesty," which promise Kant interprets to mean so long as his Majesty shall live.

So in quiet study of the world and in pleasant intercourse with his friends these twenty-three years go pleasantly and peacefully. We learn many things from those who were about him in these later days which are pleasant to remember now. It is amusing to find the philosopher to whom Herschel frankly resigned the credit of first predicting the existence of the planet Uranus, employing his genius upon an invention for holding up stockings, which shall supersede the use of garters, such invention popular enough now and perfected; how many of those who use it dream that it was thought out by the greatest philosopher of his time? He had a theory of hand-shaking, too, to which all his friends must conform. The friendly salutation must neither be overdone nor come tardy off; must be neither grip nor languid droop of palm upon palm; it is in fact the golden mean Aristotelian applied to the clasp of friendly hand in hand. We learn too from these Königsberg Boswells and Eckermanns that Kant

always humorously insisted upon describing Pitt as king of England —a keen appreciation this of the importance of a powerful English Prime Minister, not without interest just now. So the time went by, a happy, healthful time for twenty years. It is a pity that we cannot say for twenty-three years, but alas! it was not so.

There is little in biography more pathetic than the record of the last three years of his life, in which he drifted, helplessly and at times almost imbecile, to his death. Flashes of his old self lit up at times the gloom of these later days; sad days, indeed, on which there is small need for us to dwell. They point a moral perhaps to the pessimist; the scientific man will see that the machine was nigh worn out, and must soon stop from incapacity to resist the friction. Anyhow, the story of Kant's decay and death is melancholy reading as a man could wish to have. The great intellectual Titan stumbles blindly and undismayed down to his rest. He was an old man indeed, but the junior by many years of Goethe, whose splendid intellectual faculties remained unfaded to the end. How profoundly at times he was impressed, in these his later years, by the sense of melancholy in all things human, and by the very weariness of living, may be guessed by that little poem which is found, quoted from we know not where, in one of his note-books. It is a little six-lined thing, but it contains within it as much pessimism as lingers in exquisite sweetness in the verses of Leopardi or in the wine-drowned doubt of Omar Khayyam. For it tells how every day has its troubles, and every month its thirty days, and so ends with a praising of fair February because it, at least, has only twenty-eight days in which to be unhappy.

At last the end came. The waning lamp, growing darker and darker, flares up for a moment here and there into old brightness, as when the dying man declares himself prepared to meet death *testudine et facie*, but soon goes out into utter darkness. Kant is dead. The most quiet of all things in that quiet house is the still, shrouded figure which was yesterday the wisest of the wise, and to-day is only an unmeaning measure of decay. The head that had for more than two generations been busied with the mightiest problems of the mind bestirs itself no more. It lies, most fittingly, upon a faded cushion which bore once long ago an address to the beloved master from adoring university students, and shall now go with him in his coffin to the grave. Even we, at this distance of time, can hardly quite refrain from sorrow as we seem to stand on that 12th day of February —strange chance this, his death in the month he held most happy— with the crowd that gaze upon the coffin, which bears the inscription: "Cineres mortales immortalis Kantii."

As we look upon the life of Kant we may think, and not unwisely, Here, surely, out of this modern world, is one man at least whom Epicurus would have welcomed gladly into his little Athenian garden. The intense care of and regard for health, which made the prudent Metrodorus bid his disciples pay heed to their stomachs, was familiar to the life of Kant; the ready acceptance of pleasure, yet the seeking it in slight and harmless things and ways, was again a point of Epicurean doctrine which finds its echo in Königsberg. The delight in friendship, the composed regard of death, these too were Epicurean, and are indeed, perhaps, the attributes of wise men everywhere, whether they be called Epicurus or Gautama. But the life of Kant, with its thirst after knowledge, and its quiet routine of calm and healthful pleasure, does recall the happy Garden days of old. The wise man, with his friends about him sharing in all healthful pleasures, having no dislike to faring well physically as well as mentally, such is the great Epicurean of the Baltic amber town. Nothing to be found there of the Sadducee, turning from the turmoil to his roll of Greek books, with their babble of honey and Hymettus, nothing of that baser search after mere personal delight which has found some few crawling votaries to-day; all is healthful, even holy, in the pure and peaceful life of this man. When he lies in bed and speaks joyously of his own healthful state, he has the right to be content which labour and healthful striving earns.

There was a sentence from Seneca, out of the first chapter on the "Happy Life," which Kant dearly loved: "Nihil magis præstandum est, quam ne pecorum ritu sequamur antecedentium gregem pergentes, non quâ eundem est, sed quâ itur." To this he truly lived, as well as to the Latin lines which he chose later for his device, with a most delicate spirit of self judgment:

> Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
> Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

Like the wise Epicureans, he faced the necessity of death with calmness. "Gentlemen," he said once to his guests, "I do not fear to die. I assure you, as in the presence of God, that if, on this very night, suddenly the summons to death were to reach me, I should hear it with calmness, would raise my hands to heaven, and say, 'Blessed be God.' Were it indeed possible that a whisper such as this could reach my ear—'Fourscore years thou hast lived, in which time thou hast inflicted much evil upon thy fellow men,' the case would be otherwise." To no man could the case be less so than to Kant. Richard Cobden, speaking once from the noble honour of his own upright soul, asked, thinking of a famous, successful,

and unscrupulous statesman, "How will it be with him when all is retrospect?" This is the great touchstone of life: how it looks when regarded through all its long perspective at a time when its chief actor has little or no power to add to or improve the picture. To Kant such retrospect could have few terrors. We have a fine saying of him, "Whoever will suggest to me a good action left undone, him will I thank, though he suggest it even in my last hour."

PAUL JEROME.

A FIRST ELECTRICIAN.

CHAPTER I.

A CARTHUSIAN EXPLORER.

IF Quisquam, whom I, for the moment, accept to be an intelligent scholar just returned from the grand Electrical Exhibition at Paris, can experience such a taste of pre-existence as will allow him to feel himself present in England on May-day in the year 1729, let him join with me a wonderful traveller in a journey from the old Charterhouse, London, into the beautiful county of Kent.

The traveller in question is of quick and rather irritable nature, an enthusiast *par excellence*, having, as some think, too great an opinion of his own work, and yet having, after all, an immensely limited prescience of the greatness of that work and of his own undying fame connected therewith. He is dressed in leathern knee-breeches, with hand-knit stockings below the knee; his shoes are large and strong, closed in front with shining buckles. His waistcoat of red cloth is lengthy, extending some three or four inches below the waist, and provided with good-sized flap pockets slouched at the corners. From the open of the waistcoat below the throat there flows out a white shirt-frill, and round the neck is tied a loose and flowing kerchief. His coat, of brown or drab colour, is long, with handsome side pockets, well and deeply flapped. His head is clothed in a wig, a peruke,—and the wig is surmounted with a three-cornered and handsome cocked hat, similar to the famous relic which lies before the president of the Society of Antiquaries when he, in due state, assumes his presidential chair.

Such is the appearance of our traveller, with, as far as we can observe, these additional signs of distinctive personality: that his figure is light and rather tall; his height rather above the middle size; his step still elastic. We infer from side references made by himself that he leads a contemplative but not ascetic life, in communion with natural objects and phenomena. We have heard that his contemporary, Dr. Mortimer, secretary of the Royal Society, bears witness to his intense enthusiasm; while another contemporary, the

well-known Dr. Desaguliers,—who speaks, however, somewhat bitterly, and must therefore be accepted, as a witness, *cum grano*,—is fond of describing his personal sharpness, his keenness of character, and his easy resentment of interference on the part of anybody who presumes to trench upon his sacred grounds of science.

I do not believe that this historical personage carries much money in his capacious pockets, and I feel all but certain that he has no such luxury as a card-case or a card on him. I may be allowed, therefore, to introduce him as Mr. Stephen Gray, according to legal phraseology "a poor brother of the Charterhouse," London; and at this moment, it being the usual holiday time for the "poor brethren," on his way from London towards Faversham, in Kent, making first to the country seat of John Godfrey, Esq., of Norton Court, and afterwards, all being well, to the beautiful country seat of Granville Wheler, Esq., F.R.S., Otterden Place.

As we get on our journey, marching every inch of it on foot along the lovely country reaches, we find our friend very willing to talk; and we also find out quickly that, like all enthusiasts and inventors, he is fond of telling all about his own work and life. He is in his native county so soon as we get into Kent, and we discover that he is a native of Canterbury, one of the old family of the Grays of Canterbury, a family that has long been there, and has filled important civic duties, sending one, at least, of its members into the mayor's chair. Entering into details of family history, he relates that Alderman Thomas Gray, of Canterbury, then living, is his younger brother; that the family in former times were well-to-do, having property at Longport, but that disputes having arisen among them about the said property, the estates have got into Chancery, and the family into the usual incidental straits, during which the best things they have to depend on are faith, hope, and charity. He communicates that at Reculvers he has some relatives named Thunder; refers to his maternal descent from the Wolfs, and speaks of a boy namesake or relative going or gone to Eton, who is touched with poetic fire, Thomas Gray.

We, his fellow-travellers, having much love for all scientific work, and being anxious to hear our companion explain in his own simple method what he has done, and what the work is that he thinks so much of, ask him to tell us all about it. There is no difficulty in the way, except the gift of patience to hear all about it; for Stephen Gray, although an enthusiast and not a man to be trampled on, is far away enough from coxcombry in science. He has learned "to question Nature with the simplicity of a child, and to look earnestly in her face for the reply," and is ever ready to be her interpreter.

With her usual perception as to human character and intention, with her usual benignity and discretion, Nature, on her part, has replied to him, "poor brother of the Charterhouse" though he be; has told him something she never told before to anybody, and has made him the interpreter to the world to come of such lights that he, Stephen Gray, may be swallowed up in them, unless some intrepid adventurer on the roads of history shall dare some day to dash through them and bring him forth to view.

What strikes us most about him, as distinguishing him from other men of science, is that to him scientific research is a pastime and a delight. He does not assume to himself the airs and attributes of a god, and at the same time assume to deny the existence of any God. He does not shut himself up in his own greatness, nor sneer at the greatness of others; he wishes for no better pursuit than that he is following, and is not ashamed to be a poor brother of the Charterhouse at the same time.

We are able to guess from the narrative he gives of himself that the age of Mr. Gray at this time is between sixty and seventy years. In 1692 he was, he tells us, a man well established in Canterbury, but whether following any particular calling he does not state. He had then an observatory or room for observation of natural phenomena, and was able to take an observation of a perihelion, or mock sun, which was seen at Canterbury on the 6th of February of that year at three in the afternoon. He used a theodolite for his observation on this occasion, and from his garden, into which he moved the instrument, he determined that the mock sun was 33° to the west of the real sun. The facts were afterwards sent to the "Transactions of the Royal Society," to which society he is a regular contributor, though not connected with it yet as a Fellow. One day he hopes that honour may come to him—an ambitious hope which he sincerely cherishes.

We gather from him that about the same time in his career, 1692, while he was still at Canterbury, he turned his attention to the then altogether new department of science, microscopy. He was amongst the first who began to look at that world which is unseen to common and unaided vision. He explains to us how he constructed small glass lenses. He put bits of glass on heated charcoal, and with a blast pipe and a candle he blew a small bead of glass which he fixed in a card, and which made him an excellent little magnifier which could be carried in the pocket and which proved of daily interest and utility. He has one to show us, and as we go along he demonstrates its use. Still more diverting than this is his account of his manufacture of

what he calls a "water lens," which he invented, together with the small glass lenses, some time before 1696. He made a hole in a piece of brass, a very small hole, and he let a drop of water fall into that hole. While the globule of water was thus suspended it became a magnifier. By this lens he declares he could see animalcules in the water itself, the water that formed the lens. The animalcules were of two kinds, globular and elliptical. He had found them in rain water and in dew, and he is of opinion that the air is full of them. They have, he says, the same specific gravity as the water itself.

He has another original experiment to describe which he discovered, and which he shows with much relish, as we sit down in a shady place to eat our mid-day meal. Let us take, says he, a bit of card and a needle. Through this card he makes a hole with the needle. He holds the card to the light at a little distance from the eye, and carries it gently back until the hole looks like a small disc about a quarter of an inch in diameter, or a little less. Now, while his eye is fixed on the hole in the card, he brings the needle between the eye and hole, shifting the position of the needle in respect to distance until the needle is quite visible. He notices under these circumstances that the point of the needle is inverted, from which he infers that the small hole, or something in it, performs the effect of a concave speculum. The experiment, as an experimental fact, answers perfectly when we try it a little later on. We find also that our comrade has had a hand in another new instrument, called the barometer. In May, 1698, being still at Canterbury, he invented a microscope, so he tells us, with a micrometer, which could be brought to bear upon the barometric column of mercury and to define by a hair-line the upper line of the mercury. The variations of the mercury are read off on the column and dial, the column giving the tenth of an inch measurement, the dial the hundredth, or even the thousandth of an inch. We are referred to the twentieth volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Society" for the account and engraving of this invention.

Resuming our journey we return to the topic of false suns, and are told that our "poor brother" observed a remarkable double perihelion, on each side of the sun, between four and five o'clock on April 7, 1699. The trains extended 15° to 20° of stone-white colour, and the upper part of the halo was touched by the arch of a circle which had the colours of the iris faintly. Beneath this and the zenith was another circle vividly iridescent.

Our conversation flagging for a moment on perihelia, we drop on to the subject of the earth, and by accidental observation dwell on the

new science of geology, which men are beginning to recognise and foster. We find that our wise fellow-pilgrim is again at home here. He has been to Reculvers, and has written an account of some fossils there, and some trunks and branches of trees that have become like coal. But he soon relapses to inventions of his own, and to a description of an instrument for taking the meridian of the north star from the tail end of major-ursa. This description is followed up by a suggestion for drawing the meridian line by the pole-star, and finding the hour by the same. He proposes to use a sixteen-foot telescope, fitted up so as to measure with a horary ring. He urges that the instrument, the plan of which he published in 1701, is as simple as a clock or sun-dial, and he insists that the polar-star may be seen by daylight.

"And now," says he suddenly, "I think we may take our supper;" to which we agree most cordially.

We have by this time got on our way as far as Strood, and the remark relating to supper is suggested by the sight of one of those old English inns or hostels which are to the tired foot-traveller such snug havens and promising seats for repose. We enter the porch, already clothed in green leaf, and sit down while our supper is prepared. We find the inn is called the "Prince of Wales," upon which our "poor brother" informs us that he was indebted to that prince for his admission to the Charterhouse; but being grateful, he does not tell us, as he might, to how worthless a patron he is indebted for practically nothing. As we rest in the porch waiting for the preparation of our simple fare, we resume our listening to Mr. Gray, while he relates what is to us very surprising. Opposite to where we are sitting is a grand western landscape, rich as Kent can supply. There is with the landscape a glorious skyscape, clouds forming the most wondrous abodes for gods and men; while gilding all the scene is the setting sun, red and round, and so subdued in light that the eye can rest on it. We speak of the sun, and thereupon Gray tells us of the spots which he has seen on that fair surface. He explains that on June the 15th, 1703, between four and five in the afternoon, he discovered a spot in the following manner: In his observations at Canterbury he placed a sheet of white paper so far behind a six-foot telescope as to give an image of the sun of nine inches diameter, and detected a spot in the lower right hand quadrant of the sun's disk; it was almost round, and its diameter was ten or twelve seconds. A little before sunset he saw it again with a sixteen-foot glass, and it seemed to be surrounded by a mist. He saw the spot once more on the 16th and 18th of the same month, and later

in the month he saw more spots. He had predicted in a paper on this observation, published by the Royal Society, that the spot would return in regular order on July the 2nd, "as the sun revolves on its axis in twenty-seven days."

And then he entertains us with one more story about the sun. He took part on May the 12th, 1706, in observing the great eclipse. Flamstead, the Astronomer Royal, at Greenwich; Captain Stannyan, at Berne; Mr. Shairp, at Bradford; and he, Stephen Gray, at Canterbury,—had been all engaged in recording the facts of the great phenomenon. He, for his work, placed a screen behind a seven-foot glass, so that the surface of the sun projected upon it was over seven inches diameter. The weather at the commencement of the eclipse was bad, but he observed the latter part with a sixteen-foot glass. By a pendulum clock he determined that the eclipse terminated at 10 hrs. 36 minutes 30 seconds.

And now to our repast, a good, serviceable, simple old English supper, the further merits of which need not be recorded. Our host recognises Master Gray, and has done his best to please him. They are both Canterbury men, and when Mr. Gray knew better times there he and all his family were much respected. The two talk of those old times and of old friends and acquaintances, and Squire Godfrey's place is discussed by them, as well as the Squire, who was hunting hard by in the winter. And Mr. Wheler is discussed, with the best route from Norton Manor to Otterden Place. And the last highway robbery is discussed, with the new-fangled project for regular coaches, that will run ten miles an hour and carry the king's mails as well as passengers.

It was all but time for bed, and the rushlights were actually brought in, and the dogs were tied up, and the fowl-house was locked, and the blunderbuss was duly looked to, and the bells were put on the doors and windows, and our own feet were about to traverse the stair, when the "poor brother" was suddenly in a quandary respecting a long basket which, with the most fatherly care, he had carried all the day. The basket was not at hand, and his alarm and irritation were up in a moment. Our host was called downstairs, and well-nigh from his bed. The basket! the basket!—why, Master Gray makes as much foose about his basket as if it were a cradle with a baby in it. The basket is safe enough. It has been put in the saddle-room to be safe. Here it is, safe enough.

To Mr. Gray a cradle with a baby in it were a small affair compared with that basket. He, we guess, was never married, and knew nothing of the preciousness of babies, living or dead. But that basket!—

shall see these strange paper soldiers before starting for school in the morning. And now comes up, in grand demonstration, the *magnum opus*, the wonderful glass tube three feet five long and two inches nearly in its diameter. With the tube, moreover, comes the history of his, Stephen Gray's, discoveries, original and singular, in electricity.

He informs us that having in the year 1719 entered the Charterhouse, and finding time heavy on his hands, he began his experiments of exciting glass and other substances electrically. He says he soon made a new discovery, which he cleverly illustrates. He ties a down feather to the end of a thread, and then ties the thread, by its other end, to a stick, making the feather whip which we have seen. He takes his large glass tube, and, delicately dusting it and rubbing it dry with a clean silk handkerchief kept for the purpose in those capacious coat pockets, he holds it over the embers till it is very warm. Then with one of the rubbers he has brought he rubs the tube briskly through the rubber held in his right hand, listening meanwhile for certain faint little crackling sounds which he expects to hear from the glass. The rubbing completed, he takes up the stick with the feather attached to the thread, and letting the feather fall a little space from the stick, and holding the stick upright in his left hand, he takes his glass tube with his right hand and makes it approach the feather. The feather thereupon springs out to meet the tube and clings to it. Now he gently draws the tube away from the feather, and behold the feather flies to the stick and clings to it; and when it is shaken from the stick and the glass tube is once more brought near it, instead of the tube attracting, it repels the feather, driving it away until it is touched by a finger, when it is attracted once more to the tube.

He asks our hostess, who continues busy watching and snuffing the candles, to put the candles out. With some terror, she obeys. Then in the dark he rubs the dry paper, and shows from it bright little sparks, which come with crackling noises. When the candles are lighted again he rubs the paper flat on the table many times with his hand, and taking it to the wall leaves it sticking there.

With actual glee, which it does one good to behold, our "poor brother" proceeds next to show us his latest wonders—wonders that have excited the admiration of the Fellows of the Royal Society itself, and other magnates who have met recently in its rooms. With the utmost simplicity of statement, he advises us that as his excited glass tube communicated light to bodies in the dark, it might, he thought, also communicate electricity to other bodies. One day when he was using his tube, corked at both ends, that dust might not get into it,

he noticed the singular fact that if, after exciting the tube, he brought one end of it near to a feather or to a piece of gold leaf, the feather or the gold leaf, as the case might be, would fly to the cork and stick to it. No amount of rubbing, however, would make the cork attract when it was removed from the glass tube. It seemed clear, therefore, that the tube communicated electrical properties to other substances, and to substances that could not be themselves rendered electrical by friction. He illustrated this experiment at once by exciting his tube, and making the cork at the end of it attract and hold a feather by attraction. Proceeding further in the narration of his discoveries, and making experimental proof as he went on, he showed us that what commenced, so to speak, in the cork, could be extended almost to an indefinite length. He called this, in simple language, the conduction of electrical power. To illustrate it he took a rod of cedar-wood like a pencil four inches long, and sticking one end into a hole in the cork, which was still in the tube, he put a little ivory or cork ball on to the other end of the rod. He excited the tube, he presented the ball at the tip of the cedar rod to a feather, and the feather straightway flew to it and held to it. He removed the rod of cedar-wood from the cork, and in place of it inserted one joint of his fishing-rod—the last and thinnest joint, with the ball at the end of it—into the cork. He excited his glass tube, brought the ball at the end of the fishing-rod joint near to a feather, and the feather flew to the ball; he extended the length of the fishing-rod by inserting another length or joint, and repeating the excitation: the result was the same; he extended it again by putting in a third joint: the result was the same; he made one more extension by putting in the fourth joint of the rod: the result was the same.

At this stage of his lecture our wonderful fisherman had a rod fifteen feet long. He had to move back to the farthest end of the room to get space for his work. He filled a little wooden plate or bowl with fine down feathers. He asked our host to take that bowl to the end of the room farthest away. Quickly and energetically exciting the flint-glass tube, he brought the ball at the other end of the rod over our host's bowl of feathers, and not one feather in the bowl, but a cloud of them, flew to the ivory ball, adhering to it in feathery lines, and hanging to each other.

A really wonderful fisherman!

So with one voice we all exclaim.

Not done yet! No; there was one more wonder, the most wonderful of all, to be made manifest by one more experiment. The ball of packthread was neatly untied, and three or four yards

of it unwound. At one end of the thread an ivory ball was fixed by a knot being made on the thread, and the thread passed through a hole which pierces the ball. The other end of the thread was fixed by a slip-knot to the end of the glass tube. Then the thread was gently and neatly made to wind round the tube until the ball swung from it about a foot. The tube once more excited, the ball was held over the feathers, and to it the feathers flew. The tube was raised, more thread let out, and still the ball attracted, until at last the feather bowl must be placed on the floor, and the operator must stand on the table to allow for the increasing length of thread. It mattered not how long was the cord, the result was the same; and he tells us, and we believe him, that from the balcony of the Charterhouse doorway to the pavement below, this same packthread, used in this same manner, has acted as a *conductor* of the electrical power. He projects, when he returns to town, the experiment of letting his ivory ball descend from the tube, from the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral to the floor below, and he has no doubt that even to so great a distance the conduction will extend.

The demonstration on this 1st day of May in 1729 is at last over. The old clock has long since struck eleven, and Mr. Gray has finished. Good landlady still snuffing the candles, and looking on, would desire with deft matronly hands to help Master Gray to put away his things into the basket. She must touch none of them. She may hold the light, and snuff the candle when the light grows dim, but no hand save its owner's must touch that precious basket of treasures. We, Quisquam and I, wait for the conclusion of the ceremony, and with many thanks bid Mr. Gray good-night, as, basket in hand, he is shown by the landlady to his room. "Strange man!" we say to the landlord, as we, too, prepare to depart.

"Always was, gentlemen! Was when he lived in Canterbury, afore he got into law and lost his fortune. Good-night, gentlemen!" And, pointing with his fore-finger once more to his own ball of a head, as he did to the ball of ivory, evidently with a second impression of the existence of the loose tile which he could find if he liked, he shows us our way.

We hear our fellow-traveller breathe as we sink with him into rest. And we dream of what we have witnessed, dreams the wildest! all from the treasures of that enchanted basket. Dreams of a great fair in some beautiful city, at which those treasures are shown in every sort of strange fantastic and gigantic shape! Dreams of Stephen Gray gliding to the sea-shore, and extending his rod and line until it reaches the other side of the channel, and picks

and gold leaf there! Dreams so mad and maddening they wake us up in a start, and, with a thought of what fools we are, put us to sleep again.

Chapter II.

ELECTRIC LINES.

Our imaginary journey with the founder of electrical science, for in that immortal position I may safely place Stephen Gray, must cease at Strood. He is on his way with the early morning to Norton Court to visit there his friends the Godfreys, and we, who have no introduction to that friendly sanctuary, must let him go alone. We have no cause to regret this interruption, for we have the facts of his further important experiments from his own hand, as he has left and published them, almost as intimately as if we had been by his side all the time.

He arrived safely at Norton Court, where he remained until May the 30th. While there he exhibited and extended his experiments on conduction with the rod, packthread, and ball. On May the 13th he used a rod with a cork ball at its end, and at a distance of twenty-four feet from the excited tube, into which the opposite end of the rod was inserted, the ball attracted. On May the 16th he performed the experiment again with a rod of thirty-two feet, and with like success. On May the 19th at 6 A.M. he repeated the experiment with the packthread, rod, and ball, letting the ball fall from a balcony twenty-six feet high. Once again, and once more on May the 21st, with a line of thirty-four feet, success followed, but failed with a line placed horizontally. On Monday the 30th he went to Otterden Place, the seat of Granville Wheler, Esq., F.R.S.; afterwards,—for he took orders in the Church,—the Rev. Granville Wheler. Wheler himself was a man of great scientific attainment, and this new electrical business had such a charm for him that he became looked upon in a short time, by his neighbours, as a charmed man. At Otterden there was every facility for experiment as well as pleasure. The fine old mansion, which still stands as it stood then, had before it ample spaces of terrace, lawn, and turret. By its side was a large barn, also still standing as it did then, into which barn Wheler bade Gray enter if he liked, and experiment as he liked. Gray began promptly, and repeated all his old experiments to Mr. Wheler's satisfaction.

At Mr. Wheler's instance Gray once more made an attempt to lay down a conducting line of thread horizontally. Into a beam several feet from the ground he, Gray, knocked a nail, and from that nail he

brought down a line of packthread to within a foot or two from the ground. In the end of this descending line he made a loop. Passing his horizontal line at the ball end through this loop so that the ball might fall over feathers or gold-leaf, he carried the line a number of feet horizontally, and, affixing it to the famous flint-glass tube, excited the tube. He expected, naturally enough, that at once the ball would attract. No such thing! rub as he would, there was no response.

At this juncture in the history of experiment one of the most extraordinary of accidental suggestions, leading to one of the most important discoveries in science, occurred.

Mr. Gray, intensely perplexed by the results of the horizontal plan of laying his line, came to the conclusion, correctly enough, that the current of electricity, as he conceived it, was diverted, in its course to the ball at the end of the line, by the cord which formed the supporting loops, and which went up to the beam above. He made an observation of this kind to Mr. Wheler, who thereupon proposed that he should use some supporting material that was finer and thinner. He thought that *silk* would answer better.

Why not try silk?

This was the suggestion, childishly simple in that infancy of the electrical art, momentous in the fact and in the practice that it brought forth.

The "poor brother" took the advice. He made a line of silk the support for his conducting line, and lo! the horizontal difficulty was instantly solved. So soon as the glass tube at the end of the conducting line was excited, the ball at the other end of the line actively attracted.

The silk support was a success. Mr. Gray, assisted by Mr. Wheler, varied the experiment. The two placed lines of silk like bridges across the room where they worked, from side to side. Over these bridges they threw their packthread line, the ball hanging nine feet below the cross lines. They extended the conducting line, thus supported on silken threads, a distance of eighty feet and a half; they excited the glass tube, and the ball attracted. They doubled the line and more than doubled it, getting a length of one hundred and forty-seven feet, and still the ball attracted when the tube was excited.

On July the 3rd, in the barn of which I have spoken, Mr. Gray laid down on silk a conducting line of two hundred and ninety-three feet by carrying it backwards and forwards the length of the building. An attempt was then made to extend the conduction further, but the delicate silk supports broke, and the attempt failed.

Up to this time the fineness of the silk was supposed to be the cause of the success of the experiment that had turned out so well. The check received from the breaking of the silk, at first annoying, led in the end to the discovery of all the truth, and connected in the most striking way what was, in point of fact, an egregious though a natural error.

To meet the difficulty with the silk, Mr. Gray substituted sustaining cross lines or bridges of very fine iron wire. The experiment, so successful when silk was the support, failed. He replaced the iron wire by wire of fine brass. The experiment, so successful when silk was the support, failed. Why should silk succeed and nothing else? Think well over that difficulty, Stephen Gray. There must be a reason for it, and the reason must be a simple one.

A flash of intellectual light, a flash of genius of highest tension, crossing the mind of the richly poor Carthusian, made all as clear as the sun in a cloudless noon.

He, Stephen Gray, had rubbed various substances to see if they would attract after rubbing. Some things would, and these he had noted as electrics. Others would not; those he had noted as non-electrics; they would not hold the electric fluid or flame; they let it escape from them and get away. Silk was an electric. Wire and string were non-electrics. *Ergo*, bridges of silk let the current along the conducting line pass over them, while bridges of string or wire conducted it away elsewhere. *Ergo*, glass, like silk, should answer for a support; wax should; resin should. Whatever could be was an electric.

And so it proved to be.

The gain of the discovery was a basic principle, without the knowledge of which there could never have been any practical advance in electrical science. The gain was the discovery of *insulation*.

I have sometimes thought that the most magnificent moment of triumph ever vouchsafed to mortal man was that when Columbus, watching, waiting, hoping, all but despairing, saw at night from the poop of his little Caravel the movement of a light on the island of the west, on which he was to land next morning and plant the standard of his matchless fame on a new world. The triumph of Carthusian Gray was but second even to that of Columbus. It lacked, indeed, the wild romance, the dash of dangers braved, the exhibition of courage all but divine. And yet in fruitfulness of benefit to future *man, in grasp* of perceptive intellect, it was little *inferior. It, too, opened* a new world.

On July the 14th of this same year 1729, at Otterden, in front of the fine old mansion, a startling event followed upon what had already been done. The workmen on Mr. Wheler's estate were directed to bring some few dozen of hop-poles to the ground or lawn in front of the mansion. They were to insert these poles in pairs, a few inches apart, at distances of several feet, in a line from one of the windows of the mansion. The line was to extend the length of six hundred and fifty feet. When the poles were in their place each pair was bridged across at the top by a bridge of silk. The arrangement so far complete, a line of packthread was laid along the whole length of the silken bridges, from that bridge farthest from the mansion up to the mansion. Across an open upper window of the mansion another bridge of silk was stretched, and over this bridge one end of the packthread, with ball attached to it, was swung, so that the ball descended near to the sill of the window. The other end of the packthread falling down from the last bridge was affixed to the famous flint-glass tube. At the upper window, with plate holding gold-leaf beneath the ball, was stationed Granville Wheler. At the opposite end of the thread, with that end attached to his tube, stood Stephen Gray. The glass rod was excited by him, and the ball in the window declared the fact. It drew the gold to itself; and until the dew stopped them, the experimenters continued to demonstrate their success.

The first electric line.

Chapter III.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

In continuance of their work, Mr. Gray and Mr. Wheler repeated their experiment with the long line, using the "turret" window as their station, and extending the conductor a distance of seven hundred and sixty-five feet. And now with the feats of conduction and insulation revealed to them, he and the "poor brother" did an immense number of strange tricks, which must have astonished the household at Otterden Place amazingly. They suspended by packthread to the magical glass tube a map of the world, an umbrella, a table-cloth, a loadstone, and made all these articles attract light substances like gold-leaf and feathers of down. They brought out strings from the tube in radiating form, and discovered that the current could be carried in three directions at the same time. They began with things of life. They suspended a young fowl by packthread

tube, and found that when the tube was excited the young fowl attracted.

First experiments in relation to animal electricity.

On August the 5th of this same year, 1729, Mr. Gray made another basic advance by a most simply devised experiment. He had returned by this time to Norton Court, and Mr. Godfrey had the honour of giving him the place for the work of this new discovery.

Two hair-lines, with corks at the ends, were put up parallel to each other, and united by packthread. The excited glass rod was then brought near to the lines, and it was seen that the corks at the ends of the lines attracted, although the tube did not actually touch the lines. Then a pole was suspended by hair-lines with a cork ball suspended from it. The excited rod was brought near to the pole without touching it, and the cork ball was seen to attract.

First observation of the phenomena of induction, or charging by induction, in electrical science and art.

In addition, we have him trying whether solid and hollow cubes of oak will attract equally, and get from his inquiry an affirmative answer.

Soon after these important events Mr. Gray returned to his Carthusian retirement, where he carried on many more curious researches. On September the 29th, he tried, by electrifying a hoop, whether electricity would move in a circle, and learned that it would so move whether the hoop were placed upright or were placed horizontally. In 1730 he electrified a soap-bubble, and made it attract. In April of the same year he suspended a boy, who in his clothes weighed forty-seven pounds, on hair-lines, and then, turning the excited glass tube to the feet of the boy, observed that leaf-brass and other similar light substances were attracted to his face. In July of this year he was again at Otterden Place, and, repeating the long-line experiment, sent a message eight hundred and eighty-six feet.

In this year, 1731, Stephen Gray was honoured by the Royal Society. That august body, "for his new electrical experiments, and as an encouragement to him for the readiness he has always shown in obliging the society with his discoveries and improvements in this part of natural knowledge," awarded to him the Copley Medal.

On November the 25th of the same year there was a perfect fête at the rooms of the society. The Duke of Lorraine, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, came down to be admitted as a Fellow. A newly-invented fire-engine that had been used at York was exhibited; and Dr. *Frobenius* lectured on phlogiston and on the *transmutation of phosphorus*, the cost of the phosphorus used amount-

ing to the sum of ten guineas. After the lecture, the Fellows retired to the library, where friend Stephen, the Carthusian, performed more electrical experiments, showing how easily electricity travels along conductors. The experiments, notwithstanding the largeness of the company, succeeded well.

In 1732 still further honours waited on Mr. Gray from the Royal Society. In that year he was elected a Fellow, and could add the much-prized F.R.S. to his name. The honour was no check to his work, for in this year he invented an insulating stand; electrified water so that it attracted and repelled; put water in small cups, and caused the water to rise; fixed, as he thought, electricity in sulphur cast in glass cups and kept under them, thereby instituting the first attempt to store up electrical force; tried the effect of electricity in the vacuum by placing leaf-brass or gold-leaf under an excited ball in a vacuum made by an air pump, and observed that the excited ball attracted in the vacuum; suspended a thread in an exhausted receiver, and found that an excited rod, brought to the outer surface of the receiver, would draw the thread to its side; made gold-leaf laid under a hand-bell, that was rendered adhesive on its inner surface, fly to different parts of the bell under the direction of the rod on the outside; made a boy stand on an insulator of resin, and demonstrated that the hand of the boy would attract gold-leaf when the excited tube was brought near to him; demonstrated that the current would pass through two boys; showed that one rod or line made electrical will communicate its virtue to another rod or line at a distance, and that the second rod or line will then attract; placed a hoop on an insulated pedestal, inserted a rod or line through the centre, and illustrated that, the rod or line being electrified, the hoop attracted.

For such experiments, made in 1732, another Copley Medal was awarded to the untiring experimenter.

From 1732 to 1735 our philosopher seems to have rested somewhat from his labours. He must now have been approaching, if he had not passed, his threescore and ten years of life—an old life, indeed, in those days, when shortness of life and "happiness" were thought to be the perfect states. But in 1735 he is before us once more with a bushel of good things and one great thing. He tried the effect of colour of silk in relation to electrical action; he discovered that the electrical current would pass through a chain of persons when they were insulated; *and* he suspended metals upon silken cords, and from electrified bodies made currents pass through metals in conductors.

The first electric wires.

The great work of 1735 was, however, a thunder-and-lightning storm *in petto* which Gray produced, and with true prophetic genius foresaw the meaning of. He took a four-foot iron rod and gave to it a pointed end. He insulated the iron rod on glass, and turning near it in the dark his excited glass tube, he witnessed sparks of flame and light issuing from the point of the rod. He brought an iron ball to the point of the rod, and charged it there. He brought a plate of brass four feet square to the point of the rod, and charged it there. He made a similar series of researches with water in lieu of iron and brass. He listened to the noise that occurred when the charges were made ; and faint as the vibration was, his eye and ear caught the true reading of the phenomena. What he saw was lightning, what he heard was thunder, and he described what he saw and what he heard with all the divine simplicity of true genius. "Although," he remarks, "these effects are at present *in minimis*, it is probable that in time there may be found a way to collect a greater portion of it, and thus to increase the force of this electric fire, which by several of these experiments—*si licet magnis componere parva*—seems to be of the same nature as lightning and thunder."

The first electric light.

Chapter IV.

TOWARDS OTHER WORLDS.

We became acquainted, in this brief history, with our Carthusian of Carthusians on his way into Kent on the 1st day of May, 1729. We parted with him on the morning of the 2nd of May at Strood, starting full of hope farther on his journey. Let us once more look at him, good friend Quisquam, on the eve of yet another and a longer journey. With us, this time, shall go Dr. C. Mortimer, secretary of the Royal Society, at the wish of him who is about to travel. The day is February the 14th, 1736.

The traveller is in London now, in the four walls of a sick room, —knowing his destination; ay! and perchance hoping that one day some loving hand may trace his name and worth with faithful respect and honest heart.

Let us be very silent, and listen, while the old Carthusian dictates, and Mr. Secretary Mortimer writes down, his words.

"Take," he dictated, "a small iron globe of an inch or an inch and a half in diameter, which set in the middle of a cake of resin of *about seven or eight inches* in diameter, having first excited the

cake by gently rubbing it, clapping it three or four times with your hands, or warming it a little before the fire; then fasten a light body, as a small piece of cork, or pith of elder, to an exceeding fine thread, five or six inches long, which hold between your finger and thumb, exactly over the globe at such a height that the cork, or other light body, may hang down about the middle of the globe; this light body will of itself begin to move round the iron globe, and that constantly from west to east, being the same direction which the planets have in their orbits round the sun. If the cake of resin be circular, and the iron globe placed exactly in the centre of it, then the light body will describe an orbit round the iron globe which will be a circle; but if the iron globe be placed at any distance from the centre of the circular cake, then the light body will describe an (elliptical) orbit, which will have the same eccentricity as the distance of the globe from the centre of the cake.

"If the cake of resin be of an elliptic form, and the iron globe be placed in the centre of it, the light body will describe an elliptical orbit of the same eccentricity as the form of the cake.

"If the iron globe be placed in or near one of the focusses of the elliptic cake, the light body will move much swifter in the apogee part of the orbit than in the perigee part, contrary to what is observed of the planets.

"Take," he continued, "the same or such another iron globe, and, having fastened it on an iron pedestal about one inch high, set it on a table, then set round it a glass hoop or portion of a hollow glass cylinder of seven or eight inches diameter, and two or three inches high: this hoop must be first excited by warming and gently rubbing it; then hold the light body suspended as in the first experiment, and it will of itself move round the iron globe from west to east in a circular orbit if the hoop be circular, and the globe stand over the centre of it; but in an elliptic orbit with the same eccentricity, if the globe does not stand in the centre of the hoop, as in the first experiment, when the globe does not stand on the centre of the cake.

"This same iron globe being set on the bare table, without either the plate of resin or glass hoop, the small light body being suspended, as in experiments one and two, will make revolutions round it, but slower and nearer to it than when it is placed on a cake of resin, or within a glass hoop."

With childish candour, he admits that he had not yet found these experiments succeed, if the thread by which the light body was suspended was supported by anything than a human hand. He had thought of these experiments only a short time before fallin ick,

and had not yet tried them with a variety of bodies; but from what he had already seen of them, which struck him with new surprise every time he repeated them, he hoped, "if God would spare his life but a little longer, he should, from what these phenomena point out, bring his electrical experiments to the greatest perfection; and he did not doubt but in a short time to be able to astonish the world with a new sort of planetarium never before thought of, and that from these experiments might be established a certain theory for accounting for the motions of the grand planetarium of the universe."

We listen on as the learned Secretary takes down these last thoughts. We wonder if this is true experimental fact, or the delirium that precedes the long, long journey. Or can it be that the suspended thread from the hand of the philosopher did but respond, in its movement, to his own arterial throbbings, and so misled him in his final questioning of nature? Let the learned Secretary depart; it is too late now to inquire. Farewell, Stephen Gray! and if thy last dreams be of other planets and worlds, and of eternal systems revolving in order under some mightiest of mightiest power, thy dreams are equally befitting thy life that has been, and thy state that may be. For aught we ignorants can tell, thou art as near to know more, as thou art fitted and prepared to know much more, with an infinite delight. To-morrow, February the 15th, 1736, we will call to inquire thy fate.

And, when we call, we hear that the Father of electrical science, in his Carthusian chamber, is silent, save through his works, for evermore.

Chapter V.

Epitaphian.

Where Stephen Gray was buried no one knows; no burial record remains of him, no tomb, and little of his personal history. Such points relating to his career as I have given in the first chapter are collected with much care from his writings, and from the writings of the few of his contemporaries who do him reverence. For the few probable facts about his family I am indebted to one of the remaining links of that family, Mr. Callow, of Hartledown, who, through my old and dearly esteemed friend George Rigden, Esq., of Canterbury, has sent them to me.

Some day, perchance, Canterbury, proud of her greatest of sons, may erect *in some public* place of hers a fitting monument to

his and her honour. Should she do so, she may extract from the works of such a son of sons a sufficient epitaph to justify her deed.

For the life of Stephen Gray of Canterbury illustrates both principle and action. No experimentalist who ever lived has more completely shown that the progress of science, while it ever moves step by step, and is often moved on by steps accidentally made, requires for its development, for its discoveries, and for its demonstrations, the pure and simple mind and soul; the mind eager, keen, receptive; the soul calm, just, and duly prepared to take what has been received, and find its true place. A combination of mind and soul, of all combinations rarest and happiest.

And, as this man illustrates the possession of this combination in principle, so he equally well illustrates it in action. In the infancy of a great science, perhaps the most astoundingly practical of all sciences, he outlaid it all. Electrical conduction; insulation; induction; possible storage of electric force; identity of electricity, produced by artificial means, with the lightning of the heavens—electric flame. All these phenomena he grasped with more or less of certain surety.

How much depended on the existence of this man it is indeed impossible to calculate, so much seems to appear on the pages of his labour. But for him electrical science might, and for anything or chance I can trace would, have remained a curious study, giving out boxes of toys like that which charmed the great Sir Isaac, but resting there, waiting still for the light which our Carthusian, filled with such fitness and gift for the work, so ably set up and left for others to light at, till all is light.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

LGRIMAGE TO THE SUMMIT OF FUJIYAMA.

AMA! The Peerless Mountain. Fuji-San! Fuji, the
t honourable—the outline of which must be familiar to all
given the most casual attention to Japanese art in any of
applications, and dear to the traveller as the first and
of beauty that enchants him as he approaches the Land
ng Sun, or watches its receding shores. While still too far
iscern any land of ordinary height, this lovely mountain
wering above the clouds, sometimes bathed in golden
times pale celestial blue, or else relieved in purply grey
lear primrose sky; its colour varying with every change of
:, never lovelier than when the early sunlight sheds a rosy
he newly-fallen autumn snow which clothes that peerless
azzling white, while the grand unbroken curves of the
preading base sweep downward in purple gloom. Beautiful
low ranges of mountains around, they are so utterly
y the gigantic volcano, that they serve but to add to its
eight. Thus, queenly alike in her beauty and in her
ises this majestic mountain—the Holy Mount of Japan—
which, from time immemorial, thousands of eager pilgrims
ed year after year.

een the fair vision while yet distant a hundred miles from
nd from many nearer points both on sea and land; I had
ts snowy crown when, in the autumn of 1878, I first visited
nd yet the hope of ever being myself numbered among its
ad never presented itself as a possibility. This summer,
on my return from six months' wandering in China, the
ggest itself, but only to be repudiated, so serious were the
which stay-at-home friends declared to lie in the path.
ss, the thought, once admitted, returned with fresh force
that a break in the envious clouds afforded us a momentary
the mysterious *mighty giant*.

I had the good fortune to find a lady as anxious as myself

to make the ascent; and a gentleman who had already accomplished it four times, but always in unpropitious weather, volunteered to try his luck once more, and be our escort. So, being duly provided with passports, which ordered us to abstain from scribbling our names on temples, attending fires on horseback, and various other crimes, and empowered us to travel in certain districts for thirty days, we started from Yokohama at sunrise on August 7, not, however, beginning our journey in true pilgrim style, inasmuch as we had engaged a very good three-horse wagonnette to take us as far as Oodiwara, a distance of about forty miles; a very pretty drive through cultivated lands and picturesque villages, beneath cryptomerias and pine avenues, along beautiful sea coast, and past orchards and temples. Amongst the infinite variety of crops, our attention was from time to time arrested by whole fields of lovely tall white lilies, the roots of which are used as food. Or else we passed ponds or flooded fields devoted to the sacred lotus, whose magnificent rose- or lemon-coloured blossoms peeped up from among the large blue-green leaves, which rise to a height of three or four feet above the level of the water—certainly the most lovely of all edible plants.

Heaps of luscious green water-melons, with pink flesh, were offered for sale, in slices ready cut, to tempt the thirsty pilgrims, of whom multitudes thronged the road, on their way to or from the Holy Mount, nearly all dressed in white, with straw hats like huge mushrooms, straw sandals, a wallet, a gourd to act as water-bottle, cloaks of grass matting, sole protection against the rain, and a stout staff to support their flagging steps on many a weary march. They come from all parts of the Empire, visiting and making offerings at all the most sacred shrines along their path. One at least, sometimes several, in each company carries a small brass bell, which he rings continually, and the majority carry rosaries, which they prize exceedingly. Some of these are really valuable heirlooms, the large beads being either of crystal or agate. The rosaries of different sects vary somewhat, but those I have most frequently examined consist of 108 beads, which represent 108 holy persons, while four beads of another colour represent four distinguished saints, and ten small beads, hanging separately, represent ten holy precepts, and two very large beads typify the sun and moon, or dual principle. In praying, the beads are not counted, but rubbed together, and the chain is turned over to make a cross, and kissed; these two actions representing two Chinese characters, which signify success—which is likewise represented by the knots on the silken chain.

Every tea-house along the road was gay with a

quaint calico flags of all colours, having mysterious-looking symbols inscribed on them. Of these, dozens fluttered from a bamboo erected in front of the house, or from a long rope suspended under the eaves. These are the visiting-cards left by previous pilgrims, and now hung up as testimonials to attract others. Another pretty custom added colour to the scene. This being the seventh month of the Japanese year, a sort of school examination was going on everywhere, and in front of every second or third house was planted a graceful branch of bamboo, from each twig of which fluttered little strips of bright-coloured paper, whereon the children of the house had written some little sentence or poem as a test of their progress.

When we returned by the same road a fortnight later, another festival had its turn. The children's trees had vanished, but in every house feasts for the dead were spread before the domestic shrine; coloured lanterns and straw ropes, from which fluttered sacred symbols of white paper, were suspended in the streets. The heaps of water-melons, too, had disappeared, the sale of all fruit being prohibited by law, as a precaution against the dreaded cholera, which, alàs! was spreading in every direction, its presence being marked by a house here and there enclosed by the police with bamboo fencing, to prevent ingress or egress from its infected walls. At one door we noticed an onion hung up, as a charm to keep off the dreaded malady. But the most singular and common medicines which attracted our attention, hung up in fanciful patterns outside the houses, were dried lizards, which, when reduced to powder, are supposed to be exceedingly efficacious in some simple childish maladies (as a vermifuge).

But in Japan there is always something interesting to notice, either for its beauty or its oddity. For instance, how strange to one newly arrived in the country, is the first halt at such a tea-house as that where we stopped to change horses and partake of a light native meal; the pile of wooden clogs lying on the threshold, the tired coolies squatting on the mats, enjoying what looks like the prettiest doll's feast in little china dishes with bowls of black and red lacquer, served on lacquer stands by the most winsome and polite of prettily-dressed damsels, while close by, always next the street, is the kitchen ...ere all these dainties are prepared! And probably in the open ...urtyard a large wooden tub is being heated, by means of a charcoal ...ove, for the benefit of some dusty travellers. Probably those tra...llers, well-to-do tradesmen, will proceed to divest themselves of ...l superfluous garments, and, hanging them up to air, will sit down ... the very lightest *attire, to* share the family meal with the well-

dressed ladies of the party. And all these different groups—your own included—are, as it were, in one large open room, for the paper slides which divide the house into many rooms at night have all been thrown open during the day, leaving free space.

It was about two o'clock when we reached Oodiwara, the point at which we were to leave our carriage and ponies (for in Japan all horses are mere ponies), and proceed in *jinrikishas*, literally *man-power carriages*, which are simply bath chairs, quite a recent invention, but one which has multiplied all over the land with marvellous rapidity; the men who earn their scanty pittance by doing the work of ponies having in many instances been, a few years ago, wealthy and in good position, but having lost their all in the sudden overthrow of old feudalism.

On the present occasion, owing to the steepness of the road, we had but a short run in these little carriages, and were next transferred to *kangos*, or mountain chairs, which are basket-work seats slung on a pole, which is borne by two men. Being made for the little Japanese, they are, of course, horribly uncomfortable for full-grown Europeans, for whose benefit, however, kangos of a larger size are now made, and can be had at Myanoshita, whither we were now bound. It is a pretty village in a wooded valley, noted for its shops for the sale of all manner of fancy woodwork, and much frequented in summer by foreigners, for whose benefit two large hotels are now kept in semi-European style. As we infinitely preferred a purely Japanese tea-house, we pushed on a short distance to the far prettier village of Kinga, where we found excellent quarters, though I confess that the sound of ever-rushing, brawling waters in the immediate vicinity, is to me anything but a soothing lullaby.

On the following morning, having secured kangos of extra size, three men to each, and a packhorse to carry our baggage and provisions, we started very leisurely across the plain, and up a very steep ascent to the Otomitonga Pass, a very narrow saddle, from which on the one side you look back on the Hakoni Lake and on the valley through which you have travelled, while before you lies outspread the vast level plain from which the faultlessly harmonious curves of the great mountain sweep heavenward. Probably from no other point is so magnificent a view to be obtained as from this, as we acknowledged when, on our homeward route, we contrived to reach this point soon after sunrise, and for a little while beheld the giant revealed in cloudless beauty.

On the present occasion, however, our march was one of simplest faith—not a break was there in the close grey mist, wh

around us as a pall, and veiled even the nearest trees. Vainly did we halt at the little rest-house on the summit of the Pass, and there linger over luncheon in the hope that the mist might clear a little. We had to console ourselves, as our coolies assuredly did, with the consequent coolness of the weather, and devote our attention to the beautiful wild-flowers which grew so abundantly along our path. There were real thistles and bluebells growing side by side with white, pink, and blue hydrangea, lilac and white hybiscus, masses of delicate white clematis and creeping ferns hanging in graceful drapery over many a plant of sturdier growth, and all manner of lilies, greenish and lilac, crimson, orange, and pure white. A few days earlier the splendid *lilium auratum* had been flowering in such profusion that the air was too heavy with its perfume. I fastened one magnificent spike to the front of my kango, where the white blossoms shone in relief against the brown back of my coolie, till, alas! the constant process of changing men crushed my lilies and their lovely buds.

It was already five o'clock when we reached Gotemba, a pretty town lying about half-way across the plain, but we had determined to push on to Subashiri, which is considerably nearer the base of the mountain. Heavy rain came on, and the coolies very sensibly demurred at going farther. British obstinacy, however, carried the day, and we subjected ourselves to the misery of reaching our destination in the dark, to find the only good rooms occupied, and all our clothes and other goods soaked—a serious matter in a Japanese house, where the only means of drying them is over a small *hibachi*, which is simply a small brass bowl containing a handful of charcoal. We spent a considerable portion of the night at this primitive occupation, aided by a pretty little Japanese damsel, and, as a matter of course, were not inclined for an early start next morning.

The village is a long straggling street, gay with the pilgrim flags which float from its many tea-houses, while from the grove of rich green cryptomerias which clothes the base of the mountain appear the quaint overhanging thatch roofs of a fine old Shinto gateway and temple, at which all devout pilgrims pay their vows ere commencing the ascent. Passing by a shrine, which is the stable of the sacred white wooden horse, they perform their ceremonial ablutions at the fountain, where a sacred bronze dragon ceaselessly spouts clear running water into a stone tank, from the wooden canopy of which float bright calico flags which act as towels. Then the pilgrims, who at this season press on in ceaseless streams, assemble in groups before the temple, or else kneel reverently before the sacred mirror at the altar, while the old priest, rapidly repeating some formula of

blessing or of prayer, holds up a great bronze sort of crozier, from which floats an immense *gohei*, a sort of banner of mystically cut paper hanging in very peculiar folds, which is the Shinto symbol of God, supposed to have originated in a play on the word *kami*, which expresses both God and paper. Having thus consecrated the first stage of their pilgrimage, the wayfarers will, on their descent, return here, or else by the sacred village of Yoshida, a very picturesque spot on another spur of the mountain, where the priest will imprint a stamp on their garments which shall prove them true pilgrims in the sight of all men, and the raiment thus sanctified will become a relic and heirloom for ever.

It was ten o'clock ere we were ready to start. The same grey unpromising weather continued, and our one consolation lay in the cool freshness of the air, knowing how trying would be the ascent over that great expanse of bare lava should the sun blaze with the same fierce intensity that it had been doing for some time previous. We were already at a height of 2,500 feet above the sea level, and our route from this point was a steady ascent over volcanic ash and cinders. The lower slopes of the mountain are all wooded; a good deal of larch mingles with the fir; cryptomerias and other pines, willow, maple, and chesnut all flourish, and raspberries grow abundantly.

About two and a half hours brought us to the rest-house, where by law we were obliged to leave our kangos, as no carrying nor any beast of burden is allowed on the Holy Mount. Even coolies cannot be engaged here, but those which foreigners bring with them are winked at, and ours had agreed to accompany us all the way. From this point to the summit takes from seven to eight hours' steady walking. There are eight or nine rest-houses at easy intervals, two or three of which collapsed last winter and have not been rebuilt; but at the others, which are merely wooden sheds, may be had the welcome tiny cup of pale tea, and a bowl of rice with savoury accompaniments, or a tray of sweetmeats, notably peppermint drops, and a sort of very strong crystallised peppermint, of which an infinitesimal quantity is given as a reviving dram. A drink by no means to be despised, and which we found very sustaining, is a compound of raw eggs, beaten up with sugar and hot *saki*—a kind of wine distilled from rice. In our capacity of pilgrims we tasted all that was offered us, and rather enjoyed the curious fare.

Our route for some distance lay through pleasant woods, in which we found a good deal of white rhododendron, [illegible] *hood*, and masses of large pink campanula and

Farther up we passed through thick alder scrub, and found quantities of real Alpine strawberries, on which we feasted. Finally we emerged on to the bare cone, which presented precisely the appearance of a vast cinder heap. One coolie had been told off to help each of the ladies, and mine did me good service by going ahead carrying the two ends of a hammock which (as being softer than a rope) I had passed round my waist. We pressed on in advance of the others, till, after five hours' climbing, we reached the rest-house known as No. 6, where I was welcomed by an old man, who, with infinite discretion, immediately spread a *fautong*, or wadded quilt, rolled up another as a pillow, and heaped up a big fire, the material for which must have been brought from the woods far below. In a few minutes I began shivering violently, but was all right ere the others arrived, which they did in a sharp thunder-shower. The rain soon ceased, and then for the first time the summit stood out perfectly clear, seeming so close that it was quite aggravating not to have gained it. But we were all thoroughly tired and disinclined to go farther, so we arranged to sleep here. The sunset was magnificent, and a splendid double rainbow spanned the heavens. We had brought our own provisions and two Japanese attendants, so supper was duly served, and we then made the best of rough quarters. Our landlady at Shibashiri had kindly lent us a huge roll of quilts, made up in the form of gigantic wadded dressing-gowns with sleeves, three of which made a very heavy coolie-load. In these we wrapped ourselves, and lay down in the corner farthest from the wood fire, round which our shivering coolies crouched, but the smoke of which made our eyes ache horribly. We were, however, soon routed from our lair by the heavy rain which dripped through the roof. Happily we had brought large sheets of oiled paper to protect our baggage, and these, being spread as a canopy over our heads, proved excellent protection.

At 1 A.M. we woke and found the rain had ceased, and that a bright half-moon was shining, so we quickly roused our host, and made him prepare rice for the coolies, and also some breakfast for ourselves, and at 3 A.M. we started for the last, and by far the steepest, part of the ascent. By mistake we got on to the track by which the pilgrims descend, which is quite straight instead of zigzaging, and also leads over very soft decomposed ash, in which we sank so deep at every step that it was very exhausting. We therefore struck across the cone, and scrambled over a belt of rough lava, beyond which we struck a very uncertain track, which, however, eventually led us to the beaten path, trodden by such multitudes of pilgrims, and so

thickly strewn with their straw sandals, as to give it the appearance of having had straw laid over it. As the shoes cost somewhat less than a halfpenny a pair, they can be replaced without serious extravagance, and the provident traveller is wont to carry at least one extra pair; more would be unnecessary, as they are sold at every halting-place. Many pilgrims overtook us, hastening upwards, and repeating in chorus a sort of chaunt, Rokkonshōjo, Rokkonshōjo, which is a formula expressive of the purity of flesh and spirit required in those who ascend this holy mount.

Towards the summit the path leads right through several small shrines, in which the faithful may purchase small paper *gohei*s floating from little sticks, which they plant in the lava as they ascend; and the curious, whether faithful or not, can purchase odd pictures and maps of Fujiyama, showing the various routes by which it may be ascended from all sides of the country. By dint of great exertion, and with the help of my faithful coolie, I managed to reach the summit at 5.30 A.M., just in time to see all the companies of white-robed pilgrims kneeling to adore the rising sun as his first rays gilded the mountain-top, and chaunting deep-toned litanies. It was a very striking scene, though at a little distance the groups of white figures kneeling on the dark lava were singularly suggestive of sea-birds nestling on some high rock—a resemblance which was increased by their having removed their large hats and covered their heads with a white cloth.

I had been told that many women of all ages perform this pilgrimage. So far from this being the case, among the many thousands of men whom we met going and returning I only observed two women—one very old and bent almost double; the other a merry girl, who seemed more intent on the amusement of the expedition than on the expiation of her sins. The fact is, it is only recently that the law has been annulled which forbade any woman to ascend the holy mountain, so that it really is not customary for women to go.

Having chaunted their sunrise orisons, the next care of the pilgrims is to march in procession sun-wise round the crater, a distance of about three miles. On descending the mountain, the more zealous repeat the sun-wise circuit round the base of the cone, which of course implies a very long additional walk. It is the same ceremony which I have witnessed in many a remote corner of the earth—in Himalayan forests, or round the huge *dagobas* in the heart of Ceylon—and which we still trace in many an old custom not yet wholly extinct in our own Scottish Highlands.

Being anxious to reach the western side of the crater in time to see the vast triangular shadow cast by the mountain at sunrise as at sunset, I hastened round, and had the good fortune to witness an effect precisely similar to what I had seen from the summit of Adam's Peak in Ceylon, and which I am told also occurs at Pike's Peak, Colorado—namely, a vast blue triangle, lying athwart land and sea and cloud, yet apparently resting on the atmosphere, its outlines being unbroken by any irregularity of hill or valley. It may be interesting to add that when I witnessed this phenomenon in Ceylon, the edge of the triangle was tinged with prismatic colours, giving the appearance of a triangular rainbow.

A magnificent panorama lay outstretched before us. We had gained an altitude which I have heard variously estimated at from 12,365 feet to 13,600 feet, and the world below appeared as a vast plain. On every side dreamy visions of far-away ocean, range beyond range of dwarfed mountains, wide expanses of level green dotted with towns, gleaming lakes, and filmy vapours forming veils which now and again hid some portion of the landscape from our sight; and, in strong contrast with all this delicate distant colour, the strong warm madder and chocolate tints of the lava foreground, melting away into the hazy greens of the forest below, while here and there, on some secluded spot, patches of last winter's snow still lingered, soon to be covered by a fresh fall.

All around us, on the steep slopes of the cone, were heaped up a multitude of cairns of broken lava, memorials of many a pilgrim band—another link in the chain of curious customs common to so many races. At short intervals all round the crater are tiny shrines, where the devotees halt for the observance of some religious rite of the Shinto faith. One of these crowns the highest peak, and is conspicuous from afar by its quaint wooden Torii, a curious specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, which forms the invariable gateway to every Shinto and many Buddhist temples, but which to the irreverent foreigner is rather suggestive of a gallows. Another of these structures marks the spot where, on the edge of the crater, a holy well yields pure cold water, with which the devout fill their gourd-bottles, to be reverently carried home, together with large bundles of charms, as a cure for all manner of ills. I have since noted similar cold springs in the bed of the great extinct crater of Haleakala, in the Sandwich Islands.

I mentioned that one of my companions had already made the ascent of the mountain several times. On each previous occasion the weather *had been so unpropitious* that the whole scene had been

shrouded in cold grey mist, and he could not even discern the outline of the crater which yawned at his feet. This morning the whole lay bathed in cloudless sunlight, and a clear blue sky threw out yet more vividly the wonderfully varied colours of the lava, great crags of which—red, claret, yellow, sienna, green, grey and lavender, purply and black—rose perpendicularly from out the deep shadow, which still lay untouched by the morning light, in the depths of the crater. I believe that in reality its depth does not exceed 500 feet, while its greatest length is estimated at 3,000 feet, its width 1,800. We best realised its size by noting the long lines of figures (their large straw hats giving those near us the appearance of locomotive mushrooms), which became mere pin-points when seen against the sky-line on the farther side. I can only hear of one gentleman (a foreigner, of course) who has made a descent into the crater itself.

Very peaceful and calm was the scene in that clear early morning, without a sound save the tinkling of pilgrims' bells. Yet, by the frequent earthquakes which still cause the land to tremble, we know that the fires which of old desolated this region still smoulder, and may at any moment break out again, and repeat the story of 1707, which is the date of the latest eruption. According to native traditions, this huge volcano arose suddenly upwards of 2,000 years ago, the date assigned being B.C. 285. At the same time a mighty convulsion rent the earth near Kioto, 300 miles to the southward, forming a chasm sixty miles long by eighteen broad, in which now lie the blue waters of Lake Biwa.

The internal fires find vent at many points all over these fair green isles, which are dotted with boiling springs and active volcanoes as numerous as those which mark the Malay Archipelago, Lombok, Sumbawa, Java, Sumatra, the Philippines—in short, all those isles which, with Japan, form a chain along which volcanic action extends right up to the shores of Kamskatka.

In Kiusiu alone there are five active volcanoes. Of one, near Nagasaki, called the High Mountain of Warm Springs, noted for its hot sulphur baths, the Japanese tell how, in 1793, the summit fell in, and torrents of boiling water burst forth. On one occasion it overwhelmed the city of Shima Barra, destroying 35,000 persons. We are also told of a mountain fortress in the district which suddenly subsided, and the place where the hill had stood became a lake.

There has scarcely been one century in which the national records have not had occasion to record dire catastrophes caused by earthquakes. Thus, in the year A.D. 685, 2,000 acres of land on

the coast of Tosa, in the isle Shikoku, were permanently submerged, and a multitude of people perished in various parts of the empire.

Thirty years later, so vast a landslip occurred that the Aratama River was diverted from its channel and flooded three counties. Then followed a succession of earthquakes, accompanied by terrific tidal waves, one of which washed away thousands of people. Mountains were rent asunder; vast fissures yawned, swallowing up houses and people and emitting bluish flames; castles were demolished, and in Kioto a temple fell, crushing beneath its ruins fifty priests.

In A.D. 1293 twenty thousand persons are said to have perished in one earthquake.

In 1331 the summit of Fujiyama was visibly lowered, the upper rim of the crater having fallen in (as I have recently seen crags six hundred feet in height fall in at the crater of Kilauea in the Sandwich Islands).

The latest eruption of Fujiyama was in A.D. 1707, when a mighty earthquake shook the land, and the living fires forced open a new chimney at three thousand feet below the summit, vomiting showers of ashes, which fell at distances of one hundred miles. The cone thus formed remains to this day, and is called Ho-yei-San. I confess I grudge the honorific *San* being applied to the unsightly lump which, as seen from certain points, mars the otherwise faultless sweep of the perfect outline.

The year 1854–55 was marked by appalling activity of the internal forces. The isle of Shikoku was shaken by an earthquake so terrific that the solid earth heaved in waves like an angry sea. Innumerable fissures were rent open, and from these gaping chasms mud and water were thrown up. From the mountains fell vast avalanches of earth and rock, which overwhelmed whole cities, and what escaped the landslips was destroyed by fires which very naturally broke out in the ruins. Tidal waves swept the shores and rushed up the rivers, doing appalling damage and flooding the land. A Russian frigate which was lying off the coast of Tdzu, in Shimoda, was spun round and round forty times within half an hour, and was then thrown ashore a total wreck. In one night seventy shocks were counted. In the district of Tosa all dwelling-houses were either thrown down or shaken to their foundations. The country for a space of four hundred miles presented one widespread scene of desolation. In the ensuing twelve months upwards of eight hundred distinct shocks were experienced.

In 1855 occurred an earthquake so terrific that the city of Tokio

was well-nigh destroyed. Upwards of 14,000 dwelling-houses and 2,000 strong fireproof storehouses were destroyed. Multitudes of persons were crushed in their own falling houses; others fell into clefts and chasms which suddenly opened beneath their feet and swallowed them up. Then fire spread and raged furiously, so that the city was made desolate, the dead being variously estimated at from fifty to a hundred thousand.

Even now scarcely a week passes in which a slight shock of earthquake is not felt; so there is, of course, no certainty that such scenes of horror may not at any time be repeated. Moreover, within a day's march of the Mighty Mountain lie the sulphurous boiling springs of Ojingoko (*i.e.* the Great Hell), and, at no great distance in other directions, two sets of hot springs, both bearing the name of Yumoto. And, looking down from that high pinnacle, far on the dreamy horizon I saw, or fancied I saw, a faint indication of smoke from the active volcanic isle of Vries (or Ashima), which lies just off the coast of Tdzu. Such neighbours as these make it impossible to ignore the probability that a day may come ere long when Fuji-San shall awake from his sleep of a century and a half, and may resume his crown of fire, as Vesuvius, Etna, and many another volcano, fondly assumed to be extinct, have done ere now.

Vesuvius is said to have made such good use of 150 years of rest that, at the time of the great eruption in A.D. 1306, not only were all its slopes richly cultivated, but chestnut groves and pools of water had sprung up within the crater. Here, on the extreme summit of Fujiyama, we have the water-springs, but no trace of vegetation, though a few blades of grass have struggled into life within a very short distance of the summit.

Whether fiery streams shall ever again pour down the mountain-side and burn their way through the green forests, we cannot prophesy. At present, however, all seems quiet, and the mighty giant sleeps.

Having wandered leisurely round the crater—a circuit of about three miles—I began to think of breakfast, and, returning to my companions, found them and our followers already in possession of one of a row of about a dozen small huts facing the rising sun, which form a one-sided street where the pilgrims lodge. They are tiny stone houses, partly scooped out of the cinder bank, the roof weighted with heavy blocks of lava, to resist the force of wild tempests. There is a small space artificially levelled in front of the huts, and from these float numbers of the gay pilgrim flags already mentioned. Within each hut is a small space neatly matted, and

here, having spread the soft warm quilts brought with us, I gladly lay down for an hour's rest, while my companions made the circuit of the crater. Our large sheets of oiled paper were hung across as a curtain to shield us from the glare, and to separate our corner from that where our host was cooking. Happily, in mercy to our eyes, he had substituted charcoal for wood. I may mention, by the way, that water here boils at 184° Fahr. Above my head, even in this rude hut, was the invariable domestic shrine. Here, of course, it was Shinto, and in addition to the usual sacred mirror of polished metal, was a model of Fujiyama rudely hewn in lava.

Our quarters being as comfortable as could possibly be expected, it had been our intention to spend the day and night quietly on the summit. Unfortunately, however, our brother pilgrim, who on his previous ascents had already suffered from mountain sickness, produced by the rarified air, was on this occasion so violently and continuously sick that it was evidently necessary for him to descend at once. Both our Japanese attendants likewise suffered, and asked leave to go back. They had crushed sour pink plums on their temples, which seemed to us a novel remedy, but is one much in favour in Japan. Had we but known it, nature had provided a far more efficacious remedy in the snow-drifts of the crater—bathing the temples with snow being the surest protection against sickness and headache thus produced. At first we two ladies decided on remaining by ourselves (having perfect trust in our coolies), but unfortunately, after an interval of rest, I too awoke feeling so sick, that, combining the chances of increasing illness with that of bad weather on the morrow, it was voted better that we should also return to the lower world—a decision which I now sincerely regret, being convinced that my own indisposition was simply momentary and due to over-fatigue. I am the more inclined to this belief as two parties of our friends, fired by our example, made the pilgrimage a few days later; each spent a night on the summit, coming in for grand thunderstorms, torrents of rain, and a magnificent sunrise; but no one complained of any tendency to sickness, though one stalwart Scot did awaken with a headache, which, however, he attributed to the mountain dew in which he had pledged his absent friends, and not to the mountain air.

Our coolies once more shouldered their burdens, with an alacrity which surprised us, and at 11.30 we regretfully took our last look at the magnificent scene, and, already over-wearied, commenced the descent. Already large white clouds encompassed the base of the mountain, and floating mists played about the summit, veiling the

sun and shielding us from its burning rays. Nevertheless, the descent was most exhausting, and seemed never-ending. The path lay straight down the cone, over deep soft ash and crumbly scoriæ, in which we sank over the ankles, and which kept penetrating into our boots. We felt grateful to our pilgrim predecessors, whose straw shoes strewed the earth in thousands, making it a shade better for us.

It was 4 P.M. when we reached the rest-house where we had left our kangos, and much did we enjoy some good egg *saki*, as did also our coolies, who, having made an excellent meal and transferred the luggage to a pack-horse which we were fortunate enough to secure, shouldered the kangos, in which we wearily lay, and trotted off quite cheerily, only halting to smoke beneath a fine old larch tree, from the branches of which hung innumerable pairs of old straw shoes, tied together and thrown up for luck by the happy pilgrims whose task is accomplished, and who have secured a store of merit and sanctity to last for years to come. Our coolies added their sandals, and as many more as they could find lying on the path, evidently considering it a good game. They then trotted on down-hill to Subashiri, where we arrived about 5.30. This time we found the good rooms reserved for us, and hot baths, the advantage of which the Japanese so fully understand, were all ready. These, followed by a good night's rest, partly restored us, though I confess I was stiff and aching for many days to come.

We spent the following morning in pleasant idleness at the old Shinto temple, only doing a three hours' evening march to Gotemba, whence we proposed starting long before daylight. A message was, however, brought to us that the police, who as a matter of course had demanded our passports, refused to allow us to pass till we had been inspected by the doctor, a ceremony which could not be performed till next day. This was on account of the cholera panic. Tired as we were, we concluded that the only thing to be done was to put on our boots again and march in person to the police office, where our healthy appearance, and extreme civility, so over-awed two minute policemen, that they allowed us to pass on unmolested. So at 3 A.M. the good old landlady and cook were astir, to feed us and our coolies, and at 4 we started in the dark. At one point the coolies evidently had a great joke, and, laughing heartily but very silently, they ran as hard as they could for about half a mile. We could not understand their fun at the time, but afterwards discovered that we were passing the house of the dreaded doctor, who might have detained us as he had done other people.

The sun rose while we toiled up the Otōmitonga Pass, and at every step the view became more grand, as Fujiyama stood revealed, rising in cloudless beauty from the vast intervening plain. Scarcely, however, had we feasted our eyes on the lovely vision, when the mists uprose, and in a few moments not the faintest suggestion of a mountain was to be seen, to the great grief of a large party who toiled up the hill from Hakoni lake, just too late to see it.

We descended the pass, and, crossing the valley, made for a region known as Ojingoko, 'the Great Hell,' where, in a hollow between two dark wooded hills, the steam of boiling sulphur-springs rises ceaselessly from a bare expanse of red broken ground. Before reaching this spot we arrived at the charmingly primitive tea-house of Sengoko Yu, in the heart of the beautiful forest. The water from the boiling sulphur-springs is brought down in bamboo pipes, and is here cooled in simple but effective baths. One of these having been told off for our exclusive use, screened, and placed under the guardianship of a pretty Japanese boy, who, proud of his charge, sat on watch to keep off all intruders, we were able to revel in peace, and did our best to boil away all painful memories of our climb. Then, arrayed in cool Japanese dresses, lent to us by our hostess, we were ready to enjoy a semi-native supper. On the following morning we repeated our sulphur-bath, and recommend the process to all future pilgrims.

Then, climbing the hill to make a nearer inspection of "the Great Hell," we tried various rash experiments in the way of tasting sulphur, alum, and iron springs, cooked our luncheon in one, and then, braving the choking sulphurous fumes which made us cough violently, we inspected the process by which sulphur rock is pounded to a fine powder, thrown into furnaces where it becomes a gas, and, passing through rude retorts, drips in a deep orange-coloured fluid into large vessels, where it becomes pure solid sulphur, of a pale chrome colour, after which it is made up in matted bundles and carried down the mountain on the backs of little Japanese women, that it may finally reach Yokohama, and be used in making medicinal baths.

Descending in a thick, soaking mist, we halted at the tea-house of Obango, where a group of native travellers were listening in rapt attention to a woman reciting, in an extraordinary voice down in her throat, gurgling and cackling, and occasionally blowing through a sheli, or loudly tapping with her fan. She was apparently reciting some old story, but none of our party could understand a word she said, as she was speaking in a dialect almost obsolete, which few of

themselves could follow. An hour's row down the
brought us to the village of the same name, where we
iends in pleasant summer quarters, and where the chief
very house and every walk lies in the view it commands

C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

THE LOVERS' PARADISE.

RENDERED FROM RONSARD IN THE ORIGINAL MEASURE.

TOGETHER death shall find us,
Together will we go,
Sweet, to the home assigned us
In the pale world below,
And the fields dedicate
To lovers fortunate.

Love, couching mid the flowers
Of that unending spring,
Within his mother's bowers
Shall watch us dallying—
There shall we learn how great
Bliss doth for lovers wait.

Through plains with bloom aglowing
And by green meadow-sward
Murmur the streamlets, flowing
In divers sweet accord:
One plays—with answering song
The others dance along.

The glad sky never lowers,
Nor glances less than kind;
The viper on those flowers
Leaves not its trail behind;
There too the bird alway
Sits singing on the spray.

Ever the winds are breathing
Some music passing sweet;
Ever the laurels wreathing
Some soft and cool retreat;
The happy flowers ne'er lose
The brightness of their hues.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

In the vast bowery spaces
Of that delightful land
We too shall have our places
Amid the lovers' band,
And, free from care as they,
Love, as they love, for aye.

No sweet of ancient story
That shall not willing be
To yield her seat of glory,
Lady, to thee and me—
Not though it be her eyes
Made hearts divine their prize.

EDWARD B. NICHOLSON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A New Method of Meat-preserving.

CONSIDERABLE progress has lately been made in the important art of preserving animal food, and many new methods are propounded that yet await the test of practical application. The sheep- and cattle-breeders of Australia and South America have appealed to the most eminent scientific men of Europe and the United States, with limited success. Had they consulted the wasps instead of the fellows of learned societies, a very efficient method of proceeding would have been at once revealed to them.

Sir John Lubbock has shown that certain species of these very ingenious and learned insects preserve their meat in the hottest weather, for any practically necessary length of time, by a profoundly scientific method, differing entirely from anything we have yet attempted. The solitary carnivorous wasp, like the honey-gathering animals, can only obtain fresh supplies during a part of the year, and therefore collects a store of butcher's meat for the winter months, which of course must be preserved.

As the cattle are large and have to be preserved in the contracted dwellings of the wasps, they cannot be kept alive; their struggles would upset all the domestic arrangements, and inevitably kill the tenderly nursed maggot baby-wasps. The head of the wasp family despises our mere physical science, our chemical devices of salting, tinning, borizing, freezing, &c., and resorts to anatomical and biological science to reveal a far more effective method of meat-preserving than any we practise.

He starts with the great principle that as long as the vital functions continue even in the most languid degree, no decomposition takes place, and that the demand for food diminishes as the vital activity is reduced. Having established these premises, he proceeds to their application by piercing certain ganglionic centres of the nervous system of his cattle in such a manner that the functions of sensation and voluntary motion shall be suspended without destroying those of digestion and circulation. The

ceeding is very similar to that of the celebrated experiment of Sir Charles Bell, who, by tying the root of the nerve of a limb just where it issued from the spine, deprived that limb of either sensation or power of motion, or both, without affecting its nutrition by means of the circulating blood. But the wasp does this still more effectually. One species, which feeds on the flesh of large grasshoppers, first paralyses the grasshopper by a preliminary operation equivalent to the administration of chloroform, then throws it on its back, bends the head so as to open the articulation of the neck, and seizing the membrane by which the head is joined to the thorax (or "body," as it is familiarly called), crushes the subœsophagal ganglion with his powerful jaws, and thus produces permanent paralysis and insensibility. The grasshopper is then deposited in the larder, immovable and insensible but yet not dead, being still capable of taking nourishment in the form of easily digestible syrup which the wasp administers until the grasshopper is required for the table.

Whether we can ever emulate such skilful economic surgery I leave anatomical specialists and the members of the anti-vivisection society to determine, merely noting that the wasp has an advantage over us in the structure of its stock. Ours, *i.e.* sheep and oxen, have the chief ganglia of their nervous system aggregated and folded together in the cavity of the skull, while the grasshoppers, and all the other articulated animals, have their ganglia conveniently separated and distributed as semi-independent nervous centres that may be separately attacked. There is no more cruelty in the wasp's method of partially despatching the grasshopper than in our slaughtering of sheep and oxen.

The Closing of the Polytechnic Institution.

HAVING been recently connected with this well-beloved friend of everybody's youth, I cannot allow these Notes to go to press without correcting some of the errors that are current concerning it.

Nothing could be more friendly and genial than the tone which has universally pervaded the numerous newspaper articles that have appeared since the suspension of its operations was announced. But they have generally assumed an obituary form, have sung a requiem chorus, assuming the Institution to be dead.

This is by no means the case. It is not the ghost of the Polytechnic Institution that has been given up; it is only the Polytechnic Joint-Stock Company (Limited) that is departing this life. The

apparatus and appliances are not to be lotted and sold by the auctioneer, but arrangements are in progress whereby the Institution will simply change hands. Its future will of course depend upon the purchasers, whoever they may be.

The objects for which the Polytechnic was founded, and which it has, with variable intermissions, carried out, are not dependent upon the existence of any particular building or any particular Joint-Stock Company. The metropolis of the world demands an institution in which the great physical agencies upon which the progress of civilisation depends, shall be popularly and pleasingly displayed, and such an urgent demand will certainly be supplied somewhere and by somebody.

My personal connection with the old Institution has been very ridiculous and very instructive. I was appointed manager on the 20th of June, and on the 20th of July the Directors resolved to wind up the concern, which resolution was confirmed by the shareholders on the 29th. I had just time enough to study the actual condition of the Institution and to mature my plans for the future, when the above-named resolutions practically put an end to my functions by handing the Polytechnic over to the liquidators, who thenceforth reigned supreme.

In spite of this I cannot complain, seeing that I had independently arrived at the same conclusion as that of the Directors, viz. that the first necessary step towards the efficient restoration of the Institution was to close it for a while, and during that time to wind up the existing company. My position prevented me from proposing anything so revolutionary, but while I was devising the nearest practical alternative, the Directors (newly appointed like myself) carried out my views without any suggestion on my part.

An exposition of the particular reasons for such a course would be out of place here, but a general idea of them may be formed by a small effort of imagination.

Suppose the case of a very interesting baby adopted by a joint-stock motherhood of strong-minded maiden ladies, each having theories of her own concerning the nursing, feeding, and education of the infant, all of them perfectly disinterested, without any selfish motives whatever, and therefore incurably obstinate "on principle."

Imagine them all with free access to the baby at all times, and all contending in the appointment of a board of nurses that should carry out their particular views. Imagine the position of these nurses, compelled to give offence to the majority of the motherhood by the impossibility of complying with their contradictory demands. Imagine the conflicts thus arising, and the condition of their tortured object,

the interesting baby. Having thus pictured the supposititious baby, you may apply it as a correct view of the state of the Polytechnic Institution at the time when I was imprudent enough to accept the above-named appointment.

If such a baby could survive at all, could live for many years in spite of its many enthusiastic mothers, must it not be endowed with a marvellously vigorous constitution?

The Polytechnic has thus survived, and its survival under such circumstances proves the unextinguishable demand for a place of public entertainment where those who cannot spare the time or the effort to become students of science may nevertheless have an opportunity of learning something about its progress, and of witnessing some experimental proofs of that progress; where parents may send their children for a half-holiday which will be spent in the most delightful of all forms of juvenile enjoyment, that of revelling in the contemplation of novelties and wonderments in actual operation; where their intellects shall be stimulated to hunger for more knowledge of the marvels thus presented, and all this be done without any pedantic pretensions to manufacture scientific experts by courses of lectures, or to cram anybody for any sort of examination.

The grossest form of popular ignorance is that which manifests itself in the supposition that science is something necessarily dry and abstruse, something residing only in universities, museums, and lecture-rooms, something possessed only by musty, rusty, unintelligible stern repulsive pedants. It is precisely the opposite to all this. It is everywhere; we cannot light a match, or cook a potato, or wash our hands, or make a journey, or perform any of the commonest acts of modern life without the aid of science, and often demand and use the most elaborate results of the profoundest efforts of science. It is therefore everybody's business, and those who think it tends to personal dulness should make inquiries concerning the ordinary proceedings of the "Red Lions" or the "B Club."

Most of the newspaper notices above referred to have assumed that the Polytechnic Institution is bankrupt. The *Daily News* of September 10 said, "For years past it has not even paid its expenses, to say nothing of a dividend." This mistake is naturally suggested by those ugly words, "liquidation" and "liquidators," which have been used by technical necessity. An offer of purchase has already been made which will cover the whole amount that has been paid up on the shares. There is no bankruptcy in this.

The assertion that no dividend has been paid is verbally correct, but actually untrue. No *cash* has been paid to the shareholders, but

the privileges of free admission to themselves and free orders to their friends have been equivalent to a dividend of above ten per cent. on the cost price of their shares.

They had blank order-books, which they filled up pretty well as they pleased, and they demanded and received free admission to the reserved stalls for selves and friends. To illustrate the operation of this, I may mention one fact. When the hall and theatre lately became overcrowded, we kept a book in which each shareholder was debited with the orders for admission which he issued, and we turned back the excess. Trouble, of course, arose—so much, that I had to interfere in support of the check-takers. In the course of one hour, on Friday, August 22, I turned back 33 people then seeking free admission, 31 of whom, after a little grumbling, paid their shillings and came in as ordinary visitors. One order was dated 1878. Until this rejection was sternly enforced, the admissions were about three by orders to one by payment. No institution depending upon the admission fees of visitors could go on thus, and the turning back of shareholders' orders necessarily gave offence and promoted internal discord.

I mention these facts in the interests of popular science, hoping to remove the false impression which the closing of this Institution has conveyed. No. 309 Regent Street may continue as the site of a Polytechnic Institution, or a better temple may be erected. I should certainly prefer the latter, being convinced that a magnificent Institution worthy of present-day London would be more successful than one of moderate pretensions and appliances. The old Polytechnic has not only proved the existence of a demand for an institution combining instruction with amusement, but has also shown how that demand may be best satisfied. I commenced this Note with the intention of pointing out the nature of these indications, but abstain, lest I should commit the too common error of supposing that readers care for the same details as may happen to interest a writer when descanting on his own speciality.

The Artificial Mediterranean.

THE indomitable Lesseps has lately reintroduced to the French Academy the project of flooding that portion of the Desert of Sahara known as The Shotts—which, according to authorities to be generally depended upon, stands below the level of the Mediterranean.

The magnitude of this depression is variously estimated, so variously that I dare not venture to quote any figures. It may be

no greater than Ireland, or it may be equal to the combined areas of England and France. Ireland has an area of 31,874 square miles; England and Wales, 58,320; France, 201,900; while that of the whole plateau of Sahara is estimated at about two millions of square miles—ten times that of France, or thirty-five times that of England and Wales.

These figures show that the project deals with very large quantities; and if only a small fraction of the whole is below sea level, its inundation will require a very considerable sheet of water.

I should add that the practical flooding will extend far beyond the area of sandy surface now standing below the sea level. The true basin is that of the rock upon which the sand is resting, the depth of which is unknown; though it is known that rivers of some magnitude flow down to this sand and entirely disappear.

A glance at any good map will show the general depression, or basin-like character, of this region, for the numerous lakes, locally designated "Shotts" (as Shott el Melah, Shott Melrhir, &c., &c.), all receive the waters of rivers flowing into them from all sides, the inflow of which is balanced by the evaporation from the extended surface of the lakes. This evaporation, continuously concentrating whatever soluble mineral matter the rivers may bring down with them, finally renders the waters of the lakes highly saline, even more so than the ocean.

A report recently presented by M. Roudaire to the Minister of Public Instruction states that a canal may, without much difficulty, be cut through the natural barrier which separates the Mediterranean from this depression; for instead of being composed of hard rock, as was supposed, this narrow strip of land (the Seuil de Gabes) is composed of clay, marl, sand, and chalk.

As a scientific experiment, quite apart from its commercial and political importance, the project is intensely interesting. If the depressed area is as great as estimated, the covering of it with water would probably have a great effect on the climate of a large part of Europe, as well as upon that of the whole of North Africa.

As it is, the great, dry, sandy desert, with an area exceeding that of all the countries of Europe excepting Russia, is acting as a meteorological furnace upon Egypt, Algiers, Morocco, Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, and through them upon France and England. The Scirocco, or scorching summer and autumn wind, that so materially affects the climates of all these countries, is a product of the great African desert.

The action of such a desert depends mainly on the fact that the

rays of the sun pass through the earth's atmosphere with but very little direct-heating effect upon it; but when they strike a solid surface capable of absorbing them, this surface becomes heated and communicates its temperature to the air in contact with it. This film of heated air rises and flows away, giving place to cooler air from around, and thus a continuous outflow of an upper current of hot air spreads all around from such a region, affecting the climate of an area far beyond its own limits.

Where there is water or vegetation the solar heat is, more or less, employed in evaporation, or the dissociation of carbonic acid and water into their elements, and is thus but partially manifested as temperature.

If a portion of this vast arid surface were covered or saturated with water, its hot blasts would be suppressed, and vapour-laden air would supply their place. Such an atmosphere would speedily cover the surroundings of the new Mediterranean with luxuriant vegetation, which, in its turn, would absorb the solar rays and exhale more moisture, thus extending the cooler area far beyond the actually flooded area.

Besides this, a new rainfall would come upon all the surrounding country, which would increase the area of the other inland lakes above the level of the direct inundation. This increase would be effected by a double action: first, the swelling of their tributary rivers by the increased rainfall; and second, a diminution of their evaporation by the increased moisture of the atmosphere above them.

Quite apart from political considerations, it is desirable that France should acquire sufficient control over the Tunisian region to be able to carry out this grand project, which may be practically and profitably done, provided the revenues created by the fertilising of the land surrounding this new Mediterranean are devoted to repaying the cost of cutting the canal, which must have a considerable width and depth in order to carry the very large quantity of water that will be demanded to compensate the evaporation from the flooded surface.

Such a conquest of the desert by a scientific and industrial invasion of Africa would be an achievement truly glorious; incomparably more honourable to France than all the victories she has ever gained by aid of devastating armies.

The Modern Progress of Biology.

THE temptation to discuss the opening addresses of the general and sectional Presidents of the British Association is very pressing; but I abstain, as they are now so freely printed, both in

abstract and extenso, in our daily newspapers, and are therefore already before my readers.

Nevertheless, I cannot abstain from a few comments on the address of Sir John Lubbock, just to whet the appetite of those who have not yet read it.

The conquests of physical science are thrust upon our notice by their wonder-working applications; those of biological science commonly remain only visible to the specialist. But this branch of science has made greater strides during the last thirty years than any other. It has, in fact, become a new science since the publication of Darwin's immortal work in 1859. A new name was needed for the new science, which includes all that was formerly treated under zoology, botany, and human and comparative physiology. "Biology," or "The Science of Life," satisfactorily supplies this requirement.

The tracing of the ancestry and development of species—*i.e.* the natural laws of the creation of living beings—by the study of the germ growth of the individual is the key-stone of this new science.

The theological resistance to the great truths enunciated by Darwin, Wallace, and Spencer is worthy of note. It was violent enough at first, but now, after a lapse of but thirty years, is practically vanquished. The Copernican system had a struggle of nearly two centuries before it overwhelmed this barrier to truth, and modern geology struggled for nearly a century before its demonstrations of the antiquity of the earth ceased to be regarded as irreligious.

We are all beginning now to understand that true science is of necessity a divine revelation; that nothing but error can possibly be dangerous; and that any antagonism between science and religion can only exist when one or other has enunciated a false doctrine.

The numerical proofs of the progress of biological observation stated in the address are very striking. Thus, up to 1831 the total number of species of animals known to naturalists was 70,000, now the number is increased to 320,000. Considering that the 70,000 of 1831 included all that the researches of mankind up to that date had revealed, the addition during the last fifty years is marvellous.

Still, the work on hand is by no means exhausted, for in the British Museum alone 12,000 species of insects are preserved which still await scientific description; and now that we can make fifty different sections of the brain of a bee or the egg of a beetle, and find something to say about each, the comparative anatomists of the future need not despair of employment.

Scientific Accuracy.

THE elimination of possible sources of error is one of the most delicate and important efforts of scientific observation. A curious instance of a previously undetected error has lately been shown by Herr P. Volkmann.

One of the simplest and best methods of determining the specific gravity of liquids is to construct a glass bottle that shall, when stoppered, contain exactly 1,000 grains of distilled water at a given temperature. This exactitude is obtained by boring a fine hole through the tall stopper, and simply thrusting this stopper into the filled neck; thus the excess of water is squeezed up this little tube, forced out, and may be wiped off at the top, which top is ground down in order to finally adjust the quantity when the bottle is made.

If we now counterpoise the empty bottle and fill it with some other liquid than water, we are supposed to get at its specific gravity by simply weighing it at the standard temperature. Thus, if filled with Atlantic sea water, it will contain 1,028 grains, if with oil of vitriol 1,842 grains, and so on according to the density of the liquid.

The error discovered by Volkmann is due to the elasticity of the glass vessel. When filled with a heavy liquid like mercury, it is squeezed outwards and measurably enlarged. He proves this by first filling the bottle with mercury as usual, and then immersing it all in mercury, so that the inside pressure shall be counteracted by the mercury outside. With a tubular stem like a thermometer tube attached to the bottle the mercury was seen to rise in the latter case, or to fall if the filling was conducted when the bottle was immersed in the mercury and then taken out of it. A variation of $\frac{2}{10}$ of a grain of mercury was thus observed; a bottle holding 1,000 grains of water at 32° F. contains 13,592·2 grains of mercury when immersed in mercury, or 13,592·4 grains when in air. To a certain extent, the strain remains permanent and the bottle continues enlarged. This may seem trifling, but accuracy is no trifle.

"Beet Sickness" and Rotation of Crops.

IN old books on agriculture a theory was propounded which accounted for the necessity of rotation or fallow, by supposing that the roots of each particular plant exuded something that poisoned the soil so far as that particular plant was concerned.

Liebig and other modern agricultural chemists are supposed to

have refuted this, and to have found a full explanation of the failure of continuously repeated crops in the exhaustion of certain special soluble chemical constituents which the plant in question takes away most abundantly from the soil.

Some experiments have been recently made by J. Kühn and others, on beet sickness, which is a condition of soil first occurring in strips or patches of a field. The plant dies there, and the mischief spreads until whole districts are rendered useless for the cultivation of sugar beets. The analysis of these soils indicated no deficiency of nutriment that could account for the disease; healthy and sick soils were practically alike in chemical composition. The mischief was traced to a parasite ("nematod") that is nourished by the material of decayed roots. Chicory, a crop demanding the same soil-food as beet, flourished on the sickened soil. When this was heated to a temperature destructive of the life of the parasite, good crops were obtained without any additional manure.

Healthy soils were infected by means of diseased roots, and in order to ascertain whether other plants were attacked by the nematods, 180 different vegetables were planted in an infected field; many were attacked—showing that mere rotation was not sufficient.

Chemical remedies were tried, but found too expensive; burning the soil, as Kühn did experimentally, is too costly for practical farming.

The experimenters recommend that the fields be thickly sown early in the season; the roots are then attacked by the parasite and their larvæ lodge within them. By pulling up this young crop and destroying it the insect is removed, and the field may be re-sown with fair chance of better crops. The beet-growers are especially cautioned against manuring with the refuse of infected plants, or the dung of animals fed upon such roots, lest the germs be thereby introduced.

Our farmers might take a hint from this. The "turnip-fly" deposits its eggs on the very young turnip plant. As turnip seeds, like those of the beet, are very cheap, a whole generation of maggots might be destroyed at one blow by sowing a premature crop of this quickly-growing plant, uprooting and burning it, returning the ashes, and then tilling and re-sowing at the usual late period. This would destroy a crop of weeds as well as a generation of turnip-flies. The turnip-fly, like other insects, lays but one batch of eggs, and then dies.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

Breach of Promise of Marriage.

THOUGH less formidable in England than in France, ridicule is even here sufficiently dangerous. Beneath the weight of this weapon, unsparingly used by Mr. Gilbert and other humourists or satirists, actions for breach of promise of marriage seem likely to disappear. Should these be expunged from our code, some other form of remedy for possible wrongs of women will surely be needed. That actions for breach of promise of marriage lend themselves to ridicule I readily admit. Chloe appearing in court to protest against the perfidy of Strephon, and asking a dozen more or less worthy tradesfolk to estimate the money value of her blighted prospects and wounded feelings, awakens ludicrous ideas in every bosom except that of the recalcitrant swain; and when the written vows and protestations, it may even be the odes, of the perjured one are read in open court, it is difficult to preserve the amount of gravity and decorum which is desirable in the administration of justice. None the less, I am glad to think that Lord Coleridge has spoken in favour of a form of remedy that must not lightly be abandoned.

Masculine Legislation for Women.

ONE course that has obviously to be adopted in case such actions are abolished, is to strengthen the laws against seduction—to this extent, at least, that some compensation may be made to a woman herself whose seduction has been accomplished under a promise of marriage. At present, as is known, the only remedy is by an action of a parent for loss of service. As a subject not too convenient for discussion in a magazine aiming at a general circulation, I leave the question, which, in case any change is attempted, can hardly fail to commend itself to legal minds. But this even does not meet the difficulties. It is, of course, possible for a man, by an offer of marriage, to secure a girl to himself during the whole period of her highest attractiveness, and then dismiss her. If the law refuse to consider this an offence, what remedy is open to a woman? Jove

is not the only creature, divine or other, who laughs at lovers' perjuries. Yet, what offence is, under certain conditions, more cowardly or more cruel? A girl may have some

> Sire
> To drag the creature through the mire
> And kick him till his toe shall tire;

but she also may not. While we give women no voice in legislation, we must not too readily remove the small check there is upon masculine cowardice. As matters stand, the reluctance of a modest and well-nurtured girl to bring into a court what is, or has been, most sacred to her, confers on one of the most cowardly of proceedings practical immunity.

The Bull-fight in France.

THE news that several persons have been killed and a large number wounded at a bull-fight in Marseilles may well cause consternation in the minds of those who watch the progress of Republican France. When I was last in the south of France I heard of entertainments more or less closely approaching bull-fights being given in the Amphitheatre at Nismes, and in one or two other places. These, however, I was told, were in every way less cruel and less dangerous than the proceedings over the Spanish frontier. The same journals, however, which mention the accident at Marseilles, state that two toreadors have been wounded in the course of a bull-fight in Nismes. Hitherto the bull-fight has been the crowning and individual infamy of the Spaniards, the most cruel of races claiming a quasi-civilisation. That Europe ceased at the Pyrenees, and that at the other side the African asserted himself, was the statement of one of the most eminent of French statesmen. Deplorable indeed would it be for the future of humanity if that Republican Government to which all turn who hope for the future of the world should tolerate atrocities which Bourbon and Bonaparte alike suppressed.

Influence of Neighbouring People upon France.

IT is, I venture to think, only in the south of France that such cruelty as is seen at a bull-fight could be placidly contemplated by the French public. In these districts the blood is impetuous and hot; and there is but one important city of southern France, viz. Arles, the streets of which do not retain memories of fearful massacre. It cannot be well, especially under present conditions, to familiarise with bloodshed those whose passions are easily roused. Of all people,

the French seem to assimilate most what is characteristic in the inhabitants of adjacent countries. A Basque of the French provinces is not easily discernible from his neighbour of the other side of the mountains; an inhabitant of French Flanders is almost a Belgian, and an Alsatian is but little removed from a German. Whatever else France may do, she must not, if the mission assigned her by the hopes of free men is to be fulfilled to the benefit of the world, allow proximity to Spain to Africanise her institutions.

Pleasures of Book-collecting.

IN Mr. Lang's delightful book, "The Library," one of the most attractive contributions to bibliographical knowledge of recent days, there is an assumption against which, as a bibliomaniac, I feel bound to protest. It is that power to buy at the chief book-shops and auction-rooms, even though it be associated, as in the case of the old Duke of Roxburgh, with the ability to fish in the best of salmon-streams, constitutes happiness from the point of view of the bibliophile. In book-buying, as in other things, possession is dangerously near satiety. A book, to be thoroughly enjoyed, should either reach you as the reward of your own diligence or penetration, or come as the result of some sacrifice. Speaking for one individual, I never prized books more than the Withers, Carews, Brownes, or Daniels I purchased as a boy with the money given me to pay for my dinners. Middle age does not believe in "pinching the belly" to grace the book-shelves. Ability to purchase all that comes in your way is a dubious sort of blessing, and I doubt if a collector like the late Mr. Huth enjoyed his possessions half as much as does the man described by Mr. Austin Dobson as "the slave of shelf and stall;" one of those who—

> Hold
> Patched folios dear, and prize "the small
> Rare volumes black with tarnished gold."

Recent Writers of Burlesque.

IN the latest of his many gossiping and entertaining works upon the stage, "The World Behind the Scenes," Mr. Percy Fitzgerald pays a well-merited tribute to the fine humour of Mr. Planché's extravaganzas, and indeed to the many literary gifts of that esteemed dramatist. That Mr. Planché's more ephemeral work had in it qualities which he alone could impart is now conceded, and the five volumes of his plays, which were published by subscription, will some of these days be a dear, perhaps unattainable, book. There have,

however, been other writers of burlesque of days comparatively recent whose productions deserve to be rescued from the chance of disappearance. Some of the burlesques of Frank Talfourd are inimitably comic, and one or two of those of the Broughs are not less good. Talfourd's puns are the wildest ever known. Witness his famous conundrum: Why is a crockery-shop like a nursery?—Answer: Because it's full of coffee-cups and tea-things—cough, hiccoughs, and teethings. I remember a burlesque of one of the Broughs upon a Greek subject, produced at the St. James's, under the management, I believe, of Miss Herbert, in which the name of a Greek physician was given as Putaplasteron, and that of an agricultural labourer as Clodoppa. Mr. Fitzgerald's book is full of agreeable reminiscences and pleasant suggestions.

A Suggested Speculation.

NOTHING less than iniquitous is the manner in which the food supply of London is arranged in the interest of the vendor. Especially disgraceful is it as regards the provision for fish. While toil-worn millions of workers in our large cities are in a state not far removed from absolute want, tons of fish are cast upon the fields as manure. From the Billingsgate dealer down to the fisherman, all are in the conspiracy to keep up the price of what should be the cheapest form of food. This is a time of public companies. In place of the schemes for working distant mines and placing British capital under foreign control, why do not some capitalists start a cheap fish-supply association? This, while conferring a priceless boon upon the labouring poor, is bound, with judicious management, to prove one of the most remunerative of speculations. Everything, however, must be undertaken by the company. It must have its own smacks at our principal fishing-ports, its own sailors, its own carriages for conveyance, its own markets. Fish could then be supplied at a fourth of the price now demanded. At Whitby the other day fine herrings were being sold at a halfpenny each, and cod, in excellent condition, fetched eighteenpence. Some opposition from those interested in the preservation of existing monopolies is probable; a little firmness would, however, soon sweep this aside, and an investment likely to be little less profitable than the great water companies and the like would be supplied. When a company like this is started, and makes the fortune of all concerned, I shall expect a few shares for the suggestion.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1881.

THE COMET OF A SEASON.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ONCE MORE ON TOWER HILL.

MOST of us have observed with curious interest some of the old Italian pictures with their apparently irreconcilable varieties of personages, incidents, scenes, and types of character crowded within the one frame. There is a feast or a wedding going on in one corner, a skirmish of high-plumed cavalry a little farther off, a palace in flames here, a waterfall there, a garden party of courtly dames and lovers in the foreground, while Jupiter and Juno, Venus and Bacchus, float in the air or recline on substantial clouds over the heads of the earthly personages.

Common life is like this more often than we are apt to imagine. Take this scene on Tower Hill, for example, the night when the Church of Free Souls was burnt; while that church, in fact, was still burning. Here, if one had had an opportunity of studying, he would have found that private loves and hates were at work, and were represented by persons who appeared to be only spectators of the fire. Private dislikes and class detestations, selfish personal interests and lofty public purposes, were illustrated unseen and unnoticed of all observers in the midst of that crowd and within the light of that conflagration. One might have imagined at first that those who stood and watched the fire were talking and thinking only of the fire. But if we try to discover what one or two groups here and there were talking or thinking of, and find that their talk and

thoughts had little or no reference to the fate of the Church of Free Souls, we may perhaps not unreasonably infer that other groups of whose conversation we know nothing were sometimes equally indifferent as to what became of that temple, and were talking and thinking only of what concerned their immediate interest, as indifferent to the work of the flames as if it were but a family fireside, within whose comfortable glow they were seated.

Clement Hope did not, it is greatly to be feared, care much just at this moment whether the Church of Free Souls was to be saved or destroyed. He knew that all the people whose lives he valued were safe; he knew that the congregation generally were safe, and his thoughts soon became purely personal, not to say selfish. The expression in Geraldine's face when he let out his love was terrible to him; it was such an expression of alarm, it was so evidently genuine. It seemed like the death-sentence to his hopes, the wreck of his life. He fought his way recklessly through the crowd, meeting a face he knew here and a face he knew there, and passing on without a word of recognition. He had an impression of having looked into Frank Trescoe's face, and seen it livid with spite and wrath, and he wondered for half a moment, and then let all thought of Trescoe pass away. Frank Trescoe, too, was about this time little concerned for the fate of the Church of Free Souls.

Geraldine meanwhile found herself borne by the crowd down the narrow street where the Church of Free Souls stood, and was carried round the corner to the open space of Tower Hill. She found that she was separated from her companions. She was not in the least alarmed. To be brought up in an inland American community makes a girl brave as it makes her honest. Geraldine had not the least idea that any personal harm could come to her because she could no longer see Captain Marion or any of his friends. She knew she had only to wait quietly somewhere and they would seek for her. Tower Hill was densely crowded, on the side of the Tower itself; but luckily for Geraldine, the crowd was not great on the side where she found herself. Those who had rushed to the spot on the alarm of fire found, of course, that they could see the flames much better from the Tower side of the hill than from the other side on which the narrow street opened, and where, indeed, those who were compelled to take their stand saw nothing more of what was going on than an occasional burst of lurid light across the sky over their heads. Geraldine, therefore, found herself in comparative quietude. Not very many paces from the corner of the street in which the Church of Free Souls was burning, she saw a little entrance, a sort of court

with an iron gateway, which stood half open. There was a gas-lamp far down in the court, and she could see some neat-looking buildings of red brick, with brasses here and there that shone in the flickering light; the whole looking, as Geraldine thought even in that confused moment, temptingly like some Dutch interior in a picture. Nowhere could she be better off than standing back in this little court behind the closed half of the iron gateway, and waiting till some of her friends came up that way and found her. She had not been alarmed even while the crowd was yet within the church, and the flames were spreading over them. There was a curious sense of unreality, a savour of the theatrical in the whole affair, which prevented Geraldine from being awe-stricken or terrified. She had an odd whimsical consciousness all the time of a suspicion that the whole scene was got up by Montana for the dramatic business of his part. The idea, of course, was merely chimerical, but it so affected her mind as to prevent her from regarding the crisis with the seriousness which it certainly deserved. Now that she was out in the open air, that she saw the excited crowds all around, saw the red flames spreading broadly across Tower Hill, and heard the crash of the falling beams and rafters, the rattle of the fire-engines, the throb and splash of the hose, and the shouts and cheers and cries of the people, she became somewhat more impressed with a sense of what the reality was, and how terrible that reality might have been. Yet it must be owned that her thoughts were not for the moment fixed on the burning of the Church of Free Souls. The few hasty words that Clement had spoken had frightened her more than all the flame and crash of the fire. What could he have meant? Had she been mistaken in him all the time? With keen pain there was borne in upon her a memory of other words he had said, of looks and tones which at the time she had not dwelt on, but which now seemed to correspond only too well with the meaning, if she understood the meaning rightly, of the wild words he had spoken a few moments before. If that should prove to be so—if people had told her wrongly, or had been mistaken, about his supposed love for Melissa; if he really cared for her, and was ever led to believe that she cared for him—what a cruel misfortune for both of them! What ruin to two lives! How perplexed, how miserable her life would seem for the future! What was to be done now if this should prove to be true? If it should prove true? Already it seemed to be revealed to her conscience as if by light that it was true, and that she ought to have known of it before.

The crowd kept streaming on in front of her, new-comers always

forcing the lines of the mob nearer and nearer to her place of refuge. The whole scene looked strangely picturesque, and yet not picturesque in such a way as Geraldine would have expected. In all her confusion of distracting thoughts, she could not help observing with wonder that when she looked towards the place where she knew the Tower to be she could see no Tower lifting itself against the sky. She had not kept in her mind any clear idea as to heights, and distances, and proportions ; and her impression was that the Tower of London so stood within its railings as to dominate the whole scene, and to be visible from all parts of Tower Hill, almost as a pyramid is visible from the plain. To her surprise now the Tower had gone out, as it were, behind its trees. The night was what sailors call a clear, dark night ; but there was no moon. She could see the dark trees within the enclosure around the Tower ; but for the Tower itself her eyes searched in vain, from the ground to the sky.

Suddenly she saw Clement Hope amongst the crowd. He was evidently looking for some of his friends. She started and drew back farther into her shelter ; but the lamp that lit the little court shone too clearly against the darkness of Tower Hill outside not to make her easily visible. There was no one in the court but herself. None of the crowd cared to get there, for nothing of the fire could possibly be seen from it.

Clement was looking everywhere as he went along. He could not fail to look down the court. He saw her ; did not seem certain at first ; then stopped, came to the gate, and called to her : "Miss Rowan !" He did not say, "Geraldine."

"I have got separated somehow from my people—from Captain Marion," Geraldine said. "I don't know how to get to them."

She was confused and embarrassed now, not because she was lost in the crowd, but because she had come upon Clement so unexpectedly.

"Shall I take you home?" he asked.

"Oh, no ! I could not think of leaving this place until I found them."

"They are sure to be all right. I saw Captain Marion a moment ago ; but somehow I have missed him. I saw Trescoe, too, but I have lost him in the crowd."

"We had a carriage," said Geraldine ; "if we could find that !"

"I saw some carriages over at the other side," said Clement. "Perhaps we could make our way to them ; but it is not easy with this crowd. I think you had better let me get you out of the crowd at this end, and see you safely home."

"No, I'll not go," Geraldine said; "we shall be sure to see them soon. They may be hunting about for me, and would think something had happened to me, and would spend their whole night in alarm. When people get lost in a crowd, it is better to stay where they find themselves. Somebody will come to them in the end. You see you have come to me already," she added, with a forced smile that gladdened him little.

"Then let us stay here. Are you not cold?"

"Cold! and on a night like this, and in this crowd, and with that fire blazing near us?"

"Yes, yes," Clement said. "I was not thinking of what I said. One doesn't always think of what he is going to say."

"No," Geraldine answered gravely, "I suppose not."

He felt that it must all come out now.

"I said something just now that seemed to surprise you. I hope I didn't offend you, Miss Rowan. I did not think ——" he spoke very slowly, and got out the words with difficulty, each word following the other after a distinct pause. "I did not think, somehow, that it would have surprised you. I thought you knew."

"Thought I knew what?" Geraldine asked. His words made her angry. They seemed like an accusation.

"That you knew all I felt about you."

"I knew nothing of the kind," returned Geraldine warmly. "How could I have known it? How could I have thought it? But there is something you don't know about me, or you would never have talked in such a way. Don't you know—don't you really know—that I am going to be married?"

Clement looked at her in utter astonishment.

"No, I see you did not know that. I see from your face that you did not know that."

"How could I have known it?" Clement was in utter consternation now. At first he could hardly believe that she was serious; and yet, as he looked into her face under the flickering light of the not distant flames, he could see nothing in it which was not serious. There was a moment's blank, sad silence.

"To whom?" he asked at last.

"To Captain Marion."

A half-articulate sound of grief, and anger, and protest, broke from him.

"You going to be married to Captain Marion!" he said; "why, he might be your father."

"I have thought of all that," Geraldine answered coldly, "and

I have made up my mind. Now let us not speak any more of this. I know you will not when I tell you."

"You have deceived me!" Clement said bitterly. "Yes, it is quite true—you have! You let me go on day after day talking to you, and hoping, and making love to you—yes, I did make love to you every day I saw you, and you must have known it, and you never told me a word or gave me a hint of this. No, and how could I suppose such a thing? How could I suppose you were going to marry Captain Marion or anybody when you talked to me as you did? I thought you cared about me, Miss Rowan, I did indeed."

"For shame!" she answered, "to speak to me in this rude and cruel way! For shame! to say that I encouraged you! Why, I knew, and everybody else knew, that you were in love with Melissa Aquitaine. Everyone said you were. You said yourself you were. You told Mr. Aquitaine so. Captain Marion knew it. We all knew it. There! I don't want to hear any more of this. Pray go away and leave me. I am perfectly safe here. Oh, I see Captain Marion —yes, there he is, that is he."

"It is Captain Marion," Clement said. "He is looking for you. I will bring him to you; we can easily make our way through. Come with me."

Captain Marion was squeezing his way through the crowd as well as he could, and standing on tiptoe, and straining his eyes, evidently on the quest for Geraldine. They were in a good-humoured part of the crowd, and Clement easily made way for Geraldine, and gave her into Captain Marion's charge. Then Clement plunged deeply into the thickest of the multitude, and let any living wave bear him whither it would.

As for Geraldine, she felt for the moment only anger against Clement. It seemed to her an insult that he should accuse her, or even suspect her, of having encouraged him. His language seemed to say that she had acted a double part with him; that knowing of his love she had allowed it to grow, and had not said a word to discourage it. She felt so angry that at the time she had little thought left for anything else, for her own future, or Clement's, or for Captain Marion. Fortunately for her, Captain Marion was not likely at such a moment to study her manner very closely. If she seemed disturbed and incoherent, he naturally would set that down to the alarm caused by the scenes from which she had just escaped. So she went home that night thinking little of the danger she had passed through, and in which so many others had been involved, of the fate of the Church of Free Souls, of the melancholy cloud

that seemed gathering over her coming life. She could only think of the friendship she had felt for Clement Hope, and of the cruel way in which he had misunderstood her. It was like receiving a blow from the hand of some loved friend to whom one looked only for tenderness and protection.

Chapter XXXIII.

THE END OF THE CHURCH OF FREE SOULS.

It was a strange scene that now presented by the crowd on Tower Hill. The rescued congregation would of themselves have formed a sufficiently motley mass. There were artisans and their wives and daughters, earnest young clerks of Dissenting views and principles, from Peckham and Camberwell, and there were fashionable people from the West-end. Some of the ladies belonging to this latter class sat in their carriages, wrapped in cloaks and shawls, and waited to see the last of the fire as if it were an exhibition. Men of the class and of the views of old Matthew Starr made their way through the carriages and audibly grumbled or cursed at the inmates, denouncing them as aristocrats, and wanting to know whether they thought they were seeing a show. The idea had got possession of the minds of many of the regular attendants in the church of Free Souls that the fire was done by design; and according as their sympathies led them, some held it to be the malice of an aristocrat, some believed it to be the act of an unthinking and brutal mob. The freer souls were convinced that an ignorant and bigoted population of the lowest class around the hall had set the building on fire, out of pure detestation for all free thought. The men of the class of Matthew Starr were convinced that some devotee of the bloated aristocracy had done the deed. Not a few believed it to be an act of just vengeance against Montana for his deceit, and others were equally convinced that it was the work of some malevolent creature, some sycophant of the higher class, who hated Montana because of the great things he had done for the poor.

All these conflicting emotions made the crowd who watched the fire from Tower Hill one in which an unusual element of bitterness and of passion prevailed. It was not in the least like the crowd which ordinarily rushes together to see a London fire, and which, save for those who are immediately concerned in the wreck, has no thought but one of idle curiosity—the sort of crowd that cheers for

mere lightness of heart, and a sense of amusement and excitement, when another rafter falls in or another great burst of flame streams to the sky. There were compressed lips, and white faces, and passionate looks among the spectators who were massed together on Tower Hill, and hardly any group could become pressed against another without showing some feeling of antagonism, just as certain substances brought together start flame or explosion. It was believed now that almost every one, if not actually every one, had been saved from the burning building. At least, it was certain that all who were assembled in the great hall when the flames broke out might have been easily able to make their way into the safety of the open street. But there were some among the crowd who wondered what had become of old Matthew Starr. There were some of his fellows to whom he had more than once dropped his grim hints of revenge, and who could not help thinking that his hand must have been in this deed. They looked about for him everywhere, but could not see him.

Lady Vanessa Barnes, seated composedly in her carriage, attracted a considerable share of attention. Many of the younger men, as they were forced against the carriage by the swaying of the crowd, looked up in undisguised and simple admiration at her stately presence, her beauty, and her rich dress. But some others of different mood scowled at her, and clenched their fists, and muttered bitter words under their breath. Lady Vanessa could see the expression of each kind of emotion, and was highly amused by both in turn. She had lost sight of those whom she knew in the church, and she waited now partly out of curiosity to see the end of the business, and partly to be certain that Montana had got off safe.

Soon she saw, to her great relief and delight, Montana pressing his way through the crowd and carrying Melissa in his arms. She could see his face with its white hue and steady expression above the throng almost everywhere ; the average height of that throng, many of them poor East-end artisans or Borough clerks, was not great. Montana was evidently astray in the crowd and trying to find some way out. Lady Vanessa stood up in the carriage and called to him.

Montana saw her, and made for the carriage. Lady Vanessa could not help admiring the mere physical strength with which, pushing his way through the crowd, he carried Melissa, her head reclining on his shoulder, as easily as if she had been a little child. But Lady Vanessa's quick eyes soon told her that the nearer Montana approached to the carriage, the greater was the difficulty which he had in making his way. She began to think that, perhaps, the

reason was because of the personal dislike which some of those around her seemed to have for herself as a bloated aristocrat, and she began to wish she had not called to him at all. But as Montana still came nearer, and she could hear what was said to him and of him, both by those around her and by those a little farther off, she became satisfied that there was a strong personal hostility to Montana himself, in that quarter at least, and that most of those around had entirely forgotten her in their anger against him. The truth was that most of those who felt any strong hostility towards Montana had naturally made towards that part of Tower Hill where they saw Lady Vanessa and her carriage. Much of the feeling against Montana had begun because of his open and ostentatious acquaintance with this fine lady—this daughter of a duchess. It so happened, too, that Trescoe's little band of followers had taken up their position near the carriage, out of a sort of vague design of their own.

Trescoe had deserted his little band of bravoes when the burning of the church deprived him of his chance of interrupting and deposing Montana. But they kept together, and they were in a mood to do mischief. He had brought them there to make a disturbance, and they were not content to disperse without earning their money in some way, and making what they would have called a 'row' of some kind. Therefore they instantly and instinctively joined their forces with those of the men who were hooting and yelling at Montana. They pressed boisterously nearer and nearer, driving the others in upon him, at last forcing him close against Lady Vanessa's carriage. Some of the crowd, of those whom we may call the unprofessional disturbers—the men really acting on a bitter sense of supposed injury—were under the impression at first that the girl Montana carried in his arms was dead, that she was one of the victims of the fire, and that he was to blame for the whole calamity. They shouted fiercely at him; some of them shook their fists in his face; some called him liar and traitor, and even murderer. He was in great personal danger. He could not see any of his friends near him, and he seemed to be surrounded by personal enemies, whose temper was made the more dangerous with every second of time.

"Chuck her up here!" Lady Vanessa cried to him, blunt of speech as usual, but very good-natured and courageous. "All right; I've got her! Now, dear child, sit down here with me, and don't be frightened. Jump in, Montana, and we will get away."

"Where is your husband?" Montana asked.

"Never mind about him. He'll be all right," Lady Vanessa cheerily said. "Nobody has anything to say against him, you

know. You get in. Get in at once, man; never mind those fellows."

Montana turned and faced the crowd.

"Not I," he said. "I will never turn my back upon men like that. I have given my life to serve them and their class; and if they choose to assault me, or to murder me, they may. I was never afraid to defend them. I shan't defend myself against them."

Yet Montana's heart turned sick at the thought of what seemed certainly before him. He knew the ways of crowds well enough. He knew that the most excited and reckless mob will fall back for a moment before the quiet, steady, unresisting defiance of one man. But he knew also that the moment the feeling of surprise passes away, the moment any one more reckless than the others makes a movement of attack, the crowd will rush blindly to their revenge. Mere personal fear Montana never felt; but there was in his mind a sickening repugnance to the thought of being dragged about by a crowd of ruffians, of being struck and beaten, and thrown down and trampled on; of trying to rise and being knocked down again; of all the unspeakable degradation which can be inflicted upon one defenceless man by a wild crowd in an instant of infuriate and savage passion. For a moment he felt a keen regret that he had not sacrificed himself resolutely in the Church of Free Souls. Was it possible that his career was to end here and thus—in a vulgar, ignoble scuffle in the mud of Tower Hill? He could not believe it.

In his soul he appealed to his destiny to protect him against this, and for a moment he felt exalted into new spirit by his own appeal. Yet in one other moment the worst might have come. Lady Vanessa stood up in the carriage between Melissa and Montana, in order that the girl might not see what was going on, and what was yet to happen. She called to Montana again and again to get into the carriage, and said she would drive through the lot of them, and drive over them and bring him safe, and she certainly would have attempted it if Montana would have consented to be rescued thus. But he stood firm to his purpose not to turn his back upon the crowd, and not to resist them. Had Trescoe been with the crowd, he would have held back his little band at least from joining in a cowardly and brutal assault on one man. Trescoe had brought his roughs only to defend himself in case of need. But Trescoe had got separated from his party long ago, and was sulking somewhere on the outskirts of the crowd, trying to find Marion or anyone whom he knew, and anxious how to get out of the whole affair as soon as possible. There really seemed no chance for Montana. Suddenly

Lady Vanessa, standing up as she was, saw a movement through the crowd near to her, but on the other side of Tower Hill. She saw that a rush was evidently being made, a powerful and resolute rush by a number of men, apparently coming to Montana's rescue. They began to shout as they came near, and Lady Vanessa saw, as the light of a flame high in air passed over his upturned face, that Clement Hope was among them. She called to him, waved her parasol, and pointed, and gesticulated. Clement was indeed coming to Montana's help. Soon after he had left Geraldine and was rushing wildly through the outer fringe of the crowd, some men whom he did not know at first ran up against him, and one of them put his hand on Clement's chest.

"Look here," he said, "Mr. 'Ope, they're going to kill Mr. Montana over yonder—you ain't a-going to stand that?"

"Who are going to kill him?" Clement asked in wonder.

"Don't know," the man breathlessly answered, "but I'm told they're some pals of old Mat Starr's, or they're bruisers from the West-end—hired fellows, I'm told, but I don't know."

"Where is Montana?"

"I don't know, but I'm told he's gone to a carriage somewhere."

"Come along," said Clement, "get all the fellows you can. Let's force our way through; call to everybody as you pass."

He had a goodly number with him to begin with, and as they drove their way through the crowd, they shouted to everyone that Montana was attacked, that Montana was in danger, and that they must go to his rescue. Montana was still by far the strongest in popularity there, and a large proportion of the crowd through whom they passed only needed the word that he was in peril to make them wild to get at his supposed assailants. Clement had only too many followers; sometimes the whole bulk of the crowd at a particular point seemed to be with him, and they often made their progress more slow than it might have been. Clement was wondering whether they could ever get to Montana, whether they could make their way through the dense crowd, whether they could discover where he was in time to be of any use, when he heard the voice of Lady Vanessa. He saw her, and her carriage, and he knew by her gestures that Montana was near. One sole idea of tactical policy occurred to Clement. It was the only plan he could think of at the moment, all bewildered and ignorant as he was as to what was going on. "There can't be any harm done," he thought, "if we try to clear a space round Lady Vanessa's carriage." He shouted to those behind him, "Come on, men, clear the way before the carriage. Clear everyone away

between the carriage and the railings. But look out for Mr. Montana!" He knew that even in their wildest confusion Montana's friends would recognise his form, and he assumed that Montana would be somewhere near the carriage. With the impetus of their rush and the force of the crowd behind them, hundreds of whom followed from mere curiosity, they literally went over the comparatively small band of Montana's assailants. Some were rolled under the carriage, some flung to the railings of the Tower on the other side, some driven back, jammed against the crowd behind them, far in the direction of the Minories. In a few seconds Montana was surrounded by his friends.

It was only at that moment that Montana recognised Clement. "Thank you, Hope," he said quietly—"thank you very much. I shan't forget this."

Melissa leaned forward with eyes of excitement, terror, and joy. She saw not without surprise that Clement seemed to be regarded as the hero of the hour.

"Now jump in," said Lady Vanessa, "and we'll get out of this at once. Mr. Hope, you seem in a sort of a command here; perhaps you will kindly help to get the horses' heads round. We don't want to trample any decent people if we can help it."

Clement and his friends exerted themselves. A score of men on either side of the carriage, and a vigorous group in front, made way as well as it could be done. And now the police began to arrive in formidable numbers, and the chances of a riot were over. Clement, to his great satisfaction, heard the carriage at last rattling away along Thames Street, and he turned once again from the scene of the night's adventures, the excitement of the moment wholly gone, and his heart again sinking with disappointment and bleeding with wounded love. He hardly knew where he went, or how he passed some of the later hours of that night. Certainly, he never could tell by what way he got from the Tower to some point at least two miles farther eastward. But suddenly jostling against some late wanderers he wakened from a kind of walking dream, and found that he was lost in a maze of squalid streets somewhere in the Wapping region, and that the grey dawn was coming up in mist and thin droppings of dismal rain. It must have been raining some time, for his coat was wet. He wandered drearily back again and crossed Tower Hill once more. Passing the street where the Church of Free Souls had stood, he stopped and looked up at the ruins. He followed the humour which we are all apt to pursue in our egotistic hours of suffering, and seemed to associate the fate of that forlorn building with the wreck

of his own life. Every hope seemed to be as completely extinguished within his heart as the flames of that church were extinguished by the water that had gushed from the fire-engines. Not those ruins themselves seemed bleaker and blacker and more hopeless than was Clement's heart as he went on westward amongst the squalid streets, and cared not whither he was going or what he did.

Only one human creature, besides wretched old Matthew Starr himself, was known to have perished in the fire. The fireman found Starr's body still perfectly recognisable, in the room which he had converted into a little magazine of combustibles. Outside the door of this room, on its threshold, divided from the body of Starr only by the remains of the half-burnt door, was found a dead woman. She was dead rather from suffocation than from fire. She was gaily dressed, and seemed young. Some professed to recognise her, and said it was Matthew Starr's daughter. Whether in some fit of penitence she had gone to the Church of Free Souls and found that her father was there, and when the fire broke out tried to get at him and so perished, was never known. But those who professed to identify her were positive that it was she ; and it is certain that Fanny Starr was not seen any more from that day. Starr's freak of vengeance would seem to have wholly missed its mark : it struck himself and the daughter for whose sake he sought revenge. To be sure, it struck the Church of Free Souls. That temple was gone. It never rose from its ashes a temple again. The site was soon occupied and turned to profitable account. On the ruins of the Church of Free Souls, there stands a stately gin-palace. Somewhere about the spot from which Montana poured forth his dreams of a regenerated existence for men and women, and where Geraldine saw him standing erect and holding Melissa's hand, a plump and saucy barmaid now works a beer-engine and smiles on all comers.

Chapter XXXIV.

Lady Vanessa's Benevolent Intervention.

Montana's popularity lighted up again after the events on Tower Hill. The fire was the talk of London for days after. The waning season flickered up once more into a sort of animation as society discoursed of that eventful evening. People who had given up all idea of meeting their friends any more that season got up little improvised dinner parties to discuss the whole affair. The various versions of

the night's events kept curiosity and criticism alive by their conflicting authorities and assurances. The first report that spread through London was that the Church of Free Souls had been set on fire by a hostile and organised band, and that Montana was actually killed in the struggle which followed. Then there came a legend that Montana had lost his life in rescuing a girl from the burning. This presently softened down to the story that he had very nearly lost his life, but had succeeded in rescuing the girl and himself. Rumours differed widely as to the rescued damsel. Some—who, of course, were not in society—said it was a fashionable and great lady, daughter of the Duchess of Magdiel; that Montana had, with superhuman strength and daring, succeeded in carrying her from the burning building, climbing heights and making descents in the midst of flames which Asmodeus himself could hardly have braved. Society, however, knowing Lady Vanessa Barnes, was sceptical about this, even from the first. Lady Vanessa was rather too tall and nobly built to be easily carried in the arms even of a hero of romance. Of course rumour was not unanimous in ascribing to Montana deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice. Some stories would have it that he was attacked by numbers of men and women whom he had deceived, and whose hopes he had blighted, and that so far from showing any courage, he had made an exhibition of the white feather. There were whisperings about an injured husband having taken part in the turmoil, and made out of it an opportunity for avenging his own personal wrongs. But the important thing for Montana seemed to be that it set him up again as the hero of the hour, that everyone talked of him and read about him, that the papers were full of paragraphs, leading articles, and letters concerning him, and that the police were busily at work to find out the nature of the organisation through whose action the Church of Free Souls had been destroyed. Late as the period was, any enterprising hostess might have counted on filling her rooms to excess if she could have only made it known that the company were invited to meet Montana.

Montana himself looked at the event with very different eyes. He saw in it nothing heroic, or gratifying, or exciting, but only a degradation to his life and a menace to the future of his career. After all that he had done to exalt himself in England to the position of unchallenged leader of a great movement, to the position indeed of lay priest and prophet, his efforts had only resulted in a vulgar street riot, in a personal attack on himself, from which he had to be saved by the sheer physical strength of a friendly mob. However the newspapers or any ordinary observers might look on it, this seq to

his labours was to Montana a cruel anti-climax and bitter humiliation. Many and many a time did he in his bitterness feel deliberate regret that he had not sacrificed himself in the burning ruins of the Church of Free Souls. It was a mistake, he kept saying to himself over and over again. If he had known what was to come of it, he would have remained within the burning house and brought his career to a close then and there. From his boyhood his worship had been for his career rather than for himself. What was to become of himself personally he cared comparatively little. The great thing was to have a brilliant career, and if he must disappear suddenly, to disappear as a comet does, not to be put out like the gas jet, or to flicker ignobly into darkness like the candle. He found himself, in the midst of all his little Indian summer of revived popularity, brooding constantly over the next chapter of his career, thinking and thinking what he was to do to recover from his late humiliation, and to redress the balance of the anti-climax.

Something he was resolved to do. If he had, at any moment during that short time when he still believed he was to marry Geraldine Rowan, some thought of settling into a calm secluded life of happiness, he had no such idea now. His one purpose now was to find some way of ending with dignity. He cared but little for the death of Matthew Starr. As he had often said, he felt no regret for people's deaths. Men and women had to die some time, and it seemed to him a matter of singularly little consequence whether they died to-day, or next year, or in ten years to come. This was his measure for himself as well as for others. He hardly bestowed two minutes' thought on the fate of old Starr, and when he had once expressed a sort of chill and formal regret for his former follower he alluded to the subject no more.

Montana's revived popularity had the effect of bringing him again into frequent companionship with Lady Vanessa Barnes. Through him Lady Vanessa became drawn into sudden intimacy with Captain Marion and his group. She visited them at all times. Her ponies were seen standing for hours together at Captain Marion's door. She brought Mr. Barnes there more often perhaps than he cared for, but he bore it with manful patience, and talked a great deal to Sydney Marion, who felt therefore intensely grateful to him. He seemed to like her society, she thought; he was one of the few men who appeared to do so, and it was only in keeping with her fate that he should be a married man and married to a great lady.

Lady Vanessa was greatly interested in the whole group. She concerned herself much with the approaching marriage and the

marriage arrangements of Montana and Melissa. She was charmed with Geraldine. She pronounced Captain Marion an old dear, and said he was just the man with whom a pretty niece ought to enter a drawing-room. She persisted in regarding him as Geraldine's uncle, and at last Geraldine dropped all further protest. Marion and Geraldine had not yet mentioned to anyone but Montana the fact of their engagement, and they were not likely to begin their confidences with Lady Vanessa. Everyone in the group liked Lady Vanessa but Melissa. Melissa could not forgive her for even having been supposed at one time to have won the admiration of Montana. Geraldine frankly liked her, and, in familiar phrase, "took to her."

"I never knew a great lady before," she said to Sydney Marion, "and I always thought there would be something distant and haughty about them. In America we have a kind of idea that all English aristocrats are terribly haughty—that they keep everybody else at a distance. But I don't find her so. I find it hard to remember when I am with her that she is any higher in class than myself. She seems to me to be older, although I don't believe she is; but that is about all the difference I see."

Lady Vanessa was quite happy in having discovered the Marions, and Geraldine, and Melissa, and having some new group in whom to interest herself. This was partly out of genuine good nature. She was a high-spirited, happy, genial creature—a sort of compound of tomboy and beneficent busybody—clever, shrewd, and courageous; ignorant as a school-boy, but, unlike a school-boy, not devoid of tact.

It must be owned that part of the interest she felt in her new friends was owing to the fact that all her old friends had left town. The season was over for her and her set; but Mr. Barnes could not leave London just yet. He had business engagements to which he stuck as closely as though he had not married the daughter of a duke. Lady Vanessa was really very fond of him, enjoyed his society, and would not leave town without him; and so she had perforce to stay. Therefore, the Marions, and Geraldine, and Melissa were as welcome to her as a new toy or a new playfellow to a child who is left at home while his family are away, and who does not at first know what to do with himself. "Ain't it odd," Lady Vanessa would say sometimes, "how we are left alone in London? We are the sole survivors. We ought to do all we can for each other, and try to make the place as bearable as it may be, for there is nobody else to talk to. I do believe I shall have to stay with Mr. Barnes in town until well-nigh on to Christmas, and you will be

gone long before that, Miss Rowan; and what on earth am I to do with myself then!"

She was likewise much interested in Clement Hope, and asked Geraldine a great many questions about him. She said she was sure he was in love with somebody, and that things had gone wrong with him. She offered the opinion, which made Geraldine feel for a moment inclined to be angry, that Clement was remarkably like the man who fell out of the balloon—that is to say, that he "wasn't in it." She opined that he was in love with Sydney Marion.

Geraldine smiled so genuine a smile at this, that Lady Vanessa gave up that theory. Then she was sure he was broken-hearted about Melissa; and Geraldine said, with some hesitation, answering only for the purpose of getting rid of the whole subject if possible, that she fancied he had at one time been a little taken with Melissa, but she was sure there was nothing serious in it, and that he did not think of it now.

"Then I tell you what," said Lady Vanessa: "if he is not a lover of yours, Miss Rowan, I don't know what to make of it; and I am sure if I was he I should be just that."

Geraldine became so evidently embarrassed, not to say distressed in manner, that Lady Vanessa's quick eyes saw in a moment that she had struck on a painful truth of some kind, and she had the politeness and good nature to turn the talk away in a moment, and go on in the easiest way to some other conjecture about Clement, leaving Geraldine to believe that she had not formed the faintest suspicion as to the real state of the case. But Lady Vanessa had made up her mind all the same that Clement was in love with Geraldine, and either that Geraldine was not in love with him, or that some obstacle stood between them. Her restless good nature determined at once to find out what the actual condition of things was, and see if she could not lend a helping hand to somebody. She was an excellent *camarade*—probably she would have described herself as a good 'pal'—and she felt convinced that something was amiss between Geraldine and Clement; that they were a pair of lovers, or would be if they could, and that it would be a glorious stroke for her if she could somehow intervene and make two lovers happy.

To whom would any fearless intermeddler in such a case naturally address herself but to the eldest of the party? Had there been a Mrs. Marion, Lady Vanessa would have gone to her straightway and asked her a series of direct questions, and got at the truth of the matter. But there was no Mrs. Marion, and therefore Lady Vanessa's quick interest directed her at once to Captain Marion. To Lady

Vanessa Captain Marion was simply "a dear old thing," "a charming old man." Three-fourths of her time at least she regarded Geraldine as his niece, and in any case it would not have occurred to her to think that Geraldine was likely to be his wife.

"You never come to see me, Captain Marion," she said to him one day; "won't you let me give you a cup of tea at five? We are all alone now, and I am awfully dreary. It would be an act of charity on your part to come and talk to me some afternoon. Coming and dining is all very well; but I don't get any talk with you, and you have been about the world a deal, and I am very fond of soldiers; I like every soldier. Do come and have a cup of tea with me. I have some lovely Russian tea."

Captain Marion could not but be flattered by the lively lady's frank, pleasant ways. The very tone of her voice had a good nature in it which had a charm for a man like Marion. He did not know that she regarded him merely as a dear old thing, and even if he had known it he would have liked her none the less, nor felt the less anxious to go and take a cup of her Russian tea, and talk with her. So he paid her a visit one day alone. He dressed himself, perhaps, with a little more than his usual care, and looked indeed a very handsome, graceful specimen of a man just past the prime of life, who has been a soldier and a traveller, who liked the society of women, and could always make himself agreeable.

"What a darling girl your Geraldine is!" Lady Vanessa said; "and that handsome young fellow, Clement Hope, who is he? Now tell me something about him, won't you; he interests me greatly. There is a picture exactly like him in Venice, I think, or Florence, or somewhere; a picture of a young Venetian painter, I think—just the same kind of eyes, with a figure like that, a figure that gives you the idea somehow of a tall young tree a little bending to the wind, don't you know. Does it strike you so, Captain Marion?"

"He is a charming young fellow," Captain Marion said earnestly. "He has plenty of talent; but he has led too lazy a life up to this; not his fault, I should say, not his fault at all. He is going to turn-to now and do something to make his life useful in some way."

"Strikes me he is crossed in love," said Lady Vanessa.

Captain Marion smiled.

"Well, I believe there was something of the kind," he said. "I hear that he was very fond of Melissa Aquitaine."

"Not a bit of it," Lady Vanessa answered. "Don't you believe a word of that."

"Oh! but there was something, I assure you."

"Was something?" said Lady Vanessa. "Yes, there may have been half-a-dozen somethings. I dare say there were. A young man like that does not get to his time of life without having had a good many somethings. But there is nothing now. He does not care about her now, I can assure you."

"How do you know?" asked Marion, in wonder.

"Well, I don't know how I know—by looking at him—I know by observing things. When she comes into the room he hardly looks up, hardly observes her. Oh, no! it is not that. I have quite other ideas, Captain Marion, about your young friend. You make your mind easy. It is not the future wife of our dear Montana he cares about. Oh, no!"

Captain Marion looked astonished, and his expression was not exactly that of a man who feels bound to make his mind easy. He looked as if he was not making his mind easy.

"It is Miss Rowan," Lady Vanessa said, nodding her head at him decisively; "trust to me for that. What is wrong between them, Captain Marion? You take my word for it; he is in love with Miss Rowan."

Captain Marion almost started. "I don't think," he said—— "No, Lady Vanessa, I am sure—I am quite sure—you are mistaken."

"Not a bit of it! Ask any woman who knows him, and has seen him. She'll tell you the same thing. Ask Miss Rowan. She will tell you. I should not like to ask her. She would think it rude, perhaps; but there is something strange, and I want to set it right, if I can. Yes, Captain Marion, the poor young man is in love with Geraldine, and I tell you what, I'll give you any odds you like that she is in love with him."

Chapter XXXV.

Melissa's Honeymoon.

The crowning event of Melissa's life had come off. She had attained what ought to have been the very height of her happiness. The wildest dream of her fond fancy had been fulfilled. She was married to Montana. The marriage took place in a church near her father's house, in the northern city, and after the ceremony Montana and his wife stayed for a few days at a quiet watering-place forty or fifty miles away. It was not one of the usual resorts of couples on their honeymoon, but a steady-going, rather out-of-the-way place,

which fashion had not yet found out. There they remained for a few days, but for a few days only. Montana had his preparations to make for his voyage across the Atlantic, and time was running short.

It seemed strange to Melissa to find herself thus alone with her idol, and stranger still to find that after all there was less of the wonderful and more of the commonplace about it than she might have imagined. Montana seemed to her to be always in a cloud or in a dream. He was kindly to her in every way. He seemed anxious to attend to all her wishes, and even to forestall them. But there was nothing about him of the genial playful way which her father always had, and which made life so pleasant for her with Mr. Aquitaine, if she could only have known it at the time. She was married to Montana, and yet she did not seem to have approached any nearer to him in spirit than when they walked round Tower Hill that day together and she conversed with him for the first time. A curious fact is that until the moment when he signed himself "Edmund Montana," on the occasion of their marriage, she did not even know what his christian name was. Montana walked out with her constantly while they were staying alone on what ought to have been their honeymoon trip, a honeymoon of three or four days. He conversed with her a great deal, but it was only conversing with her. There was nothing of the fond close talk of the young husband or of the lover. He told her a good deal about his plans with a cold suavity of tone that seemed somehow to convey to her the idea that he did this as a matter of propriety and of duty. His manner seemed to say, although nothing could be more gracious and kind, "I don't suppose, Melissa, you really understand much about this; but we are now husband and wife, and I think it is part of the duty of a proper-minded husband to explain all his plans and purposes to his wife, even though she may now and then fail to understand them. So I tell you all this, Melissa; but if you do not quite understand, it does not matter. I have performed my proper part in telling, and you have performed yours in seeming to listen."

Yet the little girl was happy. She was sometimes rapturously, ecstatically happy. She could sit and gaze at him through a whole evening. When they walked together she could look away from the sea, and the sky, and the sunlight, or the stars, and only turn her eyes on him, her one star. It was enough to be with him, and to lean her hand upon his arm, and to hear his voice, and to know that she was married to him, and bore his name. A fearful pride, too, mingled in her joy; a pride full of dread lest anything might intervene, even

now, to take him from her or to make him forget her. She dreaded the prospect of being left behind without him when he crossed the Atlantic; left alone in the house that once was so pleasant to her, but now would be so dreary, where she could only spend the days in thinking of her absent husband and fearing for something to happen. She would have besought him to take her with him to America, but on this point he had already declared his purpose, and she had not the courage even to expostulate. Her love and her recent suffering seemed to have washed all the petulance and all the high spirit away from her, and left her submissive, languid, almost broken down. Mr. Aquitaine, too, had thought at first it would be better she should go with Montana across the ocean, but Montana seemed to have given him some reasons which satisfied him. It would be rough work at first, and if Melissa did go she would have to be left behind in some great hostelry in New York, or at farthest in Chicago, while her husband laid out the lines of his colony. Mr. Aquitaine agreed that this would not do, and that Melissa on the whole would be safest and happiest in her father's house until her husband could return for her. When the days of their short holiday had passed, they returned to Aquitaine's home. Montana was not to go back to London any more for the present, but was to leave for America without seeing the metropolis again. Montana was anxious to get away. If it had ever been his nature to show impatience, he would have shown it now. He was surprised one day to receive a letter from Clement Hope in which Clement told him that he was getting sick of the old world, and longing to begin his project in America; that he had changed his mind about waiting a little longer, and that he would leave Europe by the same steamer which carried Montana westward. Montana showed the letter to Mr. Aquitaine, and asked if Aquitaine could suggest any explanation of Clement's sudden determination.

"Surely," Aquitaine said, "you and he had better put your heads together and combine your projects. What can you want of two separate colonies at the same time? You don't want to run in rivalry; and besides, Clement Hope knows nothing about these things. His resources will run out before he has made a satisfactory start. He had much better go in with you. I will write and tell him so."

"I should be very glad," Montana answered coldly, "of his helping hand, if it were to be a helping hand. I owe him a good turn: I like him: I should be glad to make use of him, and to assign him a place that would be useful, but I don't admit partnerships in plans like mine. I don't like explaining my ideas to anyone until the moment comes for putting them into action, and I don't always

care to explain them even then. I want men to believe in me, and to work with me, and to take orders and to ask no questions. I am afraid Clement Hope has got it into his head that he can do something great upon his own account. Let him do so, by all means. The more of us who have faith in ourselves, and can put our faith into action, the better. But I could have nobody working with me who was not willing to work on my inspiration, to take it on trust, and do as he was ordered."

"I should think Hope would be delighted to work under you."

"I don't know. Some change has come over him lately. He seems odd and cold, and he has kept away from me. I am glad to find by this letter that he offers his friendship again. I shall take it just as it is offered. I owe him a good turn, as I have said; and I never look for offence. So I never receive any—or seldom, at least," he said slowly, as some recollection of Trescoe came into his mind. "And I never answer coldness by coldness."

Aquitaine gave vent to something almost like a sigh. "I only wish you would answer warmth by warmth," he said to himself, as he looked into Montana's impassive, handsome face, and thought of poor Melissa, her quick impatient temper, her wild love, her sudden little gusts and changes of emotion, her longing for affection, even the fitful poutings with which she sometimes met the affection when it was offered, and he wondered what sort of life would be before her in the long future with this strange husband, who had taken her, not for love, but only out of charity.

Montana and Melissa often walked out together these bright evenings of early autumn. Sometimes they wandered along, apparently without purpose, through suburbs on which every day warehouses were making fresh ravage, along patches of strand by the river which were menaced every week by new experiments in dock and warehouse, and through greenwoods which had already the shadow of their destination to building lots cast over them. Now and then coming to some particular spot, Montana struck quite away from the direction in which hitherto they had been going, and brought Melissa through tortuous windings of suburban streets and roads as if he were looking for some particular place, and then apparently having failed to find it, or having found it and seen enough of it, turned back again and resumed their old track. She could not help asking him once whether he knew the place long ago, and he answered that he did, that he had been there when a boy, but there were so many changes it was not easy to know any place again.

One evening they came to a bank just above the river. It was

on the verge of sunset, and they were looking westward. Montana stood for a moment in silence. Then it seemed to him that the arm of his companion leaned heavily on his, and looking down to Melissa he saw that she was fatigued.

"You are tired," he said. "Let us sit down here for a moment."

Looking around, he had seen that there was a wooden bench under a decaying tree not far from them. He brought Melissa to it, and they sat there. For all that Montana could do, he could not bring his thoughts to fix themselves on Melissa. It did not seem as if he were really married to her, as if she had become a part of his life. He could not think of him and her as living on together through years. He was not a man given to regrets. Things that were past were done with him, as with Mark Antony; and when once he had made up his mind that it would be well for him to marry Melissa, he never went back upon the subject. It was settled, and there was an end of it. But the conditions under which they had been married seemed to prevent him from entirely realising the fact, and from admitting it as part of his life and of his thoughts. He found his mind wandering away from her, and his eyes turned vaguely westward. Perhaps he was thinking at first that his own course would soon bear him westward. Suddenly, however, another thought, a memory, came into his mind. The scene, the place, were not indeed the same as those which he now remembered with a shock of disquiet, and even of pain. But there was resemblance enough to cheat the mind for a moment into the idea that it was the same place, and at all events Montana and his young wife were so sitting that their eyes naturally turned towards the setting sun.

Suddenly he rose to his feet.

"Come, Melissa," he said, "and let us go away from this. I don't like this place."

"Why not?" Melissa asked, wondering. "It's—it's very pretty, isn't it?"

"It is very pretty, I suppose, but I don't like it. It makes me feel uncomfortable. I don't know why. There is something chilly about it. But it is very pretty, and, if you like, we'll stay here," he said, sitting down again.

"Oh no, I don't care about it. I never cared about Nature and sunsets and that sort of thing. Nature seems to me awfully dull, and all sunsets are very much alike. I don't want to stay here. Let us walk on farther."

"You don't care about Nature?" Montana said in a vague sort of way, not quite knowing what he was saying.

"No," Melissa answered, "I only care about people, and not about many of them either. Don't you remember telling me once that in this world we must live in the present and for the present, and not in the past?"

"Did I tell you that? Where was that?"

"Oh, don't you remember? But of course you don't; you would not remember it as I remember it—you have no reason to. Well, it was that day, that first day that ever I talked to you—when we were walking together on Tower Hill. You said we both agreed in opinion, although then I don't think I had any opinion at all. I think I only meant that I was not troubling myself about the past, because I was only troubling myself about you."

Montana turned and looked into her wistful face, and the eyes seeking his own. The sight brought the old memory back to him.

"Well, let us go, dear," he said; "I don't care about Nature either, and I don't want to have much to do with the past. I had rather shut it out from me if I could. But anyhow, I don't like this place. It makes me uncomfortable. Let us go!"

So they went, and she, leaning on his arm, could hear him murmuring some words to himself. He murmured them again and again till at last she caught the sound.

"What is the comet of a season?" she asked.

"What?" Montana asked in turn, looking, for him, almost confused.

"The comet of a season? You have been saying that over and over again. What does it mean?"

"It is only a quotation from a poem, Melissa. I am not certain really what poet it is. I think it is Byron. I have not read much poetry, but I remember these words."

"They are pretty words," said Melissa; "I wonder what they mean?"

"I don't know. They came into my mind somehow. I heard them long ago in a place like this."

"All comets are of a season, are they not?" Melissa asked, seized for once with a desire to acquire exact knowledge. "I have seen ever so many comets. They come for a while, and shine all over the sky, don't they, and then they go away?"

"Yes," said Montana, "that is so, exactly."

"But they come back again," Melissa persevered; "I am sure the same comets come back again—after a long time, perhaps."

"They do," Montana gravely answered. "That happens in the sky, Melissa; with the comets that appear in the sky. But I think

those words I have been saying mean human comets, and such comets of a season don't always reappear. When they go out, they are not seen any more, and it is much better that it should be so—much better."

Melissa was silent. She had not the faintest idea of the meaning of his words, but there seemed something in them melancholy and ominous, which cast a gloom over their way home.

(*To be concluded.*)

MR. CONWAY AND MRS. PIOZZI.

THE city of Bath was wont to boast itself as "second only to the metropolis in histrionic science," as "pre-eminently distinguished as a school of actors," and "the nursery of the London stage." Sarah Siddons, Henderson, Edwin, Elliston, Julia Betterton, and others, had severally proceeded to seek their fortunes in London, fortified by a sense that Bath had first approved their efforts and pronounced them qualified performers. While Mr. Matthew Bramble, writing to his friend and physician, Dr. Lewis, was denouncing Bath as "a mere sink of profligacy and extortion," the resort of "every upstart of fortune harnessed in the trappings of the mode," and describing the fashionable company as "an inconsiderable proportion of genteel people lost in a mob of impudent plebeians, without understanding or judgment, or the least idea of propriety and decorum," Miss Lydia Melford, his niece, was affording her "dearest companion," Miss Willis, at Gloucester, a very different account of the fair city. She pronounced it a new world—all gaiety, good-humoured diversion. The eye was continually entertained with the splendour of dress and equipage, the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, chairs, and other carriages, and the theatre seemed to her excellent in regard alike to the performances, the scenic decorations, and the gaiety of the company.

Bath had often its rival players, and the patrons of the theatre sometimes permitted themselves much violence of partizanship. In London there had been great division of opinion concerning the antagonistic merits of Kemble and Kean. In Bath, true to its character of "second to the metropolis," an imitative and inferior dissension long prevailed touching the conflicting claims to distinction of two actors assuredly not of the first class—James Prescott Warde and William Augustus Conway. Bath society was completely divided as to the worth of these competitors. When they appeared upon the stage their lady patronesses occupied opposite stage boxes, and led the applause now of this player, now of that. Care was taken that Mr. Warde should secure no larger a show of favour than was bestowed upon Mr. Conway: that the exertions of the actors

should at least be equally cheered. Nor did the spirit of faction only manifest itself in the theatre. In private life the performers were pursued by a sort of biassed enthusiasm, an infatuated admiration. Each was circled by a clique of devoted adorers. Ladies giving tea-parties wrote upon their cards of invitation, "Mr. Conway will be present," the additional inducement proving irresistible. The handsome young actor was embarrassed by the idolatry of which he had become the god. When Mr. Warde found himself in bondage at the suit of an obdurate creditor—an actor's popularity does not stay legal process, and even genius has to pay its debts, or suffer the consequences of default in the matter—"eleemosynary turkeys, fowls, and rounds of beef" were supplied by his friends, countrymen, and lovers, for the sustenance of the captive. When Mr. Conway fell sick from overexertion upon the stage, three physicians were despatched daily to his door; all was done that the most tender sympathy could do to alleviate his sufferings; anxious enquiries were made hourly as to his state; and upon the announcement of his convalescence, turtle-soup, venison, and pine-apple were poured in upon him, to comfort and recruit the invalid. Mr. Conway's Bath experiences must have been among the happiest of his life.

He had journeyed to London, an actor of pretence, in 1813, bringing with him the fame of his histrionic achievements in Dublin. He made his first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre in the October of that year as the hero of Lee's tragedy of "Alexander the Great." It may be gathered that he was well received by his audience. He was forthwith entrusted with certain of the most important characters in the dramatic repertory. He personated in rapid succession Othello and Jaffier (to the Iago and Pierre of Young), Romeo, Henry V., Coriolanus, Norval, &c. He supported Kemble by playing Juba to his Cato, and Mark Antony to his Brutus. He was Richmond to Young's Richard III., and Alonzo to his Zanga in "The Revenge." In comedy he represented Petruchio, Orlando, and Young Fashion in "The Trip to Scarborough." During the two following seasons he was seen as Rolla, as Falconbridge to the King John of Kemble, as George Barnwell, Macduff, Comus, Dionysius in the "Grecian Daughter," Macbeth, Polydore in the "Orphan," Beverley in the "Gamester," Pizarro, Posthumus, and as Theseus in an operatic edition of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." But after the close of the season of 1815–16 he did not appear again in London until the summer of 1821, when he played Lord Townly, Leon, Doricourt, and Octavian at the Haymarket, and closed his brief career as an actor in this country.

It has been said of Conway that it was his ill fate to reverse Churchill's famous lines :

> Before such merits all objections fly ;
> Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Garrick's genius secured forgiveness for his lowness of stature; but the fact that Conway was six feet high operated as a fatal hindrance to his success. His features were refined and well proportioned ; he was of noble and symmetrical figure ; his voice was musical and of considerable power ; yet his abilities as an actor were held to be altogether insufficient to compensate for his uncommon height. His physical advantage in this respect was indeed a sore trouble to him, for it was converted into a reproach, a grievance, a jest. Every wit or wag, critic, actor, or small satirist, could jeer at Conway's tallness. It saved all search for the actor's merits, all necessity for really judging his exertions upon the stage, to accuse him at once of being six feet high. What answer could he make to such a charge? He could but admit his guilt. When, as Captain Gronow relates, John Kemble was asked whether Conway was or was not a good actor, but one answer could be obtained from him : "Mr. Conway is a very tall young man." "But what do you think of him?" "I think Mr. Conway is a very tall young man." And the same authority informs us that when Kemble's sound judgment, to the effect that the worst professional performer was better than the best amateur, was questioned by Lord Blessington, who claimed to be an actor of some capacity, and who demanded whether it was pretended that Conway was his superior, "Mr. Conway," answered Kemble in his most sepulchral voice, "is a very strong exception."

Macready, who, while serving his own apprenticeship to the stage, had met Conway as a member of the Newcastle company in 1810, and seems always to have treated the tall actor leniently and tenderly, describes him as being then "a very handsome young man, with a good voice, great ardour in the study of his art, and evincing very considerable promise," performing leading tragic parts to good houses. A little later, and Conway joined the elder Macready's company at Birmingham, and obtained cordial applause there. Macready, who had made his earliest essay as an actor in the part of Romeo, the bills announcing him as "a young gentleman, his first appearance upon any stage," next appeared as the youthful Lothair in Mat Lewis's forgotten tragedy of "Adelgitha," being now advertised as "Mr. William Macready," Conway supporting him by assuming the character of Guiscard. Macready subsequently personated Norval to

the Glenalvon of Conway, and wrote of his playfellow that he was "a great favourite, and as the leading actor of a country theatre deservedly so. But, unfortunately," Macready hastens to add, "the tendency of his study was by isolated and startling effects to surprise an audience into applause. The consistency and harmony of character was not the aim of his research. To 'make points' was the end of his practice and study, to which the spectators would respond, as I now perceive, too liberally. I remember well thinking that I had no chance against him, with his beauty of person, commanding stature, and physical power; but the sequel proved, unhappily for him, how much my inexperienced judgment was at fault."

Hazlitt seems to have written with special severity of Conway; it was as though the physical gifts and graces of the actor conveyed some sort of personal affront to the critic. When Conway appeared as Romeo to the Juliet of Miss O'Neill, Hazlitt wrote harshly and petulantly of the effort: "Of Mr. Conway's Romeo we cannot speak with patience. He bestrides the stage like a Colossus, throws his arms into the air like the sails of a windmill, and his motion is as unwieldy as that of a young elephant. His voice breaks in thunder on the ear, like Gargantua's; but when he pleases to be soft, he is 'the very beadle to an amorous sigh.' Mr. Coates' absurdities are tame and trifling in comparison. *Query.* Why does he not marry?" It is difficult now to understand how the critic could condescend to the vulgar impertinence of this enquiry. The "Mr. Coates" referred to was, of course, the absurd amateur actor of that name who was just then figuring preposterously before the public. Conway's performance of Comus—Milton's poem had been produced at Covent Garden as a play with much splendour of scenery, costume, and accessories—was thus contemptuously described by Hazlitt: "Mr. Conway topped the part of Comus with his usual felicity, and seemed almost as if the genius of a maypole had inspired a human form. He certainly gives a totally new idea of the character. We allow him to be 'a marvellous proper man,' but we see nothing of the magician or the son of Bacchus and Circe in him. He is said to make a very handsome Comus; and he would make a very handsome Caliban; and the common sense of the transformation would be the same."

Poor Conway suffered acutely under these severe criticisms and such as these. It was even said of him that, distressed at his own stature, which had thus become the object of incessant attack, "he twisted himself into all sorts of incomprehensible bends," in order to disguise and conceal his proportions. He was probably not unwilling to quit London upon the expiration of his three years' engagement at

Covent Garden and seek refuge in Bath. He found there, at any rate, a strong body of admirers. He made his first appearance upon the Bath stage in 1815 as Alexander the Great, and undertook a few nights afterwards the character of Don Felix in "The Wonder." Apparently his services were not much required during his first season in Bath. Warde was in possession of the "leading business," Macready was for some time a member of the company, and Young and Kean in turn fulfilled "starring" engagements. During his second and third seasons at Bath, Conway was to be seen as King Charles in "The Royal Oak," as the hero of Maturin's tragedy of "Bertram," as Joseph Surface, as Pierre in "Venice Preserved," as Don Giovanni in "The Libertine," as Leontes, Mr. Oakley, Fazio in Dean Milman's tragedy, Fitz-James in "The Lady of the Lake," Antony in "All for Love," and Bassanio. The historian of the Bath stage notes at this time that "Conway was so tall and Kean so short that they would not play together, and that Kean's Othello had therefore to endure a very incompetent Iago." If any feeling of personal hostility existed between Conway and Warde, this seems to have been completely subjected to the interest of the management. The actors combined in support of the plays produced. Conway personated Macbeth with Warde as Macduff; Warde played Shylock assisted by the Bassanio of Conway. The first part of "King Henry the Fourth" was represented with Warde as Hotspur and Conway as the Prince of Wales, Mr. Chatterly essaying the part of Falstaff. And when their benefit nights arrived the rivals interchanged courtesies, each exerting himself to assist the other. On his own night Conway played Pizarro with Warde as Alonzo. For his own benefit Warde produced "The Wonder," personating Don Felix, with Conway as Colonel Briton. "Conway acted very well," notes Genest; "he thought the part rather beneath him, and was consequently more at his ease than usual." Concerning other performances of Mr. Conway, Genest has recorded his opinion that as Count de Valmont in "The Foundling of the Forest," the actor "could not assume the look of fixed melancholy which is essential to the part," whilst as Coriolanus "his fine figure was suited to the part and he acted well." At the close of the season of 1819–20 Warde bade farewell to Bath. More profitable engagements had been offered him in Dublin, and he eventually found his way to London, obtaining there a respectable measure of success. Some may still remember him as the original Baradas in the "Richelieu" of the late Lord Lytton, produced during Macready's management of Covent Garden.

It might be judged that little interest attached to Conway's

story but for what has been called the Piozzi episode. He was a tall actor, he did not prosper, and his end was troubled and sad ; yet he attached to himself for some while a faithful train of fond admirers, and among them the famous Mrs. Piozzi. Macready has described his meeting the lady at a "select and very agreeable party," given in 1815 by Dr. Gibbs, the leading physician of Bath, who was subsequently knighted by the Prince Regent for his attendance upon Queen Charlotte. When "Mrs. Piozzi" was announced it seemed almost as though a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds had stepped out of its frame: "a little old lady dressed *point device* in black satin, with dark glossy ringlets under her neat black hat, highly rouged, not the end of a ribbon or lace out of its place, with an unfaltering step entered the room. And was this really the Mrs. Thrale, the sage monitress of 'The Three Warnings,' the indefatigable tea-maker of the Great Insatiable? She was instantly the centre on which every eye was fixed, engrossing the attention of all. I had the satisfaction of a particular introduction to her, and was surprised and delighted with her vivacity and good humour. The request that she would read to us from Milton was very readily complied with, and I was given to understand that she piqued herself on her superiority in giving effect to the great poet's verse. She selected a passage from the Eleventh book of 'Paradise Lost,' descriptive of the lazar-house, enunciating with studied and elaborate distinctness each of the enumerated physical ills that flesh is heir to." When the clock struck ten, "with a kind of Cinderella-like abruptness," she rose and took her leave. It was her rule to return home always at ten o'clock.

Mrs. Piozzi constituted herself the special patroness in Bath of Mr. Conway. His "high blood" is said to have been as great a recommendation to the lady's favour as were his good looks or his histrionic merits. His claims to noble descent have been questioned, however ; it has even been doubted whether he had any real title to the name he bore ; still, little is known of his origin and early history, and it is admitted that under trying conditions his conduct was invariably "disinterested and gentlemanlike." One of her note-books contained the entry: "Mr. Piozzi said I had spoiled my own children and was spoiling his. My reply was, that I loved spoiling people, and hated anyone I could not spoil. Am I not now trying to spoil dear Mr. Conway?" Of the actor's benefit in 1818 she writes to a friend: "Mr. Conway has had a flaming night of it. I dared not venture the crowd. But he must have gained as much as Barry or Mrs. Cibber used to do in my young days." The theatre had always possessed great attractions for Mrs. Piozzi. "On the reasonable side

of enthusiasm," as a biographer states the case, she was among the fondest votaries of the amusements of the stage, "and was wont to defend her partiality by arguments equally ingenious and solid." Yet, the admiration she expressed for Conway owned a personal element that distinguished it from ordinary regard for theatrical exhibitions. In the spring of 1819 Conway for a term quitted Bath for Birmingham. She notes his success there in writing to Sir James Fellowes: "My justly-admired Conway, meanwhile, drives all before him at Birmingham, after ill-usage enough here at Bath"—the Warde faction had probably secured some temporary triumph. "And now I tell him he must beware the trials of prosperity." In a few weeks Conway is back again in Bath, and she writes: "The rest of the week will be passed at the theatre, where Shakespeare's most agreeable characters will be exhibited: Falconbridge and Mark Antony, for which my favourite Conway seems to have been born." Young was to play King John and Cassius, the characters of Hubert and Brutus were entrusted to Warde, and Mrs. Yates from Covent Garden was engaged to appear as Constance; but to these performers Mrs. Piozzi makes no reference.

Moore, visiting Bath in May 1819, notes in his diary: "Breakfasted with the Fitzgeralds. Took me to call on Mrs. Piozzi, a wonderful old lady; faces of other times seemed to crowd over her as she sat—the Johnsons, Reynoldses, &c., &c. Though turned eighty, she has all the quickness and intelligence of a gay young woman." She was not yet "turned eighty," however. She duly celebrated her eightieth birthday by a grand concert, ball, and supper given to between six and seven hundred persons, at the Kingston Rooms, Bath, on the 27th January, 1820. She was born on the 16th January, 1740; but the change of style, the omission of eleven days from the calendar, had to be taken into account. Mrs. Piozzi's fête was described "as a memorable event in the annals of enjoyment of Bath." A miniature portrait of her as she appeared in her 77th year was painted by "the ingenious artist," Rorke of Bath, to whom she gave many sittings. She was short, and, though well proportioned, broad and deep-chested. Her hands were muscular and almost coarse, her sight remained strong and clear to the last; her writing was remarkable for its firmness and regularity, even in her 80th year it was described as "exquisitely beautiful." As she said to a friend, "I owe what you are pleased to call my good writing to the shape of this hand, for my uncle, Sir Robert Cotton, thought it was too manly to be employed in writing like a boarding-school girl; and so I came by my vigorous black manuscript." She enjoined the

painter to make his picture in all respects a likeness. He was to show her face deeply rouged, as it always was, and to introduce a trivial deformity of the lower jaw on the left side, where she had been severely hurt by her horse treading on her as she lay prostrate after being thrown in Hyde Park. Upon the occasion of her fête she took the chair at the head of the central table of three, supported on either side by a British Admiral of the highest rank; "and if anything," writes a biographer who was present, "could exceed the magnificent show of this assemblage, glittering in the gayest attire, and composed of all that Bath contained of exalted station, talent, genius, youth, and beauty, the profusion of delicacies, lights, and jewellery, it was the gracious and queen-like deportment of Mrs. Piozzi herself." It was remarked that her flow of "disciplined animation" and her strength seemed equally inexhaustible. She opened the ball with her adopted son, her husband's nephew, Sir John Salusbury, and danced, says the same authority, "with astonishing elasticity, and with the air of dignity which might have been expected from one of the best bred females in society." She would confess to no feeling of fatigue. "No," she said, "that sort of thing is greatly in the mind; and I am almost tempted to say the same of growing old at all, especially as it regards those of the usual concomitants of age, viz. laziness, defective sight, and ill-temper." The day after her exertions she surprised all by her liveliness of manner, and "sallies of wit" concerning "Tully's Offices," of which her guests had so eagerly availed themselves. Tully was the name of the Bath cook and confectioner who had provided the supper.

It is strange, however, to find her addressing her friend, Sir James Fellowes, some ten months later, and describing her fête as "a long-promised foolery" which could never happen again, but which had done exactly what she had meant it to do. "It procured me the power," she explains, "of making Conway's benefit equal to Warde's. . . . . He (Conway) has left our town and our stage now, and I shall trouble my head no more about theatrical affairs." The actor was playing again in Bath, however, in February, 1821. Mrs. Piozzi writes from Penzance to Mr. William Dorset Fellowes: "Conway is in high favour at Bath, the papers say; so indeed do private letters. That young man's talent will be one day properly appreciated; and then you and I will be found to have been quite right all along." But this was not to be. Mrs. Piozzi died in the following May—owing her death, as Madame d'Arblay relates, "not to age, nor to natural decay, but to the effects of a fall in a journey from Penzance to Clifton." By her will, made in 1816, she appointed

Sir John Salusbury heir to all her real and personal property. According to Macready's statement, a few days before her death she sent Conway a cheque upon her bankers for £500, which, at her decease, he returned to her heir and executor, receiving from him in due course "a cold and bare acknowledgment." Macready holds that the fact should be remembered to the honour of the actor, whose circumstances were at the time much straitened. Mr. Hayward's Life of Mrs. Piozzi is silent, however, on the subject of her parting gift to Conway.

There had long prevailed a report to the effect that the lady had made the gentleman a frank offer of her hand. Macready writes: "His admiration of her talents awakened in her a lively interest for him, and cemented a friendship between them which was variously canvassed by the many." She had given her villa and estate of Brynbella to Sir John Salusbury, but it was rumoured that she had demanded the restoration of the property that she might settle it upon the new object of her affection. This does not seem very likely. Mr. Hayward, in the first edition of the Life, protested that none of the letters or documents that had fallen in his way afforded even plausibility to the supposition that Mrs. Piozzi desired to marry the actor; while some of the testamentary papers in which his name occurred went far towards discrediting the belief that her attachment ever went beyond admiration and friendship expressed in exaggerated terms. Certainly, exaggerations and expressions of this kind are likely to be misunderstood, or to be interpreted to mean more than they were intended. But did the relations existing between Mrs. Piozzi and Mr. Conway merely represent that state of cordial friendship "of every-day occurrence between youth and age that is not crabbed?" In a note to his second edition, Mr. Hayward records simply that since the publication of his book "It has been stated on the authority of a distinguished man of letters, that Conway showed the late Charles Mathews [the elder comedian of that name] a letter from Mrs. Piozzi, offering marriage." Mr. Hayward withholds his opinion as to the genuineness or the accuracy of this statement.

In 1842 were published in London the "Love-letters of Mrs. Piozzi, written when she was eighty to William Augustus Conway." The title of the work is of a catch-penny sort, and the account of the publication of the letters is by no means explicit. It is stated that the originals, seven in number, were purchased by an American lady, who permitted a gentleman to take copies and make such use of them as he deemed fit. Mr. Hayward suggests that the letters

may be altogether spurious, or that their real tenour may have been much falsified by means of interpolated passages; the while he maintains that even "taken as they stand, their language is not warmer than an old lady of vivid fancy and sensibility might have deemed warranted by her age." It may be said, indeed, that the letters do not sufficiently warrant the description bestowed upon them by the publisher, to be condemned as wholly spurious. A forger would, probably, have proceeded in a more unreserved manner; his love-letters would be well supplied with tender expressions, the purchaser would have no reason to complain on that score. The sixth letter has been thought to be the most compromising. The writer is supposed to be exhorting Conway under some disappointment received at the hands of a younger mistress: "'Tis not a year and a quarter since dear Conway, accepting of my portrait sent to Birmingham, said to the bringer: 'Oh, if your lady but retains *her* friendship; oh, if I can but keep *her* patronage, I care not for the rest.' And now, when that friendship follows you through sickness and through sorrow; now that her patronage is daily rising in importance, upon a lock of hair given by *une petite traîtresse*, hangs all the happiness of my once high-spirited and high-blooded friend! Let it not be so. Exalt thy love, dejected heart, and rise superior to such narrow minds. Do not, however, fancy she will be punished in the way you mentioned. No, no, she'll wither on the thorny stem, dropping the faded and ungathered leaves:—a china rose of no good scent or flavour, false in apparent sweetness, deceitful when depended on—unlike the flower produced in colder climates, which is sought for in old age, preserved even after death, a lasting and an elegant perfume, a medicine too for those whose shattered nerves require astringent remedies." After begging Mr. Conway to love himself, and to avoid dwelling on any particular subject too long or too intensely, as dangerous to the health alike of his body and soul, the writer concludes: "This is preaching—but remember how the sermon is written, at three, four, and five o'clock by an octogenary pen, a heart (as Mrs. Lee says) twenty-six years old; and as H. L. P. feels it to be, ALL YOUR OWN. Suffer your dear noble self to be in some measure benefited by the talents which are left *her*; your health to be restored by soothing consolation *while I remain here*, and am able to bestow them. All is not lost yet. You *have* a friend, and that friend is PIOZZI." This letter may or may not have been indited by Mrs. Piozzi. Those can best decide who know how octogenarian ladies of vivid fancy write when they are in

love, or when addicted, as Mr. Hayward has it, to the expression of their admiration and friendship in exaggerated terms.

Of Conway there is little more to relate. For some seasons he had officiated as Alfred Bunn's stage manager at Birmingham. During his last engagement in London he became subject again to the lash of the critics. He was now attacked with special virulence by the *John Bull*, Theodore Hook's newspaper, founded to serve King George IV. personally in his conflicts with his queen and the country, and thriving upon a weekly profuse outpouring of merciless satire and gross scurrility. To Hook nothing was sacred except the throne in the occupation of George IV. The paper was remarkable, observes Hook's biographer, for "its wit, its humour, its blazing audacity of invective, its curious delicacy of persiflage (!), its strong caustic satire, its keen dissections of evidence," and for its "dexterous getting-up!" It reached forthwith and long maintained a great circulation. "It seemed as if a legion of sarcastic devils had brooded in synods over the elements of withering derision." Yet Hook was alone in the conduct of the paper; he was almost the only contributor; the shame and the glory of the publication were his exclusive possession. It has been pleaded for Hook that he was not really malignant, that he entertained no personal animosity; that he was by habit a farce-writer, living, moving in a perpetual atmosphere of practical joking and horse-play; that he was only chargeable really with recklessness and want of thought. "Certain men and women were stuck up as types of certain prejudices or delusions; and he set to knocking them down with no more feeling about them as individual human creatures than if they had been nine-pins." Macready, who had himself suffered from Hook's "unblushing effrontery" and ingenious offensiveness, dwelt upon the injuries inflicted upon Conway by the *John Bull's* editor and proprietor: "Poor Conway allowed himself to be the victim of this man's abuse, and wanting in strength of mind to endure the sneers and derisive personal attacks with which he was constantly assailed, retired from the stage, which afforded him a respectable income, and which could ill spare the degree of talent he possessed." Noting that matters that once seemed of moment are reduced to insignificance by lapse of time, Macready adds: "I wonder now at my own sensitiveness on occasions like this. But this is the player's weakness: his reputation lives in the opinion of his contemporaries, and it is with feverish jealousy that he watches the rise and fall of public favour." To the conduct of Hook, and the libellous assertions of other writers, Macready attributed the excitement against him of a spirit of

hostility, which only years of patient and persevering effort enabled him to live down.

Conway retired from the active exercise of his art. In the summer of 1822 he accepted the humble appointment of prompter at the Haymarket Theatre, upon a salary of £4 per week, and resolved to return to that office in the season of the following year. In December, 1822, the manager of the Bath Theatre sought out the misanthropic and disappointed tragedian at Clifton, and offered him an engagement as leading actor upon liberal terms. As Genest tells the story, Conway replied indignantly that "he was so disgusted with his profession, he would rather take one shilling per day to break stones upon the road than £50 per night to appear upon the stage." A few years later, however, he quitted England, having accepted a good engagement to sustain his most important characters in the United States.

Macready's last mention of Conway leaves him in 1826 at the new theatre opened in the Bowery, "a low quarter of the City of New York." The building was handsome and commodious; but insuperable objections were offered to its local situation. With Conway appeared Edwin Forrest, and the company was composed of some of the best actors in the country. "I was very anxious," Macready writes, "for poor Conway's success in the States, holding him in great esteem as a thoroughly gentlemanly man, and entitled to credit for considerable talent. The part he acted on the night I saw him was Brutus, in 'Julius Cæsar.' The performance was even, perhaps, too tame; unrelieved by any start of enthusiasm, and correctly described by that chilling word 'respectable.'" Mark Antony was represented by Forrest, then a young actor of two-and-twenty or so, and a prodigious favourite with the "Bowery boys." He is described as possessing a good though rather a heavy figure, a face that might be considered handsome, an excellent voice, with "an extraordinary strength of limb, to which he omitted no opportunity of giving prominence." He had received but an indifferent education; yet "in his reading of the text he showed the discernment and good sense of an intellect much upon a level with that of Conway." He was far more energetic than Conway, however, and his robustious style won for him applause and success such as poor Conway never attained.

Still, it was understood that altogether the English actor had enjoyed a fair measure of popularity in America. But in the year 1828 came tidings that whilst voyaging from New York to Charleston the unfortunate actor, whilst in a condition presumably of great mental distress and disorder, had thrown himself overboard and been

'he few effects of the deceased player were subsequently on in New York. Among his books was observed a olio edition of "Young's Night Thoughts," containing -leaf, in his own handwriting, a notification that the been presented to William Augustus Conway "by his ed friend, the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi."

DUTTON COOK.

THE STORY OF WULFGEAT.

WULFGEAT the Holting was ealdorman of all the men who lived at Holtingatun. The *tun* was a trim-looking wooden stockaded village, by a low flat of sandy shore, looking over a marshy fiord of the Little Belt near where the Danish or German town of Flensborg now stands. But in Wulfgeat's days there were as yet no Danes or Germans in Sleswick. For the exact date of this story is the year of redemption 442; and in that year Sleswick was still peopled entirely by the English folk, who had hardly yet begun their great emigration to Britain, which afterwards caused the name of that distant land to be changed to England. The only England, however, which Wulfgeat and his Holtings knew was Sleswick itself, with Jutland and Holstein; exactly the same country which we all used to call Denmark a few years since, before Bismarck and his myrmidons filched half of it to add to overgrowing Prussia. Therefore, whenever the present saga speaks of England, it must be understood to mean the England of the fifth century by the shores of the Baltic; and whenever it wishes to mention the country that we now call England, it can only describe it by its contemporary title of Britain.

On Woden's day, the third of May, 442 (I love to be accurate in matters of chronology), there was much stir in the enclosure at Holtingatun. From the number of young æthelings collected in arms before the long wooden hall of Wulfgeat, a man might almost have fancied that the Æscings of Æscingatun—the next neighbours, and therefore, of course, the deadliest enemies of the Holtings—had broken through the mark which separated the two clans, a belt of saltmarsh overgrown with tall cranberry-bushes, and that the Holtings were now in momentary expectation of a hostile attack. But the fact is, a careful observer might soon have noticed more than one young Æscing soldier among the crowd that stood waiting at the door for Wulfgeat, bestower of bracelets to heroes. Indeed, this was what might be called an off-day at Holtingatun, when the time-honoured English practice of heaving half a brick at a stranger had been laid aside, and when volunteers from many a surrounding

village were pouring in to the stockade as friendly visitors. To-day was a special occasion on which *hospes* and *hostis* were no longer synonymous terms, and when even an Æscing from the next clearing was cordially recognised as a man and a brother. For this was the day which Wulfgeat the ealdorman had arranged for the sailing of his great piratical expedition to Britain; and as there was a chance of plunder looming in the distance, Holtings and Æscings forgot their petty differences for the nonce in the sense of their common unity as Englishmen, and their common interest in looting the good-for-nothing Welsh.

At last the bestower of bracelets himself made his appearance at the door of his wooden hall, and was greeted with appropriate acclamations, as became an undoubted descendant of Woden, by the clashing of swords against the linden-wood bucklers which each man held on his left arm. Wulfgeat the ealdorman, I fear I must confess, was not in any way an heroic or noble-looking person. On the contrary, he was as commonplace a ruffian as you could easily find among the patrons of any prize-ring. He bore unmistakable signs of noble birth, it is true; indeed, he looked by no means unlike the more rowdy young members of our own existing aristocracy, except in the accidents of costume; but that he was by ingrained nature a brutal and callous pirate any man could see at half a glance. Naturally, therefore, he was a very popular ealdorman, and he always attracted large numbers of active young æthelings to his service whenever he was bent upon a little summer cruise along the coasts of Romanised Britain. Wulfgeat had no cursed nonsense about him, the æthelings said. The minstrels remarked that when he took in his hand the oar and crossed the broad brine to o'ercome the Welsh, many Welsh women mourned their husbands slain and their houses burnt; there was mead and joy in the high hall of the Holtings, and to each man Wulfgeat shared the glorious spoil. Such a leader was sure of success in the old England by the Baltic shore; he was admirably adapted to his contemporary environment. Reckless of his own life, ruthlessly cruel in war, bold and courageous, foolhardy at sea and careless on land, mostly drunk when he was not fighting, and with a high character for impartial generosity in distributing the stolen effects of the defenceless Welsh, Wulfgeat was naturally and universally recognised by the whole country side as the very best fellow in all England.

The date originally fixed for the expedition had been the first of May; but the early English were not remarkable for punctuality in

keeping engagements, and indeed rather prided themselves upon showing independence of character by turning up late whenever they were expected to come to time. So Wulfgeat had had to wait two days longer for the arrival of all his companions; and even now that they had actually arrived, they were by no means all of them unanimous as to the direction which the expedition ought to take. It is true, they were quite of accord as to the desirability of harrying Welshland; but as Welshland was the common name for all the world except Sleswick, this noble determination was perhaps a trifle vague. Witta the Thorning was in favour of a raid up the rivers of Gaul, where he had helped to plunder a church near Abbeville some two years before; whereas Æsc the Wulfing was disposed to sail straight across towards the great Roman city of York, which he knew to be full of rich spoils, that any warrior might seize with his mill-sharpened steel. Wulfgeat himself, however, had quite a different scheme in his head: he was bent upon colonisation, not upon plunder; and so, as the æthelings crowded round him, he made his way to the Woden's oak that marked the centre of the *tun*, where, mounting on the great monolith that stood in its shade, he addressed the assembled moot after this fashion, in that half-poetical alliterative style which passed for eloquence with the rough pirates of the fifth century:

"Holtings and helpmates, my mind is for this rede that I tell you. We know the naughtness of the Welsh and the goodness of the ground in Britain island. When the men of Rome held it they were stark and stiff in fight; castles and burys they wrought through all that land, on every side, far and wide, and firmly they kept their hoard and home in the hard hand-play of battle against the æthelings of the English folk. Yet even then our fathers many a time and oft sailed up their streams, and sacked Lunden-bury, the merchants' mart, taking away unnumbered spoils. But since, as men say, Goths broke Rome-burg itself, the men of Rome have gone from Britain island, and their stout ships no longer guard the goodly land. The Welsh that hold it now are but a redeless rabble; many kings, but weak kingdoms; a man might easily win them all with his worth, if he took with him many proud workers of war. Now, this is my rede that I rede you. Let us sail swiftly over the broad brine, the gannet's bath, with keels and warriors, before the north-east wind; and let us land where we may, and bethink us no more of spoils, but of winning all that land. For this England of ours is but a barren soil, holt and heather, forest and fen, and few slaves have we to till our fields. But in Britain island the land is rich, the tilth of

Rome, with corn for bread and beer, the hero's reward, mead in the wealthy hall, high filled in horns. There every man may drink his fill, while Welshmen labour for him in the field. Let us take that land by might, slaying the Welsh, and making slaves of wife and bairn; and there let us live in heaven-high halls, the Holtings' home, and in ashen glades, the Æscings' noble rest. You hear my rede."

"But how about our women and children?" asked Æsc the Wulfing, who had just bought himself a highborn wife, a lady of the Holtings, eighth in descent from Woden himself. (Everybody who was anybody was eighth in descent from Woden in the England of the fifth century. It was an indispensable passport, indeed, to good society.)

"Let the men come with me first," said Wulfgeat ealdorman; "and when we have slain the good-for-nothing Welsh, we will mete out the land to each, the meed of valour. Then we will send back the keels to England, across the broad brine, with chosen warriors in every keel, to bring the highborn ladies and the young æthelings to Britain isle."

"But what shall the freemen do for wives?" asked a young churl from the outer ring, using his right as a freeman to speak in the moot.

"The freemen who sail with me are not all house-fathers," answered Wulfgeat. "Those who are may send for their wives and their children and their cattle in the keels; for those who are not, we shall find wives enough and to spare among the maidens of the Welsh."

The moot turned the matter over with some small deliberation, and a few dissented from Wulfgeat's plan; but most of the æthelings were ready enough to try this new idea of colonising Britain. Æsc the Thorning, indeed, disapproved of it wholly, and went back to his hall, himself and all his companions with him, though it is said he afterwards took part with the Jutes in the conquest of Kent, and became the first lord of Thorningbury. But the rest mostly agreed to bear their share in the new expedition, save only Octa, the son of Hengest, who preferred to set out on his own account on a plundering raid to York city. So Wulfgeat and his followers all went down to the beach, and there got in order the long keels, open boats with oars and sails, each of them holding about a hundred men, with stores and arms. Then they pushed them off with three cheers from all the Holtings; and so the first English colony to Britain got under weigh.

From Holtingatun the pirate fleet, forty keels strong, sailed day and night, sometimes before the wind, sometimes under all oars,

through the Great Belt and the Cattegat, and out around the long low headland of the Skaw into the open waters of the North Sea. There the nor'-easter caught them up and bellied their sails from aft, so that they cut down in a sheer south-westerly course towards the jutting cliffs of Cromer. They did not make, as usual, for Humber mouth and York city, nor yet for Thanet and the Wantsum, giving them free access to the Thames and the great mart of London ; but they let the wind drive them as it would, straight towards the easiest point of all Britain. Of course, if an Eminent Historian had been one of the party he would naturally have pointed out to them how extremely unhistorical and inaccurate was this their conduct. He would have proved to them from Bæda and the *English Chronicle* that the first Teutonic settlements in Britain ought to have been made in Kent and Sussex; and that East Anglia ought only to have been colonised at a later period, say about a century after the known date of this present expedition. But to these expostulations Wulfgeat and his followers would probably have answered, first, that as Bæda was as yet unborn, and the *English Chronicle* yet unwritten, they were not going to commit the gross anachronism of noticing their objections ; secondly, that living in the fifth century, they preferred not to be bound by the traditions of the eighth or the theories of the nineteenth; and thirdly, that as they did not personally know the Eminent Historian himself, and strongly suspected from his language and appearance that he was not of pure English descent, they would prevent all further disagreeable discussion by throwing him bodily overboard. And in that case I feel sure that the thousands of modern Englishmen and other Britons who have derived so much instruction from his great and valuable works would scarcely agree with that hard saying of the Eminent Historian himself: "We may now be thankful for the barbarism and ferocity of our ancestors."

As all the persons actually present, however, happened to be contemporaries of the fifth century, they were quite unanimous in steering with the wind toward the sloping coasts of Norfolk. They knew very little about the geography of Britain; but they knew enough to be sure that the hardest points at which to effect a permanent settlement would be the neighbourhood of York and London. There, great Roman fortresses blocked the way, still manned by Romano-British troops, who had been partially trained under Roman drill-masters to the ways of civilised warfare. There, too, the native population clustered thickest on the broad alluvial corn-growing levels of the Thames and Ouse ; and there the invaders could have been quickly dislodged by reinforcements of British troops coming along

the Roman roads from every direction. The almost insular region, on the other hand, which had once borne the name of the Icenians, and which was so soon to be called by its new title of East England or East Anglia—the earliest England of all on British soil—this almost insular region, I say, was clearly the best place on which to effect an easy landing. Fen and river girt it round on every side; its own population was a mere servile mass of Romanised farm-slaves; it contained no first-class Roman fortress, and few smaller ones; and on its low shore a landing might readily be made almost anywhere that the invaders chose. There was but one great Roman road connecting the island with the rest of Britain—the road that curved round through what is now Norfolk and Suffolk from the Wash to Camalodunum; and by seizing and cutting off this one road, the pirates could easily entrench themselves impregnably in their island domain. Not, of course, that they fully understood all this beforehand; they had not a good ordnance survey of the fen country on board to guide their strategical dispositions correctly; but they knew that ever since the Romans left, they could land and plunder with practical impunity wherever they pleased, between the Wash and the Orwell; and they shrewdly conjectured that there must be some good reason for the comparative defencelessness of this strip of lowland coast. It had not been so in the old imperial days; then the Count of the Saxon Shore used to cruise every year along the exposed line, and fight many a bloody sea battle with the English pirates; but now the Count and his organisation had melted away with the rest of the Roman system, and a wretched puppet of a British Prince kept high court in his stead at Gwent of the Icenians, and left the shore to take care of itself as best it might.

Wulfgeat and his comrades sighted the cliffs of Cromer early on the morning of their last day, but they held off at sea till evening, because they did not wish the Welsh to know of their coming, and to gather the levy to oppose their disembarcation. By evening, however, they sailed on before the wind, and about two in the morning, as they coasted quietly along the marshlands, and the broad bay that is now filled up by the great bulge of the Norfolk shore, they came at last to a good shelving strand near the open tidal mouth of Yare. Here they beached their boats as noiselessly as they could, and all the four thousand men disembarked under cover of night on a low spit of the Suffolk side. That land, an Eminent Historian justly remarks, is still the most thoroughly Teutonic part of all Britain. No wonder, when we think how Wulfgeat and his companions made it so. Yet even thus, it isn't so very Teutonic after all.

Early next morning, the British people had discovered that pirates were landed in their neighbourhood, and had turned out in order of battle. A few poor peasants had seen the disembarcation, and had stolen away to the nearest villas of Romanised Icenian gentlemen to announce the arrival of the enemy. Some of the Icenian gentlemen took horse at once with their wives and families, left behind them their villas and their goods, and fled with what cash they had about them along the still open road to Colchester. Thence they sent word to Aurelius Ambrosianus, who called himself king of all Britain, and kept high court at Amesbury, that unless he came to their aid at once the Isle of the Icenians would fall utterly into the hands of the heathen. Ambrosius, however, was too overwhelmed with other affairs to pay much attention to the state of the island; in the first place, he was busy enough himself in keeping off the attacks of Saxon pirates who were already plundering along the Belgian coast from Beachy Head to Southampton Water; and in the second place, he was deeply engaged in a religious discussion with Bishop Gwitolin of London, who suspected him of being tinged with the vain heresies of the Pelagians. But there were other Icenian gentlemen who stood up stoutly for their hoard and their home, gathering their serfs and tribesmen about them, and despatching messengers in hot haste to the Prince of the Icenians at Gwent, asking him to come forward with all his servants and drive the heathen into the sea.

Poor souls! they got little good by their resistance. Wulfgeat and his English fell upon them with their long swords and their wooden bucklers, and fought them furiously all day long. The Welshmen made a desperate defence at first, but towards evening, when most of the gentlemen had fallen at close quarters, the herd of serfs and peasants began to give way, then was seized with panic, and at length broke away in terror, and fled tumultuously every man to his house. Wulfgeat and his men took possession of the nearest villa homesteads, ate all that they found in the granaries and store-houses, killed most of the short-horned cattle, and burnt the villas next day out of pure mischief before they began their morning's march. They were fine reckless destroyers and pillagers, these same noble Anglo-Saxon ancestors of ours.

Wulfgeat's first victory gave him all the peninsular region between Yarmouth and Lowestoft, where he and his Englishmen settled down at once. Then he sent back several of his keels, manned by just as many men as were necessary to navigate them, to Holtingatun to bring over the remainder of his clan, women and children, and to call

upon the neighbouring clans to join them. Meanwhile, he and his people divided out the land already won to the chief warriors; and with the land they distributed the Welsh serfs whom they found upon it. Most of the able-bodied men, it is true, they killed in cold blood, lest they should rebel against them; but all the women, the children, and the young lads, they spared and divided out to one another as slaves. Indeed, in their language, the words Welshman and slave became thenceforth synonymous. If an Eminent Historian had been present on the occasion, no doubt he would have urged upon them the pressing necessity of killing off all the Welsh without distinction, in order to preserve the absolute purity of the Teutonic blood in future. He would have pointed out the extremely unhistorical character of their action in sparing so many undoubted Kelts, and would have shown that such weak-minded and womanly conduct must quite upset the groundwork of all his theories. But to this, Wulfgeat and his companions would justly have replied, that they preferred to keep slaves to do their work for them, rather than to do it themselves; that they wanted land and agricultural labourers; that these Welsh serfs had been trained to understand Roman methods of cultivation; and that as to the Britain of the nineteenth century, the exact proportions of Keltic and Teutonic blood which it was likely to contain were a matter of supreme indifference to them. Very unhistorical and unpatriotic, no doubt; but still, very natural under the circumstances.

In truth, even without such a wholesale and universal massacre, the conquest of East Anglia must have been quite terrible and horrible enough. What nameless cruelties and wickednesses were really perpetrated, the pen of this century shrinks from telling in full. Homesteads burnt and desolated: women and children flying on foot, terror-stricken and houseless, towards the great Roman fortresses in the south; men hiding from the heathen pirates in fens and woods and open heaths, and dragged out at last to be speared or hacked in pieces for pure sport and devilry; Christian Welsh maidens handed over to the tender mercies of brutal pagan corsairs; widowed mothers and orphan children divided by lot as slaves to rough and savage masters, who would treat them as so much wretched Welsh rubbish. All this was bad enough in itself, without the impossible addition of an indiscriminate extermination; and I, for my part, cannot find it in my heart to-day to be thankful for it at all. Even the proud privilege of being an Englishman, and not a Russian, or a Prussian, or an Italian, or no better than these Keltic Scotchmen and Irishmen who cannot boast of pure Teutonic pedigree—even

this magnificent birthright hardly reconciles me to the humiliating thought that only forty generations separate us at this moment from those callous and bloodthirsty piratical ruffians. Can any believer in heredity wonder, after so short a space of imperfectly civilising influences, that a "recrudescence of barbarism" should now and again drive us into all the similar cruelties and injustices of an Afghan or a Zulu war?

Wulfgeat's messengers soon spread abroad in Old England the tale of the first conquest, of the naughtness of the Welsh and the land's wealth. Before long more keels from many clans came over to aid him, and the boats of the Holtings themselves carried across the ladies of the æthelings, and even the long-horned Teutonic cattle from the Baltic marshland. Step by step the English advanced over the face of the Icenian Isle, and by the end of about three years they had conquered every inch of it. Then they cut off the Roman bridge across the Stour, and isolated themselves utterly in the New England—East England, as men called it afterwards, when the Middle English had settled farther to the west, beyond the fens; when the North English had colonised all the braes of Lothian and all the wolds of York; and when kindred colonies of Saxons had planted themselves along all the more southerly shores from Essex to Southampton Water. But for the present it was known as England only, while all the land to the west and south was known as Welsh-land. Thus the English first settled in Britain.

Wulfgeat ealdorman himself was a proud man, indeed, when he had conquered his new dominions. The North Folk, it is true, set up a new king on their own account, a certain Beowulf the Scylding, who led the second body of English immigrants. But the South Folk, from Yare to Stour, clave to Wulfgeat, and on the day of the final victory over the miserable remnant of the Welsh near the Fen-land border, they chose the ealdorman for father and for king. Wulfgeat that day had stormed the fastness of the last Icenian gentleman who held out in the main of Suffolk, and having killed the chief in cold blood, had dragged off his daughter as bride. If an Eminent Historian had been present, indeed, he would have expostulated on the absurdity and inconsistency of thus admitting a Christian Welsh woman to the privileges of the Teutonic wife, and would have quoted a distinguished dignitary of the Church to prove that such a course of action was quite impossible and highly un-English. But Wulfgeat might have answered (but for the gross anachronism involved) that what Northumbrian princes did in the sixth and seventh centuries he might reasonably do in the fifth; and that if he chose to marry a

Welsh lady, he would do so without standing interference from anybody. At any rate, so he did, and as a faithful chronicler I am compelled to tell the story as I have received it, without deference to anybody's theories whatsoever.

That very evening, in moot by the battlefield, under a Woden's oak on the edge of the Fenland, Witta the Thorning rose and said:

"Holtings, Thornings, Wealdings, Swefelings, and other men of the South Folk: We have won this land with our worth, slaying foes in the slaughter, and now the Welsh are all subdued, nor is there one Welshman left in Icen Isle. (Of course Witta considered a few thousand serfs and striplings quite unworthy of serious notice.) Now, Wulfgeat ealdorman has been our leader in the hard handplay of battle. He it was who first led us from Holtingatun, heath and holt, fen and forest, to this goodly land of bread and beer. In his hall the Holtings fill high the horn with much foaming mead. Where Wulfgeat led, there the Welsh fled the English even as fire. Wulfgeat is a good man and true; many Welshmen has he slain with his own hard hand. Let Wulfgeat then be king of all English kin!"

So the moot shouted as one man: "Let Wulfgeat ealdorman be king!" And Wulfgeat was king thenceforth over all the South Folk. And he built himself a high hall at Holtingatun by Stour, and there he lived all his days with Gwyn his queen, whose name the English called Æthelburh. And when he died men took his lych and laid it on a high ness; and beside it they laid his helm with the boar's head for a crest, and his long sword, and his linden shield; and they killed Gwyn his queen, and laid her by her lord; and over the lyches they piled a great barrow, to be a signal far and wide to seafaring men. And the Suffolk Archæological Society opened the barrow last year, and found a brachycephalic male skull and a dolichocephalic female skull, which they sent for identification to a distinguished anthropologist, and the weapons they put in the Ipswich Museum. And that was the end of Gwyn and Wulfgeat.

But the kingdoms of the East English, the South Folk and the North Folk, ringed round by their mark of fen and river, long remained separate principalities. And within them there were many little colonies of half-independent clans, who met at the great moot at Thetford, Cnobbesbury, Dereham, or Dunwich, but had each their own moot in their own little *hams* as well. Many of the companions of Wulfgeat have thus left their names upon our modern maps,—Ælfings at Alfington, Gislings at Gislingham, Bæbings at Babbingley, Cædings at Kedington, Heardings at Hardingham, Ofings at Ovington, and so forth. Altogether, in all East Anglia, there are now no

fewer than 153 village names of this clan type, each representing the original settlement of a distinct English family. Of these, Norfolk has 97, and Suffolk 56. This is much thicker than in any other part of Britain, even Kent having only 60, Hampshire 33, Surrey 18, Hertford 10, Cornwall 2, and Monmouth none. Such a result shows that Wulfgeat and his friends must have Teutonised East Anglia far more thoroughly than any other English colonists Teutonised their respective principalities.

Each little clan settlement consisted of the farms belonging to the freemen of the clan, whether eorls or ceorls, with the clan village in their centre. Around every farmhouse clustered the huts of the Welsh serfs; and these must certainly have been pretty numerous, for, as Dr. Rolleston observes, skulls of the British dolichocephalic type are common to the present day among the East Anglian peasantry. As late as the days when the Danes ruled in East Anglia, they stipulated in their treaty with Aethelred that each party should refuse to harbour the Welshmen of the other. Isolated independent bodies of Welshmen even held out in the Fen country to a late date. But in the English pale of the North and South Folk, all the Welsh must quickly have been Anglicised, learning the English tongue of their lords, and almost forgetting before long that they had ever been anything but Englishmen. As to their Christianity, it is not probable that the faith had ever reached very far down amongst the mere corn-growing field slaves of Britain. At any rate, the superstitions of the English peasantry are still the essentially Keltic superstitions of Devonshire, Ireland, and the Scotch Highlands. Perhaps even the most desperate Teutonist amongst us has really more Keltic blood in his veins than he is at all willing to admit.

Such, or somewhat such, I take it, was the way in which East Anglia was colonised by the English. And though this story of Wulfgeat is but a light-hearted fiction of the imagination, I do not feel by any means sure that there is not a good deal more truth in it, after all, than in the truculently dogmatic utterances of many eminent historians. Ancestor-worship is a very good thing in its way, perhaps, but I should like to worship somebody a little better than our English ancestors of the fifth century.

GRANT ALLEN.

CHARLES DICKENS AT HOME.

A FEW recollections of Dickens—one of the most interesting of men—will be received with welcome. I knew him very intimately, and saw a great deal of him: indeed, I may feel a sort of pride in saying that he had a particular friendship for me, and showed it in many substantial ways.

Now, as he has been dead some eleven years, I will first try to recall what he was like. There never was a man so unlike a professional writer. A tall, wiry, energetic figure; brisk in movement; a head well set on; a face rather bronzed or sunburnt; keen, bright, searching eyes, and a mouth which was full of expression, though hidden behind a wiry moustache and grizzled beard. Thus the French painter's remark that "he was more like one of the old Dutch admirals we see in the picture galleries, than a man of letters," conveyed an admirably true idea to his friends.

He had, indeed, much of the quiet resolute manner of command of a captain of a ship. He strode along briskly as he walked; as he listened, his searching eye rested on you, and the delicate nerves in his face quivered, much as those in the delicately-formed nostrils of a dog do. There was a curl or two in his hair at each side which was characteristic; and the jaunty way he wore his little morning hat, rather on one side, added to the effect. But when there was anything droll suggested, a delightful sparkle of lurking humour began to kindle and spread to his mouth, so that, even before he uttered anything, you felt that something irresistibly droll was at hand. No one ever told a story so drolly, and, what is not so common, relished another man's story so heartily. A man of his great reputation and position might have chosen what company he pleased, and would have been welcome in the highest circles; but he never was so happy as with one or two intimate friends who understood him, who were in good spirits or in good humour. He was always grateful, as it were, to hear a good thing.

Gad's Hill, on the Rochester road, has been often described. It is a snug old red-brick house—quaint, too—with a belfry in the roof; a little lawn in front; a cosy porch; bow windows. It was

old-fashioned and snug, and yet modern and modernised—as the great plate-glass windows set in the sound old brickwork seem to evidence. The country about was charming: spreading out pleasantly, well furnished, dotted here and there with little patches of red; other houses, as snug, upon hills or in dells. Nothing was more agreeable than a "run down" for a few days, or even from Saturday till Monday, arranged at "the office" in a hearty cheery style there was no resisting. Even here, his accurate, business-like mode would be shown; the hour and train fixed, or a leaf torn from his little book and the memorandum written down for guidance. His day was mapped out; there was haste, but no scramble. Then came the meeting at Charing Cross Station, he posting up in good time. It was pleasant to note the deep respect of the guards—much more than a conventional greeting to a familiar passenger of importance.

I do not recall anything more delightful than one of these holidays. There is something in the Kentish country—land of hop-poles and lanes—that in the summer time has the most pleasing associations. The basket carriage or car waiting at Higham; the old village church; the road to Gad's Hill—all had a special charm. The Medway, Rochester, Chatham, all these opening out are ever associated with him. This tract of country always seems to be painted in two colours: warm brick, mellow red tiles or shingle roof, and a deep green, as rich and mellow; add to this a third tint, the chill greys of the strangely bending river which attend you side by side almost all the way.

Nearly opposite his gate was the old "Falstaff Inn," so often described. Here, in this charming circle, with the pleasant gardens and flowers, the little croquet-ground—a recent acquisition—each day went by like an hour—can I see him lying on the grass, enjoying its calm, or standing about in his resolute fashion and attitude. I recall one Sunday, sultry even at the early hours when I started off on a walk before breakfast. I fancy that I may quote a little description, written by myself, in his own journal:

> The scene is a charming bit of double colour, red brick and green sward on an English high road, or rather in these railway times green lane, with an old tree or two, and a belfry in the roof; and from this I start on a *very* bright Sunday morning, making for a semi-military, semi-nautical settlement some miles away. I have never seen the nauti-military settlement, and do not know the road, so the whole has a prospect of adventure. Adventure there was to be none; but the reader will understand how pleasantly one turns back, for reasons unmeaning as compared with the incidents of other days, to little pictures of this sort. The green lane went up and down, became a high road, encountering with gigs and a *stray waggon and* a yellow van—there was to be a race or a fair

somewhere on the Monday—with a two-wheeled show-cart of meaner pretensions; the proprietor of which walked by his vehicle in a Sunday cloak made out of the gaudy and dappled oilcloth which served on profane occasions as his roulette board. There was distinctly the blue and the red, and the less fortunate black, and the all lucky crown, most gorgeous in its yellow, displayed upon the proprietor's back.

Next, I met "tidy" women, very smart, and their lords in very roomy royal blue dress-coats and brass buttons, and those extra-short double-breasted waistcoats which honest but sorely tempted children of the soil always wear in melodramas. These were distinctly *not* going to church; and I could pardon them for turning aside to the rustic inn, to which you mounted by steps, which had two bow-windows with diamond panes and plenty of flowers, and a sign well on the road, and called the "Jolly Waggoner." If it were a little later, I should myself have liked to go up and make the acquaintance of the "Jolly Waggoner" and his ale. After three or four miles, during which the sun was growing a little strong, and the dust perhaps rather acrimonious in its visits to the eyes, the great river and bridge came in sight. And there, while the spectator leaned on the bridge and looked in every direction, was a view that might sanctify any Sunday morning. A great full river, with that most satisfactory *brimming* fulness which recalled the Rhine, and a noble bridge of many arches, hill-shaped according to the older pattern, and whose piers seemed to stand firmly and confidently in the water and to defy any winter's flood, as if they were great granite calves of legs belonging to a many-legged granite giant, who could stride up or down the river with ease. At the opposite side was the little old town, and the little old town's ruined castle rising solemnly on the hill, and the little old town's houses very much crowded, and forced down to the edge of the water. And then beyond the little old town was the nautico-military town, which climbed up a hill laid out in ancient "lines" and more ancient fosses; and beyond the hill, down far below, the river had got in again and was wading under that Sunday's sun, glittering and glistening very far below, with the dockyards at its edge and the great shipbuilding sheds—monster coach-houses, but which now looked like tiny mousetraps. A charming view until modern man stepped in to spoil all, or rather the cruel, rapacious, and ubiquitous London, At-'em and Dashover Railway, running amuck through the country, hurled a heavy iron trough across the pretty river, and side by side of the pretty bridge. As I looked at its raw lines with disgust, and at its endless rivets, and heard it reverberating and clanging with a passing train, I seemed to hear it say, like an ugly bully, "I've as much right to be here as *you*. I can go beside *you*, if I like, or *over* you, or go anywhere I like!"

Still pressing on, I entered the little old town, which is all a snake-shaped street, with old rusty inns, and old posting-yards, and a few old framed houses; their old bones and joints well looked to and kept as fresh as paint could keep them. I liked the way they projected over and covered the pathway, and I liked their gables still more. I went out into the road to have a good stare: to the amazement of the family, who were reading their Bibles on a Sunday morning, and thought the profane stranger might be better employed. Everything looked as bright and clean as a Dutch town, even to the one policeman, who, having little to do, began an affable conversation. Taking another bend, the little old town showed me some genuine red brick houses with yellow stone corners and high French roofs—little Kensingtons, with a delightful old clock that hung out over the street in a mass of florid carving. Behind was a niche, and a flamboyant

statue of a naval officer in a wig and gauntlets, pointing, I *know*, to the French—the brave old admiral Sir Cloudesley, in whose honour the red brick tenement had been reared. Farther on was a famous almshouse where Six Poor Travellers get their lodging and fourpences, and which looked snug and clean enough to make one *wish* to be a poor traveller; and farther on again was an unmistakeable edifice, in good repair, with a portico and pillars, and some little dwindled bills on the walls by which I was glad to see that the Theatre Royal was in play. Approaching and reading with interest—the commonest booth of a theatre has ever a fascination for me—(much to the disgust of a sour middle-aged lady with her husband and boy, who was making uncharitable Sabbatarian remarks), I find that MR. GEORGE JENBY, the eminent character actor and vocalist, would "give two nights," in this

HIS NATIVE TOWN.

He was to be assisted by
MISS MARION JENBY, of the London Concerts; by
MISS SUSAN JENBY, of the London and Ealing Concerts; by
MR. WILLIAM JENBY, on "this occasion only," who was of no concerts at all; and by
THE INFANT MARIE JENBY.

The programme was "rich and varied," including Miss Marion Jenby in her great character song of the "Battle of the Alma," subdivided into "The Advance, Charge of the Heavy Brigade! Quick step, they run! Prodigies of valour! The Naval Brigade; England's Wooden Walls;" the two latter headings I suspected to be specially introduced as adroit compliments to the dockyards. Wishing Jenby and his family all success, being really worked into sympathy by a quotation concerning "coming home at last," with which William Jenby ended his bill,

As the hare whom hounds and horse pursue,
Pants to the spot from which at first it flew!

Then I passed on, and began to meet soldiers. Then I heard sounds of an organ coming out of a pretty little building, and found my middle-aged lady, her husband and boy, peeping in at the door with disgust and alarm. For doing the same, I find this to be a chapel full of Irish soldiers, which having a stained-glass window looked very tranquil and cool and inviting of that Sunday morning. But if I were to tell all I saw on that pleasant Sunday morning, I should grow tedious—and so I stop here.

He was particularly delighted with that quotation of the actor's, likening himself to the "hare whom hounds and horse pursue." Never, indeed, was there a more appreciative listener, or one that welcomed a story more cordially. Many a walk we took along those Kentish lanes, in sun and in snow. He once "showed" Rochester Castle to me—a subject he knew by heart, and most interesting it was to hear him on this subject, as well as on all Rochester and Chatham curiosities.

Sometimes he held little festivals in a field attached to the house—a recent purchase, of which he was rather proud, and which he humorously styled "*his estate*." I recall a cricket match here—"the

Higham Eleven" against some other competitors—which drew an attendance of villagers and others. He treated it with a grave solemnity that was amusing, and enjoyed the proceedings heartily. There was the "umpire's marquee" pitched, chairs arranged, flags flying. We even got up a sort of eager enthusiasm. Our host himself officiated as marker. I see him in his white jean coat and his grey hat set a little on one side, his double glasses on, going conscientiously through his work; scoring down "byes," and "overs," and runs; at times cheering some indifferent "hit" with an encouraging "Well run! well run!" This he kept up the whole day. He was rather partial to it. There were plenty of cooling drinks on the ground, a cask of beer for the crowd, and some wonderful cup, for which he had some special receipt—as he had for everything else. I remembered this too seductive drink to my cost next morning, for the day was oppressively hot, and every one was athirst.

One Christmas time, when he was preparing some new Readings, he devised a pleasant entertainment for his neighbours and guests in the shape of a sort of rehearsal or experiment with, I think, "Barbox Brothers" and "Mugby Junction." The snow was very deep, and it was not the night for distant journeys, but all within "a measurable distance" assembled. His house was overflowing at the time, and numbers were billeted away with much ingenuity. Among them was Mr. Otway, then member for Chatham. Even the dinner tables had to develop into side tables, but all was jovial and merry. After dinner his desk was arranged, and he read; but I fancy he was not so pleased with "Barbox Brothers" as with his other public performances. After dinner we had small plays, one in which he exhibited singular cleverness, viz., that of guessing a subject fixed on when he was out of the room, in half-a-dozen questions. I have often seen this performed, but never in so masterly a style, for it is a test of character, and proves a power of getting at the essence of things. His selections of subjects to puzzle others when their turn came was characteristically ingenious. "The Lantern in a Railway Guard's Hand;" "The Powder used in the Gunpowder Plot" (we got as far as "Guy Fawkes," but no farther). He told that he piqued himself on a former occasion on a great triumph—the discovery of a regular poser: "The Boot on the off leg of a Postilion."

I have by me a little programme of another of these festivals. It runs thus :—

45th Kentish Royal Volunteers.
Annual Sports, September 28th.
1st Race.

Scramble stakes. 300 yards. 1st Prize, Electro-plated Cup and stand.
2nd Prize, a Cigar Case.

2nd Race.
200 yards. 1st Prize, a Gold Pencil Case. 2nd Prize, a Penknife.

3rd Race.
80 yards. Three-legged Race. 1st Prize, a Handsome Walking Stick. 2nd Prize, Cigars.

4th Race.
A Quarter Mile (Walking). 1st Prize, "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens. 2nd Prize, a new Drill Book.

These sports were held on "the estate." He gave some of the prizes, and I think it was on this occasion that his friend Mr. Layard assisted heartily in keeping the course.

One of the attractions of Gad's Hill were the dogs. There were always three or four great dogs prancing about—Linda, one was named—Great St. Bernard dogs and others. He appreciated dogs, and understood their ways and fine nature better than anyone, as we see from his writings. I recollect his sort of comic grief as he related his visit to the well-known monastery of St. Bernard—when, in answer to his eager inquiries as to the saving of life in the snow by the dogs, the good monks had informed him that, like many two-footed creatures, they enjoyed a reputation they scarcely deserved—and rather followed the monks than were followed by them. There was a little white fox-nosed Pomeranian, belonging to one of the young ladies, and which he had christened by the name of the landlady in "Box and Cox," Mrs. Bouncer, for, unlike all landladies, she had a disrelish for her lodgers. At one time I was offered a magnificent Spanish mastiff—one of those awe-inspiring buff-coloured creatures with a great coal-black snout we sometimes meet stalking with dignity through the street. This I made him a present of, and it was accordingly despatched to Gad's Hill, and he was much pleased at the idea of receiving it. The animal spent the night at our house, signifying his presence occasionally by long melancholy baying. I had sundry misgivings, as these beasts are of a ferocious kind, and are or were used in their own country for the amiable occupation of hunting down escaped slaves. However, he liked him; and Sultan—such was his name—though affecting a surly reserve to everyone else, was sagacious enough to show great affection to the master of the house. Things went on very well for a time: when a favourite kitten, admitted to the drawing-room and much petted, one day unaccountably disappeared. Search was made, but it was never heard of again—and it was assumed it had been stolen by one of the tramps who were always passing the gate. No suspicion, however, rested on the *real culprit*. The next incident shall be related

in his master's own pleasant words, taken from a letter to myself:—"Sultan has grown amazingly, and is a sight. But he is so accursedly fierce to other dogs that I am obliged to take him out muzzled. Also he has an invincible repugnance to soldiers, which in a military district like Chatham is inconvenient. Such is his spirit, that with his muzzle tight on he dashed into the heart of a company in heavy marching order, and pulled down a private. Except under such provocation he is as gentle and docile with me as a dog can possibly be."

Later came another incident in Sultan's career:—

"Last night," he says, "the gardener fired at some man in the garden upon whom he had come suddenly, and who kicked him in a dangerous manner. I immediately turned out, unloosed Sultan, and hunted the vagabond. We couldn't get hold of him, but the intelligence of the dog, and the delighted confidence he imparted to me, as we tumbled cross country in the dark, were quite enchanting. Two policemen, appearing in the distance, and making a professional show of energy, had a narrow escape. As he was in the act of rushing at them, I was obliged to hold him round the neck with both arms, and call on the force to vanish in an inglorious manner.

"A friend," he wrote on another occasion, "has sent me from America a thoroughbred young black Newfoundland dog since you were here. Sultan (who hates him mortally), Linda, I, and three or four small dogs, with nature of canine parasites and toadies, make a show in the lanes and woods which I specially beseech you to come and see. We only want the 'renowned dog Cæsar' (alluding to a story of mine) to make us matchless."

He was making rapid way with his master. "I cannot thank you too much," he wrote again, "for Sultan. He is a noble fellow, has fallen into the ways of the family with a grace and dignity that denote the gentleman, and came down to the railway to welcome me home with a profound absence of interest in my individual opinion of him which captivated me completely. I am going home to-day to take him about the country and improve his acquaintance. You will find a perfect understanding between us, I hope, when you next come. (He has only swallowed Bouncer once and temporarily)."

All this was friendly and encouraging; but in the household, and among the neighbours, suspicion was rife. It was alarming to hear of his having broken loose muzzled, and coming home covered with blood.

He went off one day to have a sort of prize-fight with a dog of his own size, weight, and age, residing at some distance off, of

whom he was jealous, and after a terrible battle left him almost for dead. Yet his master still clung to him. Indeed, no dog ever had such a chance, or was more tolerated. But at last it came to a fatal point beyond which toleration could not safely go. One day a scream was heard at the gate, and those who rushed out found that he had seized a neighbour's child by the leg. It was rescued just in time, though mangled. This was an outrage for which the country round exacts one satisfaction. The keeping of "a ferocious dog" is not tolerated.

Fortunately, the luckless dog did no serious mischief. But he little guessed that he had sealed his own doom. "The child's leg was sore and stiff, but it has not presented a single bad symptom, and she has very nearly recovered from her fright. Of course, after this warning, there could be no doubt that so fierce an animal should not be kept. Mr. Dickens of course immediately flogged him at the time. He knew as well as possible how guilty he was. He was muzzled and shut up for the night, and yesterday morning the gardener took him to the end of the meadow and shot him, and he was buried in the field. The poor dog dropped *without a struggle* or *even a cry*, I am happy to say—so the execution was performed as skilfully and mercifully as it could be done. The gardener took him as far away from the house as he could to kill him; still, we all heard the shot, and I can't tell you how terrible it was. We all went to bed dreading it the night before, and I don't think we any of us slept for an hour at a time during the night, from the dread and expectation of hearing the execution. We were all afraid the poor dog would give a howl which would be heard a long way. Every way, I think the poor dog is better dead, for he had an unhappy life. We never dared to take him out without a muzzle since the time when he nearly killed our neighbour's dog."

Such was the account of one of the family. But to the master himself there was something tragically dramatic in the affair. And he wrote of the event—an important one in the district—to myself and other friends: "Your mention of the late Sultan touches me nearly. He was the finest dog I ever saw, and between me and him there was a perfect understanding. But, to adopt the popular phrase, it was so very confidential that 'it went no further.' He would fly at anybody else with the greatest enthusiasm for destruction. I have frequently seen him, muzzled, hold a great dog down with his chest and feet. He has broken loose (muzzled) and come home covered with blood, again and again. And yet he never disobeyed me, unless he had first laid hold of a dog. You heard of his going to execution, *evidently* supposing the procession to be a party

detached in pursuit of something to kill or eat? It was very affecting. Also of his bolting a blue-eyed kitten, and making me acquainted with the circumstance by his agonies of remorse (or indigestion)."

And to his Swiss correspondent, Cerjat: "The big dog, on a day last autumn, having seized a little girl (sister to one of the servants), whom he knew and was bound to respect, was flogged by his master and then sentenced to be shot at seven next morning. He went out very cheerfully with the half-dozen men told off for the purpose, evidently thinking that they were going to be the death of somebody unknown. But observing in the procession an empty wheelbarrow and a double-barrelled gun, he became meditative, and fixed the bearer of the gun with his eyes. A stone deftly thrown across him by the village blackguard (chief mourner) caused him to look round for an instant, and he then fell down dead, shot through the heart."

Such was the fate of Sultan.

The Guild of Literature and Art brings back another day spent with him in the greatest enjoyment; so charming and enjoyable in all its incidents, it seemed like some school-holiday in the country. Weather, scenery, company, good spirits, everything combined to set off the little junketing. We started betimes from Gad's Hill, coming up through that ever-inviting Kentish country which looks more inviting of a June morning: then, after an hour or so in town, repaired to the Great Northern Railway, where a large crowd of visitors assembled. Stevenage, our destination, lay in the district of which Charles Lamb talked so fondly, and where he placed "Mackery End," in the green lanes of pleasant Hertfordshire, and green, rich enough it looked of this holiday. As we drew up at the station, there was the bustle of improvised vehicles, as usual insufficient; all that was handy or available in the way of transport being laid under contribution. The Lord of Knebworth, on whose demesne we were, had sent his carriage for his friend and his party. Away we speed through those green lanes, the stately country and its ancient trees stretching out beyond, a spectacle to delight the author of "Rookwood," who I believe was present. The first duty of the day was to repair to the "College" itself; a pretty little row of red-brick houses, with a colonnade, with tiny cheerful rooms into which everyone insists on pushing his or her way, as if determined to inspect conscientiously and report under affidavit. Presently we were in the halls of the old mansion, received by the host, whom I had then met for the first time. I see the picturesque scene

as we drive up, the long antique front of the house as background, like a scene in a play, while the steps and broad space in front of the entrance were crowded with a festive gaily-dressed throng, in the centre of which, leaning on his stick, stood the host, who advanced to greet his famous guest. That meeting would have made a picture. Yet it would be difficult to meet him under more interesting circumstances—the host of the day in his own ancient castle, and surrounded by what one of the penny papers, in a generous and alliterative enthusiasm, called "all the leaders of literature," an expression that amused some of the "leaders" themselves hugely. He was a strangely interesting man, with his dreamy manner and low voice and curious eyes, and the tranquil yet effective way in which he acquitted himself showed what quiet force and dignity there was in him. I always admired the genuine interest he took in the craft of letters, having always that delight in the old profession which never leaves a man. He read everything that came out, and with enjoyment.

"I want to tell you," he wrote to his friend, of a story of my own which he was good enough to appreciate, "that I greatly admire ———'s 'The ———.' It strikes me to be a really great novel, which is a very rare thing. There are bits about Mrs. ——— which show wholesale knowledge of the human heart, and the plot seems hitherto deeply planned and well carried out. It is impossible for any writer who comes after you to escape some obligations to you, and this is shown in the character of ———. But I like the work altogether, and it is original. I am the more surprised at its merit, because I had read some other work by the same reputed writer, and had not been much struck by it. It is a better work than 'Felix Holt.'"

This was flattering encouragement; but it is really a proof of the hearty eagerness with which this interesting man followed the common course of the publications of the day; not accepting merely the official recognised productions, but examining for himself on the chance of finding what would be entertaining and have merit. In a letter to myself, he explained that he had been "exceedingly struck by the great depth of power in all the earlier portions; but with the later numbers I am not quite so well pleased or satisfied; and I believe the reason to be, not in any fault of mere construction, but because towards the close the antagonistic or disagreeable element overpowered the sympathetic or agreeable. I do not know whether you quite understand what I mean." I shall not say more distinctly whose the story was, but return to Knebworth.

The numbers gathered there were extraordinary, and of all depart-

ments. There were actors, like Webster and Buckstone, dramatists, novelists, "pressmen," &c. A plain, white-haired "Ephraim Jenkinson" was the venerable Charles Knight; while near him was to be seen Peter Cunningham—two persons whom it was impossible not to regard with deep interest and respect, and to whom "Old London" owes so much. Inquiries being in a short time made for "Peter," it was found that he had disappeared; and I read the roguish delight of our chief as he expatiated on the characteristic cause of the absence. The "heat of the day," and the ceremonial character of the proceedings, induced a tediousness and a dryness—— Presently we were in the quaint and antique gardens, where a band was performing, and where soon our host had organised quadrilles and waltzes, sultry as it was. And I recall my own *vis-à-vis* in the former of these measures—a pleasant Cabinet Minister, who footed it merrily, with many a jest, though he has since become very serious, and cast off that "old man." The day sped on thus *al fresco*. In the afternoon we repaired to the great hall, where a banquet, or "collation," was set out. In due course our host made his speech, graceful and cultured, as everything that came from his hand was. Then rose the bright, keen, brilliant figure, as if on his main deck with the breeze, and offering a curious contrast to the Moslem-like tranquillity of the person who preceded him; and with singular dramatic and incisive tones, he spoke:

Ladies and Gentlemen,—It was said by a very sagacious person, whose authority I am sure my friend of many years will not impugn, seeing that he was named Augustus Tomlinson, the kind friend and philosopher of Paul Clifford—it was said by that remarkable man, "Life is short, and why should speeches be long?" An aphorism so sensible under all circumstances, and particularly in the circumstances in which we are placed, with this delicious weather and such charming gardens near us, I shall practically adopt on the present occasion; and the rather so because the speech of my friend was exhaustive of the subject, as his speeches always are, though not in the least exhaustive of his audience. . . .

Now, I am sure I shall be giving utterance to the feelings of my brothers and sisters in literature in proposing "Health, long life, and prosperity to our distinguished host." Ladies and gentlemen, you know very well that when the health, life, and beauty now overflowing these halls shall have fled, crowds of people will come to see the place where he lived and wrote. Setting aside the orator and statesman—for happily we know no party here but this agreeable party—setting aside all this, you know very well that this is the home of a very great man whose connection with Hertfordshire every other county in England will envy for many long years to come. You know that when this hall is dullest and emptiest you can make it when you please brightest and fullest by peopling it with the creations of his brilliant fancy. Let us all wish together that they may be many more—for the more they are the better it will be, and, as he always excels himself, the better they will be. I ask you to listen to their praise, and not to mine, and to let them, not me, propose his health.

It is impossible to describe the effect of those well-chosen words, delivered with every grace that fitted the scene, the gala dresses, the sunlight through the stained glass, and the cheerful board. I know I found myself, with many others, shouting at its close with enraptured delight. The day stole by too fast, for now it was evening; we had to depart. Our host seemed to retire and fade out, as it were; and as I wandered from room to room I fancy I would come on him, seated at a little table, in his somewhat fantastic dress *à la* D'Orsay, looking at some mystic volume, or languidly showing it. However, at last we drove away in the slow-setting sunlight. Near the station a new inn or "public" had been opened, named, in compliment to the guest, "OUR MUTUAL FRIEND;" on approaching which in our stately equipage, we noted that the green benches, set outside for the comfort of the traveller, were full to overflowing. As we swept by all rose, and, with uplifted goblets, gave stentorian cheers. The favourite twinkle of enjoyment came into his eyes at this compliment, and a mixed or compound expression of amusement, restraint, and gravity passed over his face. "My literary brethren," he said, "offering homage to genius." The light refreshment of the collation had been found tedious; claret-cup was not in their way; there were no seats. After all, who but must confess "he still has found his warmest welcome at an inn"! And so our "brethren" had sensibly adjourned to the "Mutual Friend." I often "rallied" him on this testimonial. Somewhere about ten o'clock at night we were all at the rooms of the office—a convenient, pleasant *pied-à-terre* for such transitory passage—when, according to his hospitable thought, we must have a short and hurried but satisfactory supper before going down to "Gad's," some time about eleven o'clock. "Just a morsel," he said; which took the shape of a noble tongue from "Fortnum's," and a lobster salad, and a bottle of the sparkling. He himself seemed to invest such delicacies with an extra flavour and sparkle. A few phrases from him, and you thought of wassail and the feasting at Dingley Dell. Though, apart from this, everything he set down or ordered was really choice, and marked by his own good taste and judgment. If it was a cigar, it was out of a parcel the present of an American captain, or some one competent to buy. If it were cognac or whisky, it was from one best competent to know such things. And yet, no one was more really moderate in such matters; his performance did not correspond to his anticipatory *gusto*. He liked talking in a cosy way of such things.

At last we got to Charing Cross Station, hence to Gravesend about midnight, where his Irish jaunting-car was waiting, which he

drove himself; and so, in the midnight air, we rolled along these Kentish green lanes, and after a short, swift run, reached "home." The work of that day seems a dream; and dream it is in one sad sense. Though not so long since, how many figures are wanting to the group! Host, and the great guest; many, many of the "leaders of literature," real and sham, who assisted; John Forster, who was deputed to receive guests and organise the whole; C. Knight, "Peter" Cunningham, who disappeared; Halliday, &c. The said houses, so sportively inaugurated, I believe never sheltered a tenant, and have since been sold to private persons.

His house was on the line between London and Paris, and he could be in France, a country of which he was very fond, almost in a couple of hours. The dreadful, well-remembered Staplehurst accident, which occurred on his return from one of these favourite expeditions, had, as is well known, a serious effect on his system; but he had another narrow escape some years later which has never been noted. After giving his Readings in Belfast, he started for Dublin by the mid-day limited mail, the party consisting of himself, his agent, his sister-in-law, and myself. As we were walking up and down the platform, I remember the station-master coming to make a request on the part of a local functionary that he would be allowed to share the compartment, "for the pleasure of enjoying Mr. Dickens's society." This, however, was politely declined, simply from the awkwardness and constraint which such a companionship would involve. The train consisted but of three or four carriages, with a *coupé* next the engine which was kept for the great author and his party. It was somewhere beyond Portadown, I think, that there came a crash or bang on the top of the carriage, which was followed by a grinding of the wheels and violent exertion and excitement on the part of the engine-driver and his mates, who suddenly brought the train to a stop. Everyone got out and gathered round the engine, when it appeared that the tire of the great driving-wheel had flown in huge fragments, one of which, a couple of feet long, had struck the top of our carriage, *en face*, just over the glass. A little lower, and it would have been in among us, and must certainly have struck dead a couple of the party. By another providential interference, the prompt action of the driver had brought all to a halt before the train could get off the rails, though I think the engine did. It was a curious scene, at that lonely part of the road, the dozen or so passengers standing round the engine, wrecked, the broken fragments jammed into the works or scattered about. A guard went on behind with a flag, to stop an expected train coming

in the other direction. We waited nearly half an hour, when it arrived and drew up. The engine was taken off, and took us on. I have often thought since of the horrible and unusual form of death by "railway accident" from which we certainly had escaped.

On another occasion I found myself at Gad's Hill, with the late excellent, worthy George Moore—a simple, earnest man, whose simplicity was, I know, welcome to the host. I recollect telling this gentleman a piece of news about some friend in a distant part of the kingdom, which gave him an agreeable surprise, on which our host shook his head significantly. "There again," he said, "what I always say: the world is so much narrower and smaller than is believed." This was a favourite theory of his: that people were more nearly and curiously connected than is supposed. He had many of these little theories, illustrated, not by any means solemnly, but with a sort of bright and smiling mystery, and, indeed, they added a charm to his conversation:—to wit, his account of "averages," such as that a particular number of people *must* be killed on the railways within the year. Once he told me that I had been seen walking by the office, and that I had looked at him fixedly, walked on, and disappeared, at the time being at the other end of the kingdom. He was fond of the mysterious in a small way, and had generally a store of something curious in this direction.

The following are some extracts from his ever pleasing letters:—

W. is ordered away for rest and change. The Paris paper is welcome, and "Theodore of Corsica" shall receive unbounded hospitality in these halls. I am ready for him as soon as he likes. . . . Regarding the Readings, thus the case stands. I mean to take farewell of this great occupation in the ending winter and spring. I shall not fail to claim your promise to join the pilgrimage. D—— begs me to tell you that he is full of joyful anticipations. He has been utterly hardened by his American bullying, and has none but private feelings left. Many thanks for your kind welcome home. Always cordially yours. . . . .

I shall be delighted to see you at Gad's Hill, and hope you will bring a bag with you. [He then added that they were but a small party, for one of the family had been decoyed away to —— for the election week—in the Conservative interest!] Think of my feelings as a Radical parent. He [the person in question] was at that moment helping to receive (and deceive) the voters—which is very awful. . . . . But in the week after this next we shall be in great croquet force, so I shall then hope to persuade you to come back for a few days, and we will try to make you some amends for a dull Sunday. Turn it over in your mind, and try to manage it. . . . .

I ought to have written to you days and days ago to thank you for your charming book; to tell you with what interest and pleasure I read it as soon as it came here, and to add that, honestly affected (far more so than your modesty will readily believe) by your intimate knowledge of those touches of mine concerning childhood, it has become a matter of real feeling with me, and I

postponed its expression because I couldn't satisfactorily get it out of myself, and at last I came to the conclusion it must be left in. . . . .

——— is in print, and I like him very much. But I do not understand how long you propose to make him. How tall is he to grow? With how many parts is he to expand? Enlighten me, there's a dear fellow, and I will presently respond. . . . .

I am glad you like the Children, and am particularly glad that you like the Pirate. I remember very well when I had a general idea of occupying that place in history—at the same age. But I loved more desperately than Boldheart. Enclosed is the American story.

(This was in reference to an audience that had been strangely and ignorantly cold.)

It was very considerate and thoughtful in you to write to me, and I have been much gratified by your note. It is extraordinarily difficult to understand (from the point of action) an audience that does not express itself, and I certainly mistook mine on Wednesday night. When the murder was done in London the people were frozen while it went on, but came to life when it was over and rose to boiling point. I have now told D—— that henceforth it must be set apart from all our other effects, and judged by no other "Reading" standard. . . . .

Meantime—and till you come here for a few days—please consider that the dreadful epithet and description are not withdrawn, but *cleave* to you. . . . . I hope you haven't forgotten what the Honourable Charles Townshend vowed—"She was beautiful."

I hope that —— has wrought miracles in the way of diabolically direct and persistent decision on the part of an eminent literary personage. It will be the crowning triumph and glory of the great institution. . . . .

As to wills and will-making, I think the —— case altogether too grimly dismal and too recent for revival with the B—— family. I will have nothing to do in possession, remainder, or expectancy.

One of the pleasantest of his suggestions was a proposal to go with him on one of his reading tours. I was only able to carry out this plan partially, as other matters interrupted the plan, but I know how much I lost. I hear him now expatiating, laying out the attractions and enjoyments, as though such seductions were not needed. He spoke of a saloon-carriage which had been promised him to make the journey from London to Edinburgh—which would be victualled with baskets of dainties *à la* Fortnum & Mason. Arrived at Edinburgh, there were introductions and friends and sights *galore* held out. This part of the programme had to be set aside, as far as I was concerned, by some business matters, but I was enabled to go with him in another direction, and a most enjoyable time it was. There was with us the energetic and useful Dolby, ever on the *qui vive* where business was concerned. Our destination was a great northern manufacturing town. The incidents, apart from the interest of his companionship, were most novel and entertaining, and reminded one of his own stories. The curiosity at the hotel, the awk-

ward attempts at accidental meeting on the stairs and lobby with a view of having a good look; the general stare from the less delicate-minded; the little attentions and offerings going on, incessantly imparted something dramatic.

It must, however, have been a weary business, tedious and monotonous for such a man; yet the most delightful thing to note was that he was ever buoyant, full of spirits and animation. He never flagged. Few could conceive what a delightful and dramatic story-teller he was, calling up a situation before you by a few touches of a highly dramatic kind, the eyes twinkling and sparkling; the cheeks, the mouth, wreathed over and over again in jocund smiles. Nor was he a mimic in the common sense, but carried away by a sort of intense expression which lighted all up. It was this which gave such a dramatic force to any story that he told. In the railway I recall his filling more than an hour with some sketches of "Old Rogers," the poet, and of his mode of telling a story. Those who attended the Readings will recall Justice Stareleigh: the strangely obtuse and owl-like expression, and the slow, husky croak with which the words were projected: this was borrowed from the "Poet of Memory," and many were the stories he told in his manner. The old man would relate his cut-and-dried "tales," always in the same fashion, and "go on," like a wheezy musical-box, on the smallest invitation Sometimes he would go and dine with him, and he described the scene as piteously grotesque, a faithful man-servant cheerily suggesting the old stories which they knew by heart. Thus: "Tell Mr. Dickens, sir, the story of the Hon. Charles Townshend and the beautiful Miss Curzon." The old poet would start in a slow, almost Gregorian tone, and in curious old-fashioned phrase: "The Hon—our—able Charles Townshend"—(this name will serve as well as another)—"became enamoured of Miss Curzon. She was beeyew-tiful. He bribed her maid to conceal him in her chamber, and when she arrived to dress for a ball, emerged from his hidingplace. She looked at him fixedly, then said, 'Why don't you begin?' *She took him for the 'airdresser.*" This in this place has not much effect, but with the face that was supplied, twisted strangely, and the mournful unchanging voice, it became a histrionic feat of a high order.

One day, from breakfast until almost past the afternoon, was spent at the table—when he was in extraordinary spirits and full of enjoyment, and told stories and drew fanciful sketches of droll far-fetched situations, which he played with and touched and heightened in the most farcical style.

In *nothing was he more* delightful, or "in his element," as it is

called, than in talking of all matters connected with the stage. He delighted in the very scent of the stage, and welcomed any bits of news, or gossip connected with it. It was enjoyable to watch his keen interest even in the obscurest histrionic elements. On this little expedition, as there was a free evening, it was understood, almost as of course, that we should visit the little local theatre, where he sat out very patiently some rather crude and ancient melodrama. Next morning at breakfast he was in possession of all local histrionic information; how the manager's wife engrossed all the leading characters for herself, and would let no one have any of the "fat," which was true almost literally; the manager a patient being. These things were pleasantly retailed and set off in his own lively way over the tea and coffee—and these things to hear one did seriously incline—for those who like the stage can never dismiss this sort of interest and reverence, and the sight of the meanest country theatre always raises curiosity and respect. In this view he enjoyed allusions and stories connected with the melodramas of old times, and had some good ones to relate: as of the actor of Rochester Theatre who forgot his part and could not attract or hear the prompter. At last, in desperation, he said to his comrade with deep "no-meaning": "*I will return anon!*" and then went off to consult his book. Another of his stories was connected with the "Castle Spectre," where an actor had taken the part of the imprisoned Earl on an emergency. He was told to say anything expressive of his condition and sufferings—fifteen years' imprisonment, &c. "For fifteen years have I been imprisoned here," (hoarse prompting, "starved!"), "and during *the whole of that period not a morsel of food has passed my lips!*" I recall his delight when "The Miller and his Men" was announced at Drury Lane. We were to have a regular night's enjoyment of this old fossil, the first words of which he used to quote, "more sacks for the mill." A Box was secured, and we went; but here again there was disappointment. It was not absurd, as we had hoped; it was simply tedious, there was nothing to laugh at. We came away looking a little ruefully at each other, and a more dramatically expressive face than his it would be hard to conceive, especially for those neutral or compounded expressions, half sly, half serious. "A merrier man within the limits of becoming mirth," &c.

One day he was not very well, and said he would lie on his sofa at the hotel and nurse himself. As a great treat he had sent for a copy of "The Bride of Lammermoor," a work, he said, he had not read for a vast number of years, and of which he had almost forgotten the details. It would be a rare treat, therefore. It was

amazing to find at the close of that long day how he had been *désillusionné*, and it was pleasant and instructive to hear his criticism. The strength of the story was there, but, he said, the clumsy shifts and inartistic treatment of the machinery! Many have felt the same feeling on returning to some old favourite. And there can be no doubt that much of the Waverley Novels would fall under the slang definition of "padding." A favourite book of his, and one which he almost delighted in, was "Tom Cringle's Log," and, I think, "Two Years before the Mast,"—these having the true briny element. Another work he relished was "Little Pedlington," whose author he knew well, and assisted charitably. There is a breadth of humour akin to that in "Pickwick." "Little Pedlington" is a work too good and fine in its humour for the present generation, and indeed worthy of the "old masters." It was spoiled by clumsy additions and unnecessary episodes dragged in anyhow and everyhow: but the humours are after the best old style. I always, however, set the author down as belonging to an era at the beginning of the century; and, indeed, the fact that Liston "created" Paul Pry showed that he was remote enough. Once talking in a railway carriage on this subject, he joined in the praises of this novel, saying he was always particularly delighted with the parody of "The Guide Book"—amazing me by telling me he had just been to see the author. It was hard to believe that he was actually alive, though in a sadly decayed state of body, mind, and condition. He then, with that singular power which he possessed, brought him, as it were, by a few touches up. This, however, was not mimicry—it was an intellectual operation—he gave the air and tone of the person. He went to see him regularly.

Looking back to the incidents of my knowledge of him, there is nothing, as I have so often said, but what is pleasant and agreeable to think of. He was ever ready, not so much with a jest or joke, as with a sympathetic good humour so much more welcome. On being married and going abroad, we had found cash flying with alarming rapidity, and from Folkestone I had written to him to ask him to come to our aid with whatever was standing to my credit in his books. From him came at once:

I enclose a cheque. "The little victims play"—with ready money—always under those circumstances, I am told! Ever your Venerable Sage,

C. D.

I remember, too, a great and important event on the inauguration of housekeeping; his coming with his sister-in-law to dine—to a special dinner of inauguration; a nervous business. He was never so

cheerful and good-humoured as at this experiment; and there were many things about it that must have suggested David Copperfield's attempt. Thus, in the middle of the banquet, a strange splashing sound seemed to come from the hall, or rather from the roof down to the hall. The "new servant" had forgotten to turn off the water-cock at the top of the house, and the stream, soon overcharging and overflowing the tank, made its way on to the landing, thence came gushing downwards as a shower-bath. The distress of this *contretemps* may be conceived, as it was assumed that "all the pipes had burst!" But he soon made all pleasant. He entered into all these little incidents, and long since I had found that what pleased myself pleased him. I can safely say, that no one of all my acquaintance so heartily enjoyed a story or adventure. As, when looking for a house, I was directed to one in Wilton Crescent, and shown up, only to find a lady on the hearth-rug with a child and nurse, who almost glared at the intruder. "Your business, sir?" It was explained. She, turning to her dependant: "*This is more of Mr.* ——*'s work*: sir, the house is *not* to be let," &c. There was here, he said, a whole drama, and he asked me to "work it into a paper." I recollect one story he was genuinely delighted with; the debate over the inscription for a monument to a Dublin physician, to be erected in a cemetery, and some one suggesting that one in St. Paul's to Wren: "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice!*"

I have now on my shelves a complete set of his works, in, I think, thirty volumes, which came to me in a curious and pleasant way. I had prepared a series of papers on some popular subject, the execution of which was not what he intended, though they were duly printed and filled a large space. In the next settlement a very handsome sum was set down for this, which I firmly declined to accept. When this resolution was not to be shaken, his delicate mind hit on what he knew would be most acceptable. I have also a fine copy of his "Copperfield," bound, according to his directions, in mazarine blue. Finally, on the desk before me, is his well-worn paper-knife, sprinkled with blue ink, and his paper-weight—some of those articles which he directed by his will to be distributed among a few friends. A pleasant duty was that of making a collection of engravings of him; they are numerous, characteristic, and interesting, and were given to me by his and my own valued friend, Miss Hogarth, his sister and executrix. My collection I believe to be unique: including the clever D'Orsay drawing (1841); the one by Miss Gillies; the finely-engraved one by Graves after Maclise; that after Leslie; the etching by Phiz; and an etching after Cruikshank.

During what was to prove the last season of his life, he had taken a house in town, at the Marble Arch—a house which belonged to Mr. Milner Gibson. Here he found opportunity to be most hospitable, as he ever was, and gave dinner-parties and a concert. At one of those dinner-parties I found myself next to Sir Edwin Landseer; then, like his host, almost close on his term. The house had been, it is well known, associated with Mr. Home's feats, and an amusing discussion arose between the host and the painter, who had witnessed some of them. Nay, it was affirmed that on the drawing-room ceiling there was still to be seen the medium's signature in pencil written while he was aloft floating in the air. Sir Edwin was an agreeable neighbour. Not very long before he had gone to an artist, of whom I knew something, and who also painted animals. Noticing the lumps of paint, "scrapings" of the palette, on a piece of board, he took it up, and carelessly, but with infinite art, worked it all into a spirited dog's head. But the concert was a more ambitious effort, and a very interesting event indeed it was to see his rooms filled with a mixture of the town elements—artistic, literary, and fashionable. His friend Joachim came to play for him, with various singers of eminence, gratified to give him that proof of their regard. There were Santley, Hallé, Cummings, and the Glee Union. So the music was admirable. He himself was in good spirits, though not looking well; but was genial, doing his host-duties everywhere with animation, taking ladies up and down to supper. I am looking now at a little cosaque, which I saw him merrily "exploding" at the supper-table, holding it out to a lady, who carefully treasured it. Almost that day two months he was gone for ever.

Indeed, at this time he knew not what was on him. And yet, as was indeed to be expected with a man of his position, he was harassed with invitations to dinners and parties.

I have delayed [he wrote, two days after his own party], answering your kind note on the chance of discovering some loophole in my engagements for to-night. But I am sorry to say that I have got into a complicated state of engagements. This almost always happens in the last month of my term of stay in town, but this year it is worse than ever. Pray accept a dismal absentee's best wishes for a great success to-night, and give —— my kindest regards. To crown my distresses, I write with a steel pen (which I can never use), closely hemmed in on each side [he was writing from a club] by a talkative person of disagreeable opinions.

Every letter he thus contrived to make pleasant by some little stroke or picture in his own manner. Within a few days he had written in his favourite *country place:*

I have been obliged to fly for a time from the dinings and other engagements of this London season, and to take refuge here to get myself into my usual gymnastic condition, where I am looking forward to the pleasure of welcoming you and —— to this pretty country. I have been subject for a few years past to a neuralgic attack in the foot, originating in overwalking in deep snow, and revived by a hard winter in America. For the last three weeks it has made me dead-lame, and it now obliges me to beg absolution from all the social engagements I had made. Deprivation of my usual walks is a very serious matter to me, as I cannot work unless I have my constant exercise. Your kind note, therefore, finds me helpless and moody, but virtuously virtuous. I shall hope to be vicious again soon, and to report myself to you as a good example of dissipation and free living, until when and always, yours, &c.

On the second of June, just before this letter was written, Mr. Freake's pretty theatre in Cromwell Road was filled to overflowing by a large and fashionable company to witness a dramatic performance in which his daughter, Miss Dickens, and Mrs. Charles Collins took part. The pieces were got up with extraordinary pains—the first being a French one, "The Prima Donna," with a blind girl as heroine. The scenery was arranged and designed by Mr. Millais. The acting of the two ladies was exceedingly touching and clever—as was indeed to be expected with so skilled and painstaking an instructor, who had taken enormous pains. He was behind the scenes the whole time, but no one saw him; and he got home as speedily as he could, and away to the country to the soft restoring breezes of his loved Kentish home. That night of the play was Thursday. On the following Thursday he was seized with the last fatal attack.

The last time I saw him was some three or four weeks before his death, at the Wellington Street office. I see now the spare, almost feminine shoulders (this always recurred to me), in which there was much expression—the line was so delicate and nervous. But he was a little depressed. I had come about some amateur plays to which I wanted him to come, and he spoke of the innumerable invitations which were being showered on him. That was my last glimpse of my true and genial friend.

Still, I shall not forget his kindly hearty look, as he seemed to say, "this does not apply to you." He had to dine somewhere, "but I'll come in to you afterwards if I can." He then spoke cheerfully of various things, and of his friend Regnier the actor; how he had seen him play in the "*Vieux Garçon*," but how he had got too old for the stage; "in fact," he added, with his old merry twinkle, "he is a *vieux garçon* himself!" The last thing was to take me into another room, to show me one of the huge yellow placards—

announcing one of my new stories, hung up against the wall, which he thought would please me.

On June 14, 1870, one of the most fiercely hot days of that summer, I walked into the cool and shaded aisles of Westminster. On that morning had been his funeral, and many were going in too for the same purpose. At the end of the transept some forms had been brought together to make a fence round the opening in the pavement, and covered with a black drapery. Down below, and not very far down, lay the oak coffin—handsome, solid, and panelled; while in bright bold characters the familiar cheery name "CHARLES DICKENS" looked up with a sort of hint of the brighter face below. There was a wreath of white roses at his feet, ferns at his head, rows of white and red roses down the side. It was a pleasing and gracious thing to leave all this visible—and this, I believe, was done for some days.

IN SOME BYEWAYS OF DEVELOPMENT.

PART II.

TURNING now to the *Vertebrate* animals, we may find in the class of frogs and newts (*Amphibia*) material for illustrating some of the most important phases in normal development, and in altered life-histories as well. The life history of a frog has already been alluded to in previous papers in connection with the evolution of lungs. It is needful, however, again briefly to refer to this life history as a starting-point for the due understanding of other and allied cases of development. The frog begins its existence as a tadpole (Fig. 24), breathing first by external and then by internal gills, and possessing a two-chambered heart, resembling that of the fish. Sooner or later the hind limbs begin to appear, then the fore limbs are developed, and the frog's lungs likewise begin to make their appearance. At this stage the animal resembles its tailed neighbours, the Proteus and Axolotl (Fig. 25[1]), which are tailed, and which breathe throughout life by both gills and lungs. Later on, the gills disappear entirely; the tail becomes rudimentary; and the frog, leaving the water, becomes the terrestrial lung-breather with which we are so familiar. To repeat Huxley's words in reference to the case for development as a guide to the history of the race: "If all living beings have come into existence by the gradual modification, through a long series of generations, of a primordial living matter, the phenomena of embryonic development ought to be explicable as particular cases of the general law of hereditary transmission. On this view a tadpole is first a fish, and then a tailed amphibian, provided with both gills

FIG. 25. AXOLOTL, SHOWING THE EXTERNAL GILLS.

[1] For Figs. 1 to 25, see Part I. of this article, in the October number.

and lungs, before it becomes a frog, because the frog was the last form in a series of modifications whereby some ancient fish became an urodele (or tailed) amphibian, and the urodele amphibian became an anurous (or tailless) amphibian. In fact, the development of the embryo is a recapitulation of the ancestral history of the species." That there are "ancient fishes," still represented by living species, which may have served as the starting point of the frog-race, is matter of zoological fact. These fishes have already been referred to in a former paper, and are known as the *Lepidosiren* and *Ceratodus* of naturalists. It therefore requires no stretch of the imagination, but the exercise of sober reason, to note, firstly, that as all the amphibian class—frogs, toads, newts (Fig. 26), and their less familiar neighbours—tailed and tailless, together begin life as tadpoles; and, secondly, that as they end, some like the frogs, tailless and gill-less, others like the proteus or axolotl, possessing both gills, lungs, and tails,—the assumption remains clear that these animals have sprung from a fish ancestry. It is further matter of fact that the development has followed two pathways. In the one case the frogs and toads have passed towards a pure air-breathing existence, and have emerged from their development as land animals, pure and simple. In the other case the lower stock of the class, represented by the proteus and axolotl, &c., have retained many of their lower characters—most notably gills and tail—and have accordingly taken a lower and less modified position than the frogs and toads. The familiar tailed newts (Fig. 26), on the other hand, which, though living in water, and beginning life as gill-bearing tadpoles, breathe by lungs alone, represent a middle term in the series, in that they still retain the larval tail of early life.

Fig. 26. Newts.

Whilst the ordinary course of amphibian development runs as has just been described, there are certain exceptions of extreme interest

from the evolutionist's point of view. Firstly, there are certain cases of curious development amongst the frogs themselves, which deserve a passing notice. There are peculiarities, for instance, in the carrying of the eggs, which are eloquent enough in their testimony to the singular modification of structure and habits which may accompany alteration of surroundings. Thus, the female of *Nototrema marsupiatum*, a tree-frog inhabiting America, carries her eggs in a large pouch which underlies the skin of the back, and opens behind. A like feature is seen in *Opisthodelphys*, another American frog; and *Hylodes*, likewise an American tree frog, lays its eggs in the axils of leaves—that is, in the angle between leaf-stalk and stem—the water needful for their development being found in the chance drops resting in that situation. The male of *Alytes obstetricans* of Europe, winds the long chains of eggs laid by the female round his thighs, so that he seems to possess "trunk hose and puffed breeches," as Mr. St. Mivart remarks. Dropping, in due course, into the water, the young burst forth from the egg-coverings, and swim away, leaving their father-frog once more unencumbered and free.

Another frog (*Rhinoderma Darwinii*), a denizen of Chili, exhibits another curious modification of a different kind. Rhinoderma, like the edible frog of Europe, possesses certain "vocal sacs" or bags placed within the mouth, whereby the resonance of the mouth and the loudness of the croak are increased. It is interesting to find, however, that Rhinoderma has come to use its vocal sacs as nests; the newly laid eggs being thus received into the male parent's pouches, and the young remaining therein till they attain a considerable growth. We certainly know of male fishes in the sea-horse genus (Hippocampus) (Fig. 27), which carry the young in a pouch; and another male fish (*Arius fissus*), like the Rhinoderma, carries the eggs in his mouth and therein hatches them. In Rhinoderma the vocal sacs are greatly enlarged, and, in fact, extend on to the flanks and belly of the animal. From five to fifteen tadpoles were found by Espada in each sac, the smallest being at the bottom. The largest was about half-an-inch long, and had well-developed legs. Neither the old nor the young tadpoles had any traces of gills, and from their full development, the conclusion that the young are in

Fig. 27. Hippocampus, or Sea Horse.

some way nourished in these sacs seems by no means far-fetched. The Rhinoderma presents us, therefore, with a case in which the organisation of the male has become curiously and permanently altered to a decidedly new way of life.

More curious still, on account of the very singular modification which must have produced the feature in question, is the female *Pipa Americana* or Surinam Toad, the skin of whose back becomes soft at the breeding season. The eggs are pressed by the male into this skin, which grows over them and encloses each in a kind of cell. Very curious is it to find that in the cells of the maternal back not only the tadpole stage but the whole metamorphosis of this toad is passed. Over 120 cells have been counted in the back of this toad, and from these cells the young emerge as miniature facsimiles of the parent. Another noteworthy case of altered development is that of the *Hylodes Martinicensis*, which passes through the whole of its metamorphosis within the egg, and emerges, as do the young of the Surinam toad, a perfect frog, which otherwise would require to pass several weeks in water to complete its development.

Now, to what conclusions do such facts lead us respecting the modification and alteration of development? It is perfectly clear that cases where frogs and toads—normally, as just remarked, tenants of the water in their early and tadpole stages, and provided with gills as aquatic forms—pass the whole of their development in the back of the mother, or even within the egg, represent the most modified form of the frog class. We are therefore entitled to take their case as illustrating the best marked of the tendencies to alteration which the race presents. A frog which, like Alytes, carries the eggs, but drops them into water when they are ready to leave their primary abode, represents the first stage of modification. We are led a little farther on the way towards a suppression of metamorphosis by the case of the *Hylodes*, which lays its eggs in the axils of leaves, where moisture is relatively scarce, but where development is nevertheless undergone in due course. More advanced still is the Surinam Toad, where the young pass their entire metamorphosis within the egg and in the mother's back; the *Hylodes Martinicensis* being but a further development still, seeing that in this frog the whole development is carried on within the egg, and metamorphosis is therefore practically hidden and unseen. We may not doubt, therefore, that the amphibian class exhibits thus a tendency towards *direct* development or that without metamorphosis. Imagine the result of the later stages of such a modification of reproductive habits and customs. *Hylodes Martinicensis*, for instance, is now practically

in the position of an animal which undergoes all its changes within the egg, and which will in time in all probability further shorten and condense its life history. If such changes and modifications are occurring before our eyes to-day, is it unreasonable to regard all ordinary and direct developments—and amongst others, those of fish, reptile, bird and man—as in reality abbreviated and "brief chronicles" of once extended chapters in animal histories? A fish or bird passing through its development within the egg undergoes a metamorphosis it is true, but shortened and condensed as compared with that of the frog. There is no reason against the supposition, but every circumstance of life favouring it, that once upon a time fish-development and descent could have been as plainly seen from the outside world, as the frog's descent is traceable before our eyes to-day. Higher development and progressive tendencies invariably tend to shorten and condense the early stages of growth. Hence the value of such cases as those of the frogs and their neighbours, which, through mode of life, habits, and other and unknown conditions, have retained much of their original "way of life," and have revealed to us, through a literal byeway of development, the original and primitive phases of that of all other animal forms.

The conditions which favour or retard such developments are often obscure, or very frequently unknown. The presence of water or its absence, for instance, would favour or retard the continuance of the metamorphosis in the frog-class. We must also bear in mind that geological changes, the rising and sinking of land and the like, the conversion of swamps and morasses into dry land and similar physical changes, are powerful factors in producing modifications of habit, and, through change of habit, of effecting variations in structure and form. It is possible to prove the existence and operation of such changes from many points of view. Both from the zoological or biological side, and from that of geology itself, the importance of such alterations of the earth's surface can be proved. This aspect of the subject may find appropriate illustration in papers devoted to the facts of geographical distribution and their explanation, whilst we may not neglect to observe the strictly utilitarian points involved in such abbreviated life-histories as those we have been discussing. It has been noted that as we ascend in the scale of animal and plant life, development becomes more and more condensed and abbreviated. On *à posteriori* grounds we might argue that, from the fact of such condensation accompanying higher life and progressive development, some obvious advantage in the struggle for existence was thereby gained. The nature of such advantage is not difficult to discover.

The more prolonged and exposed larval or early existence is, the more likely are the young forms to succumb from loss of food, change of surroundings, or from the attack of enemies and numerous other conditions. On the contrary, with an abbreviated infancy, the animal obtains a distinct "coign of vantage." There is less risk of early death, and a greater prospect of an earlier and stronger maturity. Thus the "selected races" are those which possess the shorter and more condensed life history, and these races, therefore, come to the front in the universal struggle for existence which besets and surrounds the living hosts to-day as of yore. As Sir John Lubbock remarks, when speaking of the shortening of the insect's life history: "The compression and even disappearance of those embryonal stages which are no longer adapted to the mode of life—which do not benefit the animal—is a phenomenon not without a parallel in other parts of the animal or even of the vegetable kingdom. Just as in language long compound words have a tendency to concision, and single letters sometimes linger on, indicating the history of a word, like the 'l' in 'alms,' or the 'b' in 'debt,' long after they have ceased to influence the sound; so in embryology useless stages, interesting as illustrations of past history, but without direct advantage under present conditions, are rapidly passed through, and even as it would appear, in some cases altogether omitted."

We may here refer briefly to the case of the Mexican Axolotl (Fig. 25), not so much on account of its peculiar development, as from its bearings on that of another member of the frog's class—the black salamander (*Salamandra atra*) of the Alps and its curiously modified life history. The axolotl is a Mexican eft or newt, which retains the gills of early life along with the lungs of the adult stage. It breeds freely in captivity, and hence was long regarded as a mature and adult animal. But in 1877 some axolotls were observed to emerge from the water in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, to cast their skins, and to become *transformed* into a gill-less newt long known as an

FIG. 28. AMBLYSTOMA.

Amblystoma (Fig. 28). Such a change was almost equivalent to that whereby a frog could be metamorphosed into a toad, and hence it excited no small surprise in the zoological world. By careful experimentation a lady naturalist, Fräulein von Chauvin, showed that by gradually inuring the axolotl first to a life amongst damp moss, and then to an existence entirely removed from the water, it could be made to assume the amblystoma-form, with its black skin and yellow spots. Such a case illustrates powerfully the effects of a change of surroundings in metamorphosing a species. A succession of dry seasons, operating in the past, has most likely been the active origin of the amblystoma race from the axolotl stock. Presumably the axolotl, as the "gill-bearing" form, is the primitive stock; the amblystomas being a derived race, but nevertheless representing a true species of which the axolotl, conversely, may be termed the "larval form." To this relationship, however, reference will be subsequently made. The shrivelling of the gills in this case, it is noteworthy, was clearly due to a mechanical cause, that of dryness of surroundings. Once established, the new race of amblystomas would be propagated amidst the conditions which best suited them, whilst the axolotls have flourished amid their own aquatic environments. Another species of axolotl is known to assume the likeness of an amblystoma when it is brought from its native waters, situated in the Rocky Mountains, at an altitude of from 4,500 to 7,000 feet, to the sea level.

This case, however, leads to a much more typical one in which the female of the black salamander of the Alps, a gill-less newt or eft, retains her eggs within her body, and hatches them; the young likewise undergoing development, and casting their gills therein, just as do the young of the modified frogs already described. Furthermore, out of some 40 or 60 eggs, only two young are developed, the latter devouring the remaining eggs as food. Thus, whilst the young of the spotted salamander, a neighbouring species, number 40 or 50 at a birth, those of the alpine species number but two. Yet the two species are equally numerous—a fact showing powerfully how one animal, despite disparity of numbers, may equal in vitality an apparently more prolific race. For the two young of the alpine salamander are large and active, have passed completely through their development, and possess strong acrid skin-secretions; whilst those of the spotted species are comparatively helpless when born, and have not got rid of their gills. Hence the latter are subject to a greater mortality, and the proportion of adults to young is therefore relatively small. On no rational theory of nature could it be believed that a young newt was provided with gills, and that, thus furnished, it

was destined to be developed within its parent's body. The two facts of the presence of gills and the development of the alpine salamander within the parent body are in utter opposition to each other. Further, we know that when taken from the parent body, long prior to its natural period of birth, and placed in water, the young of the black salamander live and breathe by their gills, as was undoubtedly the original habit of the species. Placed in water, the young beings live for weeks, and ultimately develop from their water life into land salamanders. But in this latter experiment the full development of the young occurs weeks after the time when they would have been moving actively on the Alps, had they been left to their development within the parent frame. Thus we see, firstly, that the modern development of this animal is clearly acquired—even the curious habit of the two larvæ eating the other eggs clearly proves as much. And secondly, we again come face to face with a case of shortened and condensed development, favouring at once an early maturity and the increase of the race. Probably rise of land, carrying these salamanders farther and farther from water, was the direct cause of the altered mode of life of the alpine salamander. We know that this new adaptation is of relatively ancient origin, for the gills of the salamander, placed in water, shrink by a natural and vital process of absorption, and not through mere drying and shrivelling as in the axolotl. The acquired process of gill-absorption has become, in other words, an inherited matter—has become part and parcel of the animal's constitution. As, therefore, their watery pools were left below by the rise of land, the salamanders would gradually acquire the habit of retaining the young within the body for more and more lengthened periods, and in due time the present state of matters was evolved—including limitation of numbers and acceleration of development along with the novel condition of utilizing the remaining eggs as a food-supply.

Fig. 29.
CECIDOMYIA.

An important and interesting feature in connection with the preceding cases of altered development, consists in the observation that the Mexican axolotl, apparently a mature form, was able to reproduce its species. It may perhaps be a truer conception of the case if we regard the axolotl as a "permanent larval form," which has acquired the power of producing young, and which has therefore assumed the form, life, and constitution of a species. The example in question, of a larva acquiring reproductive powers, is by no means singular or unique. We have

seen that practically a pteropod or "Sea butterfly" (Fig. 17, B) is essentially the larval form of the gasteropod (A), which has had its immature character fixed, and which has acquired the power of producing young. Other cases of this peculiarity are readily found within the confines of the insect class, and in other divisions of the animal world. Thus, we know that the larva or maggot—itself an absolutely immature form—of a fly (*Cecidomyia*) (Fig. 29), produces other larva like itself, and these in turn produce others, which, finally becoming males and females, produce normal young through eggs. There is another insect (*Chironomus*) of which, as Grimm has shown, the chrysalis lays eggs; and we know of cases in which (as illustrated by the *Aphides* or plant-lice, and by the queen bees) perfect young may be produced by the one insect alone. So likewise the common Newt (*Triton cristatus*) of our ponds may, when immature, produce young; and another species (*T. Alpestris*) has been seen to reproduce its kind when it was still in the tadpole stage. Amongst the zoophytes, such features are still more plainly marked. For a plant-like animal colony gives origin to jellyfishes, which swim freely in the sea, and later on produce eggs, from each of which a zoophyte in turn springs. These facts were formerly included under the head of "alternation of generations;" but under whatever

FIG. 30. SITARIS AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

name we denote the phenomena, the lesson they teach is uniform and clear. Such cases as these of the insect larva and the immature axolotls and newts producing young (contrary to the rule that only adult animals reproduce their species) prove to us that if conditions be favourable, a young animal's development and constitution may be so modified and intensified, that it may, whilst still under its larval guise, produce young, and thus assume the likeness and functions of a new and distinct species. Such facts further impress the idea that

the young being, equally with the adult, is liable to modification and change; and they therefore teach us that the starting-points of new species and races do not always lie within the domain of mature life, but may take origin from stages in development prior to the full period of growth. Given an ultimate independence of the young form, together with the power of producing beings resembling itself, and we may readily conjecture how a new and very different species or race may, in comparatively rapid fashion, originate from a well-known stock. Mr. Darwin gives as an example of this possibility the case of the beetle Sitaris (Fig. 30 F), of which the first larvæ (A) are active and minute, and possess six legs, two long feelers, and four eyes. "These larvæ are hatched in the nests of bees; and when the male bees emerge from their burrows in the spring, which they do before the females, the larvæ spring on them, and afterwards crawl on to the females whilst paired with the males." Then ensues the laying of eggs on the surface of the honey in the cells by the female bees, the sitaris larvæ devouring the eggs. Then the latter undergo a metamorphosis. The eyes disappear, and the legs and feelers become rudimentary (B), whilst they feed on the honey. At this stage they more closely resemble ordinary insect larvæ (C, D, E), and after further transformation emerge as the perfect beetles. "Now," adds Mr. Darwin, "if an insect, undergoing transformations like those of the sitaris, were to become the progenitor of a whole new class of insects, the course of development of the new class would be widely different from that of our existing insects; and the first larval stage certainly would not represent the former condition of any adult and ancient form." "We can see," adds Darwin, "how, by changes of structure in the young, in conformity with changed habits of life, together with inheritance at corresponding ages, animals might come to pass through stages of development perfectly distinct from the primordial condition of their adult progenitors." On this reasoning, the Axolotl's later history cannot be expected to coincide with that of the Amblystoma. It is a larval form, which, arrested in development, has nevertheless, contrived to develope the lungs which

FIG. 31. HUMMING-BIRD.

mark the full growth of all amphibia, whilst it likewise retains the gills of early life. And the relationship between the Axolotl and Amblystoma presents besides one of the most effective refutations of that common but ignorant remark that no one has yet adduced any proof of the direct transmutation of one species into another. In the case before us, not merely is the transformation one in which one *genus* of animals apparently becomes another, but the near relationship of two thoroughly distinct forms is thus proved to lie within the province of exact zoological observation.

Fig. 32. Swift.

One typical case of similarity in early development, as suggestive of a near or common origin, from the group of birds, may merit mention in the present paper. Mr. A. R. Wallace points out in an interesting fashion how the humming-birds (Fig. 31) of the New World, placed of old side by side with the Old-World sun-birds (Fig. 33), were, in 1850, separated from the latter forms and placed by Prince Lucien Bonaparte near the swifts (Fig. 32) in his System of Classification. That this arrangement was correct, that is, was one based upon natural affinities, and not merely upon superficial resemblance, is easily provable. Thus the breast-bone of a humming-bird and that of a swift are marvellously like. It is not notched behind in either bird, whilst this bone in the sun-bird bears two depressions. In the colour and number of the eggs swifts and humming-birds agree, and they also present close resemblances in the arrangement of their

Fig. 33. Sun-bird.

feathers. Both have ten tail feathers and sixteen true quill feathers; and in both the first quill is longest. But whilst the bill of a swift is short, broad, and flat, the gape wide, and the tongue flat, the humming-birds have a long, slender, cylindrical bill, and a tubular tongue, which can be protruded to a great extent, and which is used for drinking up the nectar of flowers. We shall allow Mr. Wallace to tell us of the striking resemblance between these two groups of birds, revealed by a study of the humming-bird at an early stage of growth. "When on the Amazon," says Mr. Wallace, "I once had a nest brought me containing two little unfledged humming-birds, apparently not long hatched. Their beaks were not at all like those of their parents, but short, triangular, and broad at the base—just the form of the beak of a swallow or swift slightly lengthened. Thinking (erroneously) that the young birds were fed by their parents on honey, I tried to feed them with a syrup made of honey and water; but though they kept their mouths constantly open, as if ravenously hungry, they would not swallow the liquid, but threw it out again, and sometimes nearly choked themselves in the effort. At length I caught some minute flies, and on dropping one of these into the open mouth it instantly closed, the fly was gulped down, and the mouth opened again for more: and each took in this way fifteen or twenty little flies in succession before it was satisfied. They lived thus three or four days, but required more constant care than I could give them. These little birds were in the (swift) stage; they were pure insect-eaters, with a bill and mouth adapted for insect-eating only."

Such an interesting recital once again illustrates the maxim, that likeness between living beings, imperceptible in the adult stage, may yet be plainly enough apparent in the earlier phases of development. As with the crustaceans, where we find a shrimp and a barnacle, utterly unlike as adults, beginning life under an essentially similar guise, so with the swifts and humming-birds—their likenesses, masked by differences in habits of life, are nevertheless traceable without difficulty in the young state. Mr. Wallace especially reminds us that certain of the sun-birds themselves resemble the humming-birds in respect of their long bills and tubular tongue, adapted, like those of the latter birds, to feed upon flower juices and upon the insects that infest flowers. He emphasises the need for distinguishing clearly between characters or likenesses which are "structural"—that is, are part and parcel of an animal's being—and those that are purely "adaptive"—that is, arise from a similar mode of life, independently of the origin of the species. The former are transmitted from

ancestors; the latter are the products of recent modification; the former indicate the true nature of the animal, because they are part of its inheritance; the latter often suggest false resemblances due to similarity of habits and not to community of origin. Thus, whilst the humming-birds and swifts possess structural and inherited likenesses, the former and sun-birds are related only through adaptive characters. The skull of a cuttlefish, to select another example, is comparable in its functions to that of a low vertebrate animal, but on no theory of nature are they connected together. They have arisen, like the similarities of sun-birds and humming-birds, entirely independently, in respect probably of similar conditions, and not of inheritance from a common ancestor. The inherited characters which mark real resemblances are not, as we have seen, always apparent, and the adaptive characters through which the life of the species is carried on may entirely mask and conceal them. As Mr. Wallace puts it, we arrive at "the seeming paradox, that the *less* of direct use is apparent in any peculiarity of structure, the *greater* is its value in indicating true, though perhaps remote, affinities; while any peculiarity of an organ which seems essential to its possessor's well-being is often of very little value in indicating its affinity for (to) other creatures." Thus we are led to the conclusion, favoured again by development and its lessons, that the humming-birds "are essentially swifts—profoundly modified, it is true, for an aërial and flower-haunting existence—but still bearing in many important peculiarities of structure the unmistakable evidences of a common origin."

ANDREW WILSON.

AN EARLY ROMAN GUIDE-BOOK.

THE modern guide-book, though now grown out of all resemblance to its childish self, is in fact an offspring of the dark or middle ages. The travelled Greek and Roman knew not of it. Works, it is true, which the nature of their subject-matter combined with perfect literary form to make admirable *compagnons de voyage* are as old as literature itself. No young Athenian would have contemplated an Egyptian tour until he had got by heart the tale "Euterpe told unto Herodotus;" no wealthy Roman, of post-Antonine days, would have chosen the "province of Achaia" for his summer holiday without carefully digesting in advance the dry but accurate topographical notices of Pausanias; no leisured provincial would have gone up to Rome from Gades or Lugdunum to see the very spot where Tarpeia was crushed by the Sabine shields, or Curtius leaped into the gulf, without some previous acquaintance with the "Fasti." But of the humble, necessary tourists' hand-book there are as yet no visible traces. When tourists and readers were alike in the minority, the local guide, the voluble *periegetes* was doubtless preferred to any book. For the mere purpose of being shown about, it was safer to rely upon indigenous help: on the priest who eked out his lessening income by displaying to visitors the *cella* and its statue, or the hieroglyphics which he alone could read; on the glib freedman lounging in the Sacred Way; on the hungry Greek perpetually on the watch outside the precincts of the Altis for the chance stranger whose looks betokened a happy union of curiosity and opulence.

The fall of the Roman Empire and the incursions of the barbarians, while they stopped pleasure-travelling for many a generation, swept also out of existence the olden race of *ciceroni*. When tourists after the lapse of centuries began again to wander to and fro upon the earth, inspired rather by motives of devotion at the outset than by any special love of antiquity or art, skilled guides, even in Rome itself, were rarely to be found. The pilgrim who had made the round of the "Seven Churches," had bargained in the Catacombs for a bone of martyr or of criminal (the two soon became a little

mixed), and had followed the sinuous course of a Papal procession along the so-called "Via Pontificalis" from Lateran to Vatican and back, found no one who could tell him much, were it only a pleasant legend, of the grandiose ruins which cast their shadow across his path. He soon experienced the need of a handy *vade-mecum*, and demand, as usual, created a supply.

The first who came in some measure to his assistance was a nameless monk—the "Anonymus of Einsiedeln," as he has been called, from the Swiss cloister in which Père Mabillon unearthed his precious manuscript. Though a guide-book of the most primitive and embryonic sort, his half-a-dozen pages are the production of a scholar. The author was clearly acquainted with the *notitiæ urbis* of the time of the later emperors, and had probably consulted the lost map of Pope Adrian I. He gives as an appendix some 80 inscriptions, the first and last collection of the kind till Signorili's appeared in the 15th century. He enumerates the ruins to right and left as the pilgrim traverses the city from church to church, and usually assigns to them their classical names. At the time when the Anonymus wrote—the precise date lies somewhere between the crowning of Charlemagne and the fortification of the Leonine city—the skeleton of ancient Rome must have been still to a great extent intact. Broken gleams of the pristine glory of the "*centrum orbis, aurea Roma*" still cast a halo over its decline. The progress of decay had as yet been gradual; "marcescebat," says S. Benedict, "in semetipsâ." And the decrepit Queen of Nations still stretched forth shapely, if sadly withered, arms to greet the barbarous Middle Age. There had been no outbreak here of iconoclastic frenzy, such as in the fanatic East had overturned so many masterpieces of Pagan art, simply because they were the work of Pagan hands. The elder faith had died hard among the old aristocracy of Latium. The Christian legends often harp on the obduracy of the senate as contrasted with the emperors. Enlightened foreigners, like the great Theodoric, had been diligent to preserve the imperial monuments. Even saints, like Jerome and Gregory, denounce vandalism, and mingle natural rejoicings over the desertion of the ancient temples with sorrow for their material squalor and decay. The more portable treasures of the city had been made away with long before the visit of the Anonymus. The gold and silver had been the first to go; the richer bronzes and the rarer marbles next. The gold of the Capitoline Temple had been melted down by Stilicho. The gilded tiles of the Pantheon had only been saved by transference to S. Peter's; while those of the great double temple of

Venus and Rome had been shipped off by Constans II. to Byzantium. The statues which adorned the Mole of Hadrian had been hurled down upon the heads of Gothic assailants, and lay in broken fragments beneath *débris* and mire in the moat. The temples had been very generally converted into chapels, or robbed of their porphyry and granite columns to grace the Christian Basilicas. But, saving that the Via Lata—the present Corso—was already the leading thoroughfare in Rome, and that the Forum had begun to be invaded by new streets and villas and "insulæ qui sunt horti inter vicos," the general outline of the olden Rome can hardly as yet have been distinctly altered. Even the old life had not quite died out. It is significant that, of all the Fora, the Anonymus only mentions two—the Forum Romanum and the Forum Trajani. Was it because those were the two which still remained in general use? The last "Comitium populi Romani" was held, we know, in the former, A.D. 768—in the place denominated "*in tribus Fatis*," from the group of the sibyls which had stood hard by between the Rostra and the "*Templum Fatale*"—for the election of Pope Stephen III. The Basilica Ulpia continued to be a place of popular resort up to the beginning of the 10th century. The adjacent Bibliotheca still echoed in St. Venantius' time (A.D. 700) with the recitations of poets and rhetoricians. Many a statue, now lost for ever, must have remained *in situ*—at the worst, a little mutilated. The Thermæ had been disused long ago, when the aqueducts which bridged the Campagna were broken down. But their walls retained the marble coating, their floors the rich mosaic pavements. The theatres stood in crumbling decay. The triumphal arches were but slightly disfigured. The obelisks were erect in the great Circus, the marble seats only a little grass-grown and discoloured. The porticoes of the "Campus Agrippæ" seem still to have sheltered the pilgrim as he went from S. Sylvester's to S. Marcellus. The arches of the Aqua Virgo still crossed the road by S. Lorenzo in Lucina. The equestrian statue of Constantine stood by the Capitol: the "*umbilicus Romæ*" could still be identified on the slope towards the Forum. Only here and there does a popular legend change the old nomenclature, or the carelessness of the writer mistake one locality for another; as when, for instance, a palace of Pilate unexpectedly reveals itself amidst the ruins which really marked the site of the "Macellum Livianum," near S. Maria Maggiore, or the Circus of Domitian changes names with the not very distant Circus of Flaminius.

Very different is the scene which a second and much better known guide-book, of three centuries later date, presents to our

view. The work, sometimes called "Mirabilia Urbis" and sometimes "Graphia aureæ urbis Romæ"—for all the MSS., although variant in many points, and divisible into at least two separate families, appear to have had one common original—was probably first edited in its present shape towards the end of the 12th century. Portions even indicate an earlier origin; as early perhaps as the beginning of the 10th. It continued, side by side with the more strictly ecclesiastical hand-books, "de cultu" and "de ordine Romano," to form in one shape or another the popular strangers' guide to Rome, up to (and for some considerable time beyond) the 15th-century revival of art and learning. It is even among the companions of Montfaucon in the reign of Louis Quatorze. Historic accuracy is now dispensed with altogether. Legends of imperial Rome, some wholly pagan, some quaintly christianised, alternate with traditions no less quaint of the newer Rome of the Popes and the Martyrs. The seven-hilled city, whose miserable inhabitants had just been driven to find a new asylum in the often-inundated levels of the Campus Martius, is still for the writer the "aurea Roma," the "caput mundi, regens orbis frena rotundi." Her material decay only sets off her spiritual grandeur. The fable, which has now supplanted history, misleads, embellishes, sanctifies by turns. And the pilgrim, as he makes his formal rounds, has at least no cause to complain of the silence of his mentor. The names of the ruins are given certainly in hap-hazard fashion. Temples, palaces, and thermæ are all generically "*palatia*:" theatres, amphitheatres, and circuses, "*theatra*." A night of ignorance seems to settle everywhere, from the "schools of the Saxons" to the "Piazza of the Lateran."

If ever the Mirabilia are edited anew, the maps of mediæval Rome, of which de Rossi has lately published correct facsimiles, should certainly be bound up with them. These maps, including the famous view of Rome on the seal of Louis of Bavaria, are seven in all, ranging in date from a very early one of the time of Innocent III. to the Mantuan panoramic map, in which we see the commencing transformation of the city from a mediæval to a modern town under the *régime* of the Borgias. In some respects the map-engraver seems to have had more reverence for the Mirabilia than for existing facts. The Colosseum, for instance, is twice depicted as a building with a vaulted roof—in allusion, doubtless, to the fanciful account of it which we shall have to mention further on. The remains of the circuses in the Vatican quarter, and of the "gran castelli" (as Flavio Biondo styles them) on the Pincian Hill and in the "Orti

Sallustiani," are prominent objects in the earlier maps. In the oldest of them all the Pyramid of Cestius is the "Sepulchrum Romuli;" and the Vatican obelisk is the "*Pyramis J. Cæsaris, quam peregrini 'acum S. Petri' appellant*"—"which strangers call S. Peter's needle." In the later maps the tomb of Cestius is "Sepulchrum Remi," while the "Meta Romuli" is correctly given in the region of the Vatican. The Arch of Constantine is Arcus Thrax, Arcus Thracius, and finally Arcus in Trasi; as it was called, from the figures of barbarian warriors in its *alti-relievi*, even when Montfaucon came to Rome. Many legendary spots are boldly indicated. Much higher up than the Sublician Bridge is the place "ubi jecit se Horatius in amnem," and not far off, by S. Maria in Trastevere, the "locus ubi oleum manavit usque Tiberim die quo natus est Christus." The "Sepulchrum Bruti" is close to the Pantheon. On the right of the Porta del Popolo is Nero's grave—the "turris spiritus Neronis," "turris ubi umbra Neronis diu mansitavit," "torre dove stette molto tempo lo spirito di Nerone." Near San Clemente, in the latest map of all, is the precise scene of one of the most popular of mediæval fables, the misadventure of the mythical female pope.

When the Mirabilia was a new book, the Senate had just come to life again, after a suspension of animation for some four centuries. But a mysterious gloom still veiled from view the latter days of the old Capitol. To this hour, none can tell with absolute certainty on which of its twin heights was the Temple of Capitolian Jove. None know the year in which its doors closed for ever. The famous statue vanishes from our sight about the middle of the fifth century. A pretty legend tells us how it was cast anew, and is now the bronze S. Peter of the great Basilica, thus transformed by order of the sainted Pope Leo, in perpetual memory of the deliverance of the city from the Huns by the miraculous interposition of S. Peter and S. Paul. The Victory of the Senate House was once and again removed and replaced before it too eventually disappears. The memory of Virgil—no poet, we need hardly say, in mediæval folk-lore, but a wonder-working magician—though more closely connected with Naples than with the capital, lingers still in many parts of Rome. The tower built by the Frangipani at the Arch of Titus—the Turris Chartularia of the chronicles—was called by the vulgar after his name. The present Via Magnanapoli, according to one rude legend, preserves in corrupt form the parting words of the angry citizens to the fugitive enchanter, "Vade ad Napolim," or, as we might translate it, "Go to Bath." The "Tor de' Specchi" was the tower of his magic mirror. He is the builder, in one version of the myth, of

the famous "Salvatio Romæ" of the Capitol; the hall in which were the seventy statues of the seventy subject provinces of the Empire, each statue with a golden bell upon its breast, which rang of its own accord whenever a revolt had broken out. But why repeat the story after Gibbon? These statues, by the way, appear again in a very quaint Byzantine legend. They had been carried off to Constantinople, where Alexander, son and heir of the Emperor Basil, arrayed them in new silken robes; for he said in his heart, "Because the Romans despised these images, the glory has departed from their city." But the same night S. Peter appeared to him in a dream, and smote him on the breast, saying, "Know that I am lord in Rome;" and the day after, Prince Alexander died. It was on one of these occasions, when preparing to set out for Persia to put down a revolt, that the war-weary Agrippa was promised in a vision the aid of Cybele and Neptune. In gratitude, after his triumphal return, he built in their honour the Temple of the Pantheon, the one building which still recalls the architectural grace of ancient Rome, as the Colosseum recalls its majestic strength; preserved from ruin by its early dedication to S. Mary of the Martyrs, with the intent that the edifice which "had been the shrine of the false Mother of the Gods, should now be consecrated to the Mother of all the Saints." It was on the Capitol again (if we may dare to repeat a legend which has passed from the Mirabilia to every subsequent guide-book) that the Sibyl of Tibur prophesied the birth of Christ to the wise Octavian, and that the Emperor, looking up, saw heaven opened, with the Virgin and the Child in glory, and raised to them the 'ara primogeniti Dei,' the 'ara cœli,' as it is now called—in place of the temple which the senators had proposed to dedicate to himself. Here, too, the same Senate rejected the request of Tiberius to number Christ among the gods of Rome, and incurred thereby the enduring displeasure of that Emperor, who had just been cured of a painful disease by the "miraculous napkin" of Veronica—the *vera icon* of the Redeemer's features. The pyramid by the Ostian Gate was thought to contain the bones of Remus, just as a sister pyramid near the Vatican—taken down, a correction in the Mantuan map informs us, by order of Pope Alexander VI. while the engraver was finishing his work—was supposed to be the tomb of his greater brother. The names of Praxiteles and Phidias, upon the 'horse-tamers' of the Monte Cavallo, suggest no memories of the Athenian sculptors. They are the images of two gymnosophists—unclothed philosophers, whose nudity denotes that all the secrets of men lie bare before their eyes, and who are bridling the steeds which shall trample down the pride

of the world until One come who shall ride them forth to victory. The mound of the Mausoleum Augusti by the Tiber still bore the name of the wise Emperor, though all overgrown with shrubs and creeping plants. It was so huge, the people said, because for the making of it there had been brought a load of earth from every province over which he ruled. The "aureus malus" of the Vatican 'needle' or 'Agulia,' the one obelisk which has never been overthrown, was fabled to hold the dust of the mighty Julius (a fancy suggested by the "Divo Cæsari" of its inscription), that so his ashes, even after death, might still be above the heads of common men. The ring of the Colosseum, though shaken by an earthquake A.D. 1231, was still unbroken when, a century later, the golden youth of Rome engaged the bulls of the Campagna in the brave fight of which Gibbon gives a long description—a fight in which eighteen of their number fell and were buried the next day, in the presence of a vast concourse (not without some scenes of disorder) at the Lateran. The equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius stood then in the Piazza before the Lateran Palace. Most people took it for a figure of Constantine. The wiser authors of the Mirabilia knew that it was the image of a Roman giant who, once upon a time, when an eastern king had beleaguered Rome with a large army, surprised the monarch as he left his tent by night, to go according to his custom under a tree, carried him ignominiously off—the king was a little man—into the city, and received as a reward a purse of 30,000 sesterces, and this gilded image of himself, for an enduring monument of the exploit.

Legends without number group themselves about the Lateran, the Colosseum, and the colossal statue of Nero, as the Sun-God, which gave the Flavian amphitheatre its second, and by this time universally-adopted, name. "Beyond the Capitol," says our guide, "was formerly the temple of Romulus, the first King" (meaning probably the temple of Venus and Rome), "and therein the golden image of himself, touching which the prophecy had gone forth that it would fall when a Virgin should conceive and bear a Son"—which accordingly took place at the birth of Christ. The Colosseum, we are next told, was vaulted over with a 'sky' of gilded bronze, from which came thunderings and lightnings. Within was a statue of Phœbus, the God of the Sun, which rose to the height of 108 feet from the arena to the roof. It held in its open hand a golden ball, as a sign that Rome ruled over the round world. "The head and hands are now before the Lateran." They were seen there by Benjamin of Tudela, who called them (in deference to a legend of the Ghetto) the head and hands of Samson; they must, however, have

been much too large to be identified with the fragments of a colossus now preserved in the Palazzo de' Conservatori. In the 13th-century map, which depicts the Colosseum as a roofed building, the site of the Lateran is denoted by rude *graffiti* of a head, a hand, and the image of a mounted man. At the Lateran, the Emperor Constantine, on promising to put away his idols, was cured of a leprosy by S. Sylvester. When he presented himself the next day to be baptized, there was still on his forehead one leprous spot, for there was one idol which he had not destroyed. On confessing his sin and promising amendment, his flesh came again like a little child's. By the Arcus Romanus (?) was the place where he and Sylvester kissed each other and went their way—the Emperor to Byzantium, the Pope back into the city, taking with him the imperial mitre, the white horses of state, and other *insignia* of royalty. At the same time the Emperor's mother, Helena, was converted by the restoration to life of a wild bull, which her magicians had slain by their enchantments.

Retracing our steps along the old line of Papal processions towards the Forum, and leaving behind us many a legendary site over which vulgar fancy at one time ran riot—the twin "sedes stercorariæ, singulari ritu usurpatæ" (we quote Montfaucon), though certainly not, as the populace supposed, "explorando sexui," for ascertaining the sex, of every new-made Pontiff, and the place near S. Clemente where the mythical English Pope Joan was fabled to have been surprised by the pangs of labour, the "*loco dove partorì la Papessa*" of the Mantuan map—we shall find the palace of the Cæsars still covering with its majestic remains the summit of the Palatine, "protected from the spoiler," says Gregorovius, "by superstitious terrors." As late as the time of Innocent VII. fragments of cloth of gold and silver plating were found in one of its deserted chambers. A little before our guide-book's time it was possible still to give a banquet there; as Heinrich the Fifth once did to German *Knecht* and *Ritter*. The buildings around the Stadium seem in the middle ages to have towered conspicuously above the rest. In Strozzi's pictorial map (*circa* A.D. 1474), they form the dominant feature of the hills in the view of old Rome from the Capitol. The Fora of the Emperors must have been still sufficiently preserved to allow their general plan to be fairly understood; although, as we approach the central parts of heathen Rome, we shall find our guide's classical learning, notwithstanding frequent allusions to Ovid's "Martyrologium" (*sic*) and "de Fastis," occasionally at fault. The Forum of Nerva and the Temple of Minerva (*le Colonacce*) perplex him sadly, and "Nerviæ" and "Minervæ" get inextricably

mixed. The Arch of Severus is the "Arcus J. Cæsaris et Senatorum." He was content to note the "Cæsari" at the beginning and the "S. P. Q. R." at the end of the inscription. The "Divo Antonino" of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina seems to suggest the possibility of a Saint Antonine. On the other hand, he describes, apparently from actual observation, the temples of Hadrian and Trajan, in the Forum of the latter Emperor, and the vanished arch by S. Salvatore in Statera, on which was represented the distribution of a donative (possibly by Claudius) to the Prætorian guards—the gold and silver being weighed out to the soldiers in a balance (*statera*), whence the modern name of arch and church. He seems, too, to have found indications on the spot for identifying the Templum Saturni with the *ærarium*. Looking towards the Campus Martius, we shall see many remains of the Circus Flaminius—not yet levelled or built over, though perhaps the first of the "dark shops," from which the Via delle Botteghe Oscure was so called, may have already begun to nestle in its arches. Between the Capitol and S. Mark's, in the place whose name has been oddly corrupted into "Macel de' Corvi," the returning papal procession—before arriving at the Mamertine and the Temple of Mars, "ubi nunc jacet simulacrum ejus," the "Marforio"—would pass beneath the "Arcus Manus Carneæ," the arch of the fleshen hand of the executioner of Santa Lucia, which remained unchanged when the rest of his body was turned to stone. The Palace of Catiline would be pointed out beside the Lake of Curtius. The story of the latter hero is again a little "mixed" with that of the dragon which S. Sylvester overcame in the hollow below S. Maria Liberatrice. In the Via Sacra we should be shown the spot where Simon Magus fell when he attempted to fly; brought down in mid career by the prayers of the apostle. At S. Pietro in Vincoli we should be reminded that the day once devoted to the commemoration of Octavian's victory at Actium is now the appointed season to adore the chains of the chief of the apostles, by whose captivity we have been set free from a worse than Egyptian bondage. The indiscriminate use of the term "Palatium" sometimes renders it difficult to know what buildings are alluded to. Thus we find in Benjamin of Tudela (a contemporary, or nearly so, of the first edition of our Mirabilia) that in Rome there are eighty palaces of her eighty kings and emperors from Tarquin to Pepin, father of Charlemagne. The largest is that of Galbinus (?). It has 360 rooms—a room for every day throughout the year. In the church of S. Stephen are treasures from the temple of Salomo, son of David, and among them two iron pillars which drip tears every 9th of July. In the Mirabilia the temple treasures are said to have been deposited in the Lateran.

When once Graphia or Mirabilia plunge into historical or etymological disquisitions, they give the rein to the maddest fancies. The first city on the Palatine, says a MS. of the Graphia, was named Janiculum, after its founder, Janus, son of Noe. The same king built a palace called Janiculum on the hill beyond the river, *in mică aurel* (in Montorio). Saturn built the city Saturnia on the Capitol, and Italus Italia by the river-side. Four hundred and thirty-three years after the fall of Troy, Romulus united the three under his own rule. The Vatican was so called, "quia ibi canebant vates Apollini"; the Porta Septimiana, "quia illic septem laudes fuerunt factæ Octaviano." The Lateran was once a palace of Nero, and derives its name "ex latere et ranâ," from the frog to which the wicked emperor secretly gave birth, "quam latenter peperit Imperator." The unclean and restless spirit of Nero and the wisdom of Augustus seem to have preserved their names in folk-lore above those of all the other emperors before Constantine.

The aspect of the city towards the end, let us say, of the thirteenth century, as it appeared from some commanding height, from the distant Monte Mario—the *Mons Malus* of the Roman followers, the *Mons Gaudii* of the German slayers of Crescentius—from the nearer Pincian, or the central Capitol, must, in many ways, have been eminently picturesque. Tower on tower of feudal Barons Guelf or Ghibelline—the latter usually to be known by an uneven number of square turrets and by three windows near the top, the former by the even number of turrets, two windows and rounded arches—peered up on every side. An admirable idea can be formed of this forest of turrets from Strozzi's map of 1474. Over the Piazza of the Araceli spread the city market, from S. Giovanni del Mercatello (now S. Venanzio) to the Tor del Mercato in the present Via della Pedacchia. At the foot of the steps was the place of execution, transferred a little later to the Piazza del Ponte di S. Angelo, and finally to Campo di Fiore, as was the market itself to the Piazza Navona. A little way off, in a street since named from a popular *osteria* Via del Paradiso, was either then or not long afterwards the pillory, and round towards the Palatine the burial-place of the condemned, the later registries of whose trial and execution are still, we believe, preserved by the fraternity of S. Giovanni Decollato. More important or dangerous criminals were often, however, executed at the Lateran and by night, for fear, perhaps, of a possible rescue. An early diarist grows quite eloquent over the fate of a very "pretty man," as Dugald Dalgetty would have called him, who was caught as he sauntered along by the "prefetto urbis," and decapitated without more ado outside the Lateran at midnight, for no greater offence, it would appear,

a

number of homicides by misadventure. The Colosseum marked the frontier ground of Annibaldi and Frangipani—the latter holding the Amphitheatre itself and all between it and the foot of the Capitol. Savelli had a stronghold on the Aventine and another in the Theatre of Marcellus. The Temple of Janus was the Tower of Cencio Frangipani. The Turris Miliciæ—the Tower of Nero, as it is popularly called—gave to the adjoining street the name of "Contrata Miliciarum," and sometimes of "Militiæ Tiberianæ." With the Turris Comitis (Tor de' Conti) and the Turris Senatorum it makes up the three important towers which alone are given in de Rossi's earliest map. It looked down upon the garden where the fair Colonna, perhaps conveniently, sprained her foot, and so could not, or would not, swell the train of the Queen of Beauty at the great bull-fight already mentioned. From the island in the Tiber (where Frangipani appear again) one saw, says Gregorovius, on either hand a maze of towers. The Counts Orso of Anguillara and the Normanni Alberteschi displayed upon the right bank the eagle of the one, the lilies of the other, on the stone shields above their portals. More Normanni and Romani dwelt farther back in the Trastevere; other Normanni in the Ghetto. The towers of the Colonna dotted the Campo Marzio. The Orsini gathered around the Theatre of Pompey, and the "region" called, from the vast side-walls (*parietes*) of the old ruins, "Parione." The Massimi were in the sandy Regola (*olim* Arenula). The Tower of Messer Jordan Savelli gave its name of "Monte Giordano" to what was once the "Mons S. Johannis in Roncionibus." The Tor "la Motella" marks the site of a Frangipani fortress in the Circus Maximus. The Arch of Antonine was the "Turris de Cosetis;" the Arch of Severus the "Turris de Brachis." Tor Sanguigna and Tor de' Specchi—both called after baronial families—still give their names to the existing streets, as does the Tor del Grillo to the steep "Salita" at the foot of the Quirinal. The "Amphitheatrum Castrense," near Santa Croce, was a ruin still in fair preservation. It was often described as the "parvum Colosseum," to distinguish it from the great amphitheatre of Titus, just as the Palace of the Cæsars was the "palatium majus," the "lesser" palace being the "Turris Senatorum." The Circus of Maxentius without the walls was supposed to be a theatre and palace of Titus and Vespasian.

The warlike barons were not, perhaps, in every instance, the greatest enemies of ancient art. Their work must often have rather altered than destroyed, and the core of the old edifices adapted to new ends, and quickly mantled with the rich vegetation of a Roman flora, must have retained a charm one misses sharply now. Even in Poggio's time there was much remaining which we should look for

in vain to-day: in the time of Petrarch and Rienzi there was a vast deal more. The Portico of Minerva Chalcidice was destroyed while the former was in Rome. The marble coating of the tomb of Cecilia Metella disappeared in the interval between his first and second visit. The arch which was surnamed Tripoli, at whose foot a "certain Goth" sought vainly in the time of Pius IV. for buried treasure, came down in the 16th century to make way for the Palazzo Fiano. The so-called Arch of Camillus in the Via Lata was given by Clement VIII. to Cardinal Salviati to use up for the Doric-Pamphilo Palace. The Colosseum was only saved from future Barberini by its tardy consecration to the Martyrs of the Arena. The last towering remnant of the Septizonium, long time a fortress of the monks of S. Gregory, was taken down by order of Sixtus V. Thenceforth, if we except the Pantheon and the Colosseum, the few columns in the Campo Vaccino which many still took for remains of Caligula's Bridge, and the Baths of Titus with the swiftly-decaying frescoes which had inspired Raphael and John of Udine with ideas for the *loggie* of the Vatican, there was little left to give such visitors as Père Mabillon even a pale and faint idea of what the "Aurea Roma" once had been. The explorers of the 16th and 17th centuries can tell us little new about the great buildings. Their talk is of statues (more or less mutilated) brought to light, or of treasures supposed to have been discovered underground, like that golden bowl full of ancient coins and gems which Johannes Mutus's gardener dug up and forthwith carried off to Venice, whither, when Mutus followed him, he found the treasures had been sold to the Senate for an annuity, and that all which Venice could do for him would be to pay his travelling expenses back to Rome; or like that girl of wondrous beauty whose corpse was found in a marble sarcophagus near the fifth mile-stone on the Appian way, with a golden fillet round the head, and the fresh red, as of life, upon the cheeks, and who was shown for many days to constantly increasing crowds in the Palace of the Conservatori, until the Pope had her taken away and buried in the dead of night in an unknown spot without the Porta Pinciana. Modern Rome is a museum in which every stone has been cleaned and ticketed and numbered; but where the eye seeks its pleasure in vain amidst the *barathrum* of the Forum, the dark passages of Nero's Golden House, or the bare bleak walls of the Baths of Caracalla and Diocletian. Our quaint old guide may help the fancy to call back scenes which wasted their last beauty upon unappreciating eyes of Frankish devotees and rude Suabian swordsmen.

J. KEMPE.

THE LIGHT OF THE NORTH.

LOOKING back through the vistas of Russian history, the eye is arrested by two figures whose colossal proportions tower above all their dwarfed competitors, and make them the centres of an absorbing human interest. As long as the proper study of mankind is man, so long will Peter the Great and Catherine the Grand, especially in their modes of being and thinking and living, be exercises in psychology: the former a mystery and an enigma even in a country prolific in human paradoxes; the latter a blend of Eastern magnificence and profligacy on the one hand, and of the genius and culture of Western civilisation on the other. Catherine's character is no riddle. It is easy to lay the finger on the formative energies in her nature, which gave her life what unity and cohesion it had; and when you possess yourself of these you possess the key to her character, and can go out and in at will. An insatiable appetite for "glory," and an unregulated animal desire, were the two mainsprings of motive to which all her actions can be traced, although she wanted the world to believe that she lived from the former alone. Grand herself, her court was grand; and every scheme she devised was projected on a scale of grandeur quite Oriental. The final cause of all her splendour was to make the world stare in wonder and admiration; and her success in attaining the ends she set before her made her the beloved of her half-civilised subjects, morbidly nervous as to what civilised Europe might think of them. Gay, brilliant, good-humoured, and witty, with a face ever wreathed in smiles, and gladdening, like the sun, all the systems of which she was the centre, with a nimble intelligence that ever instinctively selected the proper thing to say, and with the adroitest tongue in the world in the art of graceful utterance, Catherine *charmed*. She turned her enemies, when she had angled them within the reach of her personal influence, into her slaves, as by bewitchment. Rebel and usurper though she was, St. Petersburg was never freer of traitors than during her reign; the reptile brood was scorched and burned up by the dazzling effulgence of "the Light of the North."

Catherine's rebellion against her husband Peter III. was inspired

by motives of self-defence. She was young and neglected, and on the point of being divorced and imprisoned for life. A brick house in the fortress of Schulenburg was being prepared by the Czar for the reception of a prisoner of distinction, and Peter's chattering tongue had made it easy to identify its future occupant. In the scheme of the universe it is decreed that when society sets up a despot to govern it, it shall also furnish conspirators to temper his autocracy, and counsel moderation and wisdom; and Peter's many follies, his avowed contempt for the religion, for the military system, for the nobility of Russia; his low morals and deep drinking; his boorishness and cruelty to his consort, whom he often insulted in public—so much so, that on one occasion she burst into tears and ran away—tempted the revolutionary class, who ever know how to take occasion by the hand, to compass his deposition and death. In Peter's purpose to rid himself of his wife they found an over-mastering argument to compel Catherine's approval and co-operation; her ladies recruited the ranks of the malcontents by bribes of money and delicacies, the Princess Dashkoff being the most successful of the recruiting staff. The arrival of an empty coach at Peterhoff was to be the signal to the *quasi*-prisoner that the revolution was ripe. In the dead of the night Catherine stole from her bedroom, crossed the garden alone, and reached the capital before her flight was discovered. Accompanied by the ringleaders of the rebellion, she repaired to the barracks of the Ismailofsky guards, and in an eloquent address reviewed her husband's want of patriotism, and told the story of her own sufferings and sorrows. The vision of the beautiful weeping lady soon melted the half-reluctant hearts of the rough and illogical soldiery; they swore fealty to her on the spot, and became effective partisans and advocates of her cause with the other regiments stationed at St. Petersburg. They marched her to the church of Kasan, and caused the Archbishop of Novgorod to crown her Empress of all the Russias. Catherine immediately issued a manifesto, craftily reasoned and brilliantly expressed, in vindication of her rebellion; and before midday she found that a force of 10,000 troops had flocked to her standard. With these, dressed as an officer of the Guards, sitting astride her white horse, and with an oak twig in her hat, she marched against her husband, who, quite unconscious of his danger, spent the night in riot and revelry at Oranienbaum, on the shores of the Gulf of Cronstadt. An officer who ventured to disturb Peter's stertorous slumbers was placed under arrest. With the dawn came the day which was to see Catherine

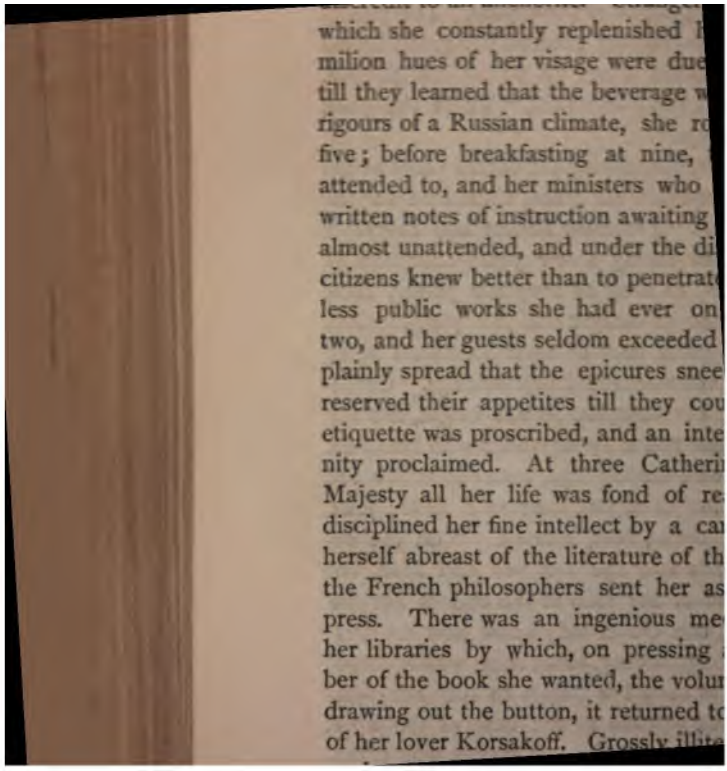
divorced and a prisoner, and Peter blessed in his betrothal to the Woronzoff. With a sense of exultation he set out for Peterhoff, where he was to banquet with his wife: the signal for her arrest in the midst of the festivities had been agreed on. The tidings of her rebellion which met him on his way both dismayed and stupefied him. Brave old Marshal Munnich was among his suite; he stepped forward and collected the Czar's bewildered wits, pointing out the necessity for prompt action, and adjuring him to march with his 1,000 Holstein troops to St. Petersburg. Peter's loose women shrieked and wept; Catherine's well-wishers in the suite offered conflicting advices and confounded Peter's confusion still more. Munnich pleaded for a firm front and a quick blow; Peter hesitated, resolved, re-resolved, and finally, not knowing what to do with the little wits he had, flung them away. He returned to Oranienbaum; and when the Holstein soldiers heard the news, they crowded round the Czar, kissed his hands, and on their knees besought him to lead them against the rebels. His spirit caught the contagion of their bravery, and he gave the command "To arms;" and then, startled at his own daring, he recalled it. Might not Catherine, who once loved him and whom he once loved—his wife, his queen—be coaxed back into allegiance? He sent messengers to her to propose a reconciliation, a renewal of the old domesticities of trust and love. These overtures she rejected; the messengers, seduced by the glamour of her presence and the fascination of her deportment, refused to return to their master, and arrayed themselves under her banner. Then Peter offered to resign his crown, asking permission to retire with the Woronzoff to Holstein, a proposal in which Catherine saw the prophecy and pledge of ceaseless civil war. She persuaded Peter's ambassador to go back and induce his master to repair to Peterhoff unattended, and trust to the clemency of his wife. There he signed his abdication, confessing "that his abilities were unequal to the task of governing Russia; . . . . that he was not capable of directing the Russian Empire in any way, and much less with irresponsible power; . . . . that he had been the cause of all the troubles, which would soon have ruined the empire, and which had covered his name with eternal disgrace; . . . . . that, being seriously impressed with all these facts, he renounced the government of Russia, and swore before God and all the world to this renunciation. Written and signed with my own hand,—PETER. June 29, 1762." On the eighth day of his imprisonment, and in the thirty-fourth year of his age, Peter was a corpse; he died of a "disease in his bowels," which in the present case is a euphemism

for murder. "The Empress knew nothing of Peter's murder," said Frederick the Great, "and learned it with a sorrow and despair that were not feigned, knowing the opinion people would form of her." "It is too bad of Pitt to compel Catherine to restore Otchakoff to the Turks," said Leopold of Austria. "Why rob the Empress of her laurels? her head must be crowned with them to hide her feet, stained with blood." The convictions of the different courts of Europe with respect to Catherine's complicity in the crime varied with the thermal variations of her amity: whom she befriended, to them she was the victim of an unpropitious concourse of suspicions; whom she opposed saw in her a guilty and blood-stained criminal. The corpse was laid out in state in the Convent of Alexander Nevski, in St. Petersburg, whither many, openly expressing regret for the part they had impulsively taken in his dethronement, repaired to kiss the hand of the dead. Catherine refused to allow her husband's remains to be interred with the ashes of his ancestors; she reared no commemorative pillar, and placed no inscription over his tomb, determined to have no shrine whither the disaffected could assemble. After her death Paul removed his father's dust to the imperial mausoleum; and he ordered the survivor of the three nobles, Alexius Orloff, Bariatinski, and Potemkin, who forced Peter to drink the poisoned brandy, and who thereafter, the venom proving laggard in its work, knelt on his breast and strangled him with a napkin, to stand alone between Catherine's coffin and Peter's through the silent hours of the first night on which these two reposed side by side in the sepulchre of their sires. That solitary vigil, paramour on one side of him, victim on the other—and there is a scintilla of retributive justice in the ordeal—rendered Orloff a maniac for life.

Catherine's throne was a giddy eminence for a few years, till the wisdom of her measures and the success of her administration brought it to equipoise. The spoils are usually for the victors, but Catherine shared them with the vanquished. Not one of Peter's partisans suffered death by the gallows or by Siberia. Even the Woronzoff was allowed to retain the wealth Peter had wasted on her, and to reside and marry in St. Petersburg. Munnich himself, who, whatever monarch ruled, intrigued and shuffled to retain his offices, was implicitly confided in. The grey old hero, aged eighty, wrote amatory letters to Catherine. She reproached him with his dilatory loyalty. "Madam," said he, "the strongest ties of duty and gratitude engaged me to serve my late master; your Majesty is now my sovereign, and will experience the same fidelity." Following the precedent set her by Elizabeth, Catherine ennobled the soldiers of the Ismailofsky Guards;

and the issue of these wholesale creations is, that to-day princes are as "plentiful as blackberries" in St. Petersburg, and may be found earning a menial livelihood as cabmen. Of all the conspirators, Catherine found the greed of the Princess Dashkoff the most insatiable. Boasting that the Empress was indebted to her for her throne, she demanded the appointment of Colonel of the Guards, which was refused. Afterwards named President of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, her brutality towards the associates, her coarse manners, her sordid avarice, her gruffest of male voices, and her crimson face, made her the laughing-stock of the capital. The pigs of her neighbour Alexander Narishkin having entered her grounds and devoured her cabbages, she ordered them all to be slaughtered. Narishkin saw her at court next day, and said, "There she goes, still red with the blood of—my pigs."

While she was Grand Duchess, and during the earlier years of her reign, before her grossness had spoiled her grace, Catherine was the most beautiful woman of the court. Professor Richardson describes her as the loveliest woman he saw during a few years' residence in Russia. Queens and empresses, as long as they are young, have the knack of bursting as phantoms of delight and lovely apparitions upon the vision of beholders, a good deal of their loveliness being the reflected splendour of their vestments and bejewellings. Catherine was of the average stature; her complexion was bright, literally "red"—but in the Russian tongue red is synonymous with beautiful. She had an aquiline nose and well-shaped lips, between which two rows of white incisors shone; her chin was long to a fault; jaws, massive; eyes, blue; eyebrows, dark; hair, auburn. With the exception of her face, which in her old age was red and livid, she preserved the alabaster whiteness of her skin to the end of her life. Clever in all the arts of society, this clever lady knew how to dress successfully. She ever wore a long, flowing, loose robe, which served to conceal the corpulency that in early life began to mar her symmetry. There was an unfortunate wrinkle at the base of the nose, which she called the evil genius of her looks. A limner who reproduced it in a portrait was smartly rebuked for venturing to observe it, and was ordered to efface it from the eidolon. A French artist who saw her corpse drew her portrait from memory; the following advice was given him to make the likeness perfect:—"Take a map of the Russian Empire for the canvas; the darkness of ignorance for the ground; the spoils of Poland for the drapery; human blood for the colouring; the monuments of her reign for the outlines; and for the shading, six months of the reign of her successor." Catherine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and Italian songsters—(one of these, the prima donna Gabrielli, demanded a salary of £1,500 a year, besides a house and carriage; "That's too much," said the ambassador who negotiated the engagement, "her Majesty's field-marshals have no more;" "Then," said Gabrielli, "her Majesty can get one of her marshals to sing for her"); in all kinds of innocent frolickings and gambolings; and gouty old courtiers and venerable ladies, whose movements, once nimble, had become heavy and lumbering, would be seen capering like young hippopotami, and jostling each other till they fell, amid Catherine's silvery laughter—only it is said that her voice got hoarse and croaking in her old age, and it, with her red face, sharp chin, and long nose, summons up to the imagination rather a ghoulish picture. Sometimes the evening was devoted to the theatre: her Majesty was a bit of a critic, having duly qualified as the author of several dramatic pieces that had failed. It was Catherine's custom to retire supperless to bed every night at ten o'clock; before eleven absolute stillness reigned in the palace. Once a week the Czarina gave a private ball and supper at the Hermitage; no servants were allowed to enter the ball-room, and the viands and liqueurs were served through trap-doors. A guide to the ball-room was found in the advices hung on the walls; one of them was, "Sit down when you choose and where you choose, and do not need to be told a thousand times." On *fête* days, when she dined in public, Catherine presented each of the guests on their arrival with a goblet of wine; at table she served the soup herself, sitting on a chair ornamented with the arms of Russia. When she entertained the officers of her own regiment she appeared in colonel's uniform. The guests at her masquerade dancing parties often numbered 8,000, the wealth, beauty, and fashion of Russia; her Majesty on these occasions appeared in the richest robes, often in the Greek costume, with a small crown of diamonds on her head.

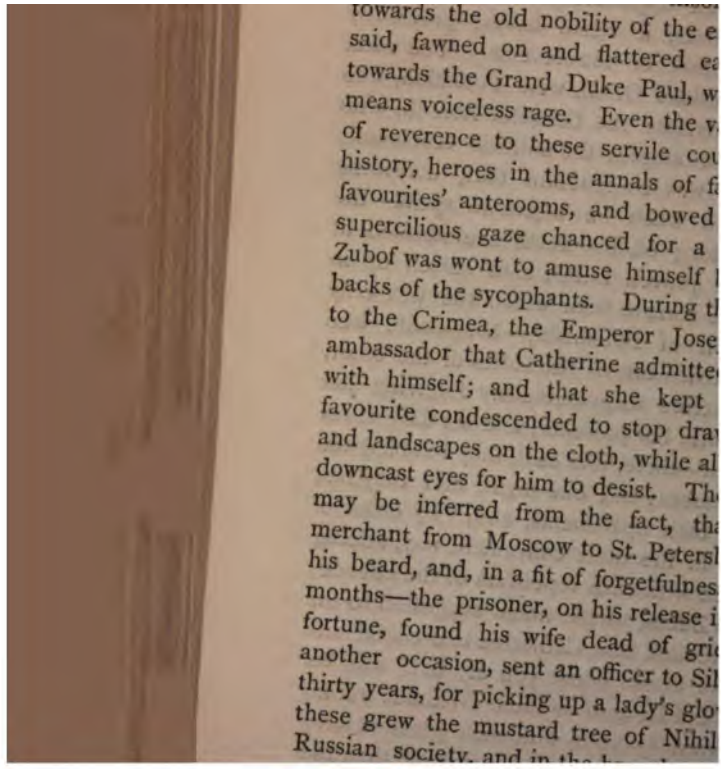
As Grand Duchess Catherine spent her days in retirement and study, and on her accession to the throne was one of the most accomplished women in Europe. Through her agents in France and England, her Majesty bought treasures of art for which stingy purchasers at home refused the price. The Houghton collection of pictures left England because no one would over-bid her offer of £40,000; while the library of Voltaire, counting 10,000 volumes, many of which had marginal comments in his own hand, left Paris for St. Petersburg; Catherine built a small temple for the reception of the library, in the centre of which she proposed to erect a monument to the author. Purchasing Diderot's collection of books for 50,000 livres, she appointed him custodian of it at a salary of 1,000 livres a

year; the *philosophe* travelled to Russia to thank her and to be chaffed by her. "M. Diderot," she said, "in some respects you are a hundred years old, but in others you are about ten." Again and again she tempted the literati of Paris to reside in her capital, although the French Academy, at the spiteful request of the Duke de Choiseul, had declared the title "Imperial Majesty"—which Catherine inordinately coveted—to be bad French. M. d'Alembert refused a salary of 100,000 livres to become Paul's tutor. A playwright, an author of several moral tales, the projector of a polyglot dictionary of all the tongues spoken in her dominions, it was a cause of regret to the Czarina that she could not wear the name of poet. The English ambassador, Mr. Fitzherbert, counselled her not to aspire to every kind of fame, but content herself with the couplet she wrote on her dog and physician—

Here lies the Duchess Anderson,
Who once bit Mr. Rogerson.

The story of Catherine's frailties, if very fully told, would require to be decently veiled in the obscurities of the Latin tongue, the accepted medium of the otherwise incommunicable; English type would rise up in mutiny if posited to print it. Married at the age of sixteen, her licentiousness began almost with her marriage, and ended only with her death. Her life was one moral delinquency long drawn out. A mutual alienation soon crept in between the Grand Duke Peter and his wife, which deepened into disgust on the part of the lady when a malignant small-pox had defaced what little beauty Peter ever had. The positive repulsiveness of his looks after his recovery threw her into a three hours' swoon. "The flower fades; and they that loved at first like dove and dove were cat and dog." Peter found consolation in the company of the Countess Elizabeth Woronzoff, a kindred spirit and unshapely slattern, fat and squat and squinting, who slobbered and spat and swore when she talked, with whom he daily got drunk. Peter often hinted that, when the reigning Czarina died, he would repudiate Catherine and her child, and make the Countess his wife. The Grand Duchess, too, gave herself over to a life of unbridled profligacy. She used to descend from the window of her apartment by an improvised ladder to meet Stanislaus Poniatowsky, whom she afterwards forced the Poles to elect as their king, because "he was the first man who ventured to make love to me;" in after years, however, the aggrandisement of Russia requiring it, Catherine dethroned him without a compunction or a sigh. She had many acquaintances in the capital who had no idea of the high social sphere in which their lover

usually moved. Orloff, by whom she had three children, tried in vain to pierce the incognita of the beautiful lady he adored, till one day he descried her standing at the side of the Empress Elizabeth amid the pomp and pageantry of a public ceremony. While Czarina, she had a series of ten husbands; they were state officials, with salaries fixed by a formal order in council. So methodically was Catherine's libertinism organised, that the qualifications of the nominees were referred to a commission of ladies; if their report was favourable, an opportunity was devised by which Catherine met the candidate, a signal having previously been chosen to denote approbation or the reverse. The most distinguished of these officials, besides Orloff, were Potemkin, who afterwards became her trusty adviser; the beautiful Zoritch, who had once been a slave in Constantinople; the faithless Korsakoff; the well-beloved Lanskoi, who was so ignorant that, according to Kotzebue, Catherine blushed when he began to speak—the Czarina herself became his tutor; on his death she stormed at the physicians, whose skill had proved futile; shut herself up in her palace, cherishing a morbid sorrow, from which she was only roused by the daring intrusion of Potemkin;—Momonoff, who quickly fell in love with and married one of the ladies of the court, the Princess Scherbatoff, Catherine magnanimously forgiving her rival, honouring their wedding with her presence, and sending them away to Moscow richly endowed—there, it is said, they babbled too freely about Catherine's weaknesses; and one night, after they had retired, six policemen entered their apartments, and, "by order of the Empress," chastised them in the most convenient way, adding that the visit was to be repeated with each repetition of the offence; —the last of the ten was Plato Zubof, whose name suggested to the witlings of St. Petersburg the remark that Catherine had ended with Platonic love. "Do you know whose house you are in?" said her rude grandson Constantine to the King of Sweden. Without waiting an answer, he replied to his own question with such gross severity that Catherine placed him under arrest; a milder reproof than that administered to two young ladies of the court, one of whom wrote satires which the other illustrated—they were knouted till the blood came. Yet Catherine could tolerate a good jest at any other of her foibles. She smiled away the punishment of the page who besmeared with vermilion her bust of Parian marble, a costly work of art carefully preserved under a glass shade in one of the drawing-rooms of the palace; "Oh, the boy wanted to tease me on the habit I have of wearing rouge; the sensible thing to do is to


towards the old nobility of the e
said, fawned on and flattered ea
towards the Grand Duke Paul, w
means voiceless rage. Even the v
of reverence to these servile cou
history, heroes in the annals of fa
favourites' anterooms, and bowed
supercilious gaze chanced for a
Zubof was wont to amuse himself
backs of the sycophants. During th
to the Crimea, the Emperor Jose
ambassador that Catherine admitte
with himself; and that she kept
favourite condescended to stop dra
and landscapes on the cloth, while al
downcast eyes for him to desist. Th
may be inferred from the fact, tha
merchant from Moscow to St. Petersb
his beard, and, in a fit of forgetfulnes
months—the prisoner, on his release i
fortune, found his wife dead of grie
another occasion, sent an officer to Sib
thirty years, for picking up a lady's glo
these grew the mustard tree of Nihil
Russian society, and in the h

the palace of Zarsko-Zelo: I am struck with the alarming silence that prevails; every one holds his peace; every one trembles: *it is the abode of despotism.*" During the early years of her reign the Czarina's sympathies seemed to go with the democratic dreams of the French philosophers, who fattened by flattering despots, while the whole spirit and design of their teaching was to undermine their power. As long as "liberty, equality, and fraternity" was a beautiful phrase to admire and trifle with, keeping at home in France, Catherine encouraged it; but when it proved a doctrine pregnant with practical issues, shaping the destinies of nations, presaging the doom of despotism, and ridiculing the divine right of kings, she girded herself to the task of crushing it. Regarding Voltaire, who had sent her presents of stockings which, he says in one of his letters, he had knitted with his own hands, as the chief apostle of revolution, she wreaked her wrath upon him by ejecting his bust from her gallery and throwing it on a rubbish-heap. Fox's followed because he had opposed a war with the French republic. Washington ceased to be a hero, and became a rebel and traitor. Marie Antoinette was admonished by a letter which breathes the spirit of despotism:—"Kings ought to proceed in their career undismayed by the clamours of the people, as the moon pursues her course unimpeded by the howling of dogs." We recall as an illustration of the inconsistencies of human character the closing sentence of the Czarina's instructions to the commissioners appointed to prepare a new code of laws for the empire:—"Flatterers have instilled into all governments the pernicious maxim that their people are created for them only; but we think that we are created for our people, and we intend by this legislation to make Russia more just and happy than any nation on earth. To be disappointed in this would be an unhappiness I do not wish to survive."

With all her personal libertinism, the frown of an autocrat beclouded Catherine's face when any remark or gesture savouring of immodesty was hazarded in her presence. She compounded with her conscience by an affectation of decorum, and by practising immorality on a principle which forbade public levity of speech or behaviour. It is recorded that, while driving through the Crimea with the British and French ambassadors, she asked the latter to relieve the tedium of the journey by a song. Knowing her private life so well, Ségur concluded that she would not be squeamish as to the character of what he sang, and struck up

> Some careless tavern catch
> Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences
> Unmeet for ladies.

With darkling visage, Catherine interrupted him by an inconsequent question, and relapsed into the silence of shocked austerity. The abolition of the Physical Club of Moscow was a noble vindication of outraged morality; the members of it, among whom were the highest nobility of the empire, counts and countesses, expiated their profligacy, some by imprisonment, some by degradation. In writing, too, her instructions for the education of her grandchildren, Catherine interdicted the study of botany, especially the Linnæan system, alarmed lest the theory of the sexes of the flowers should provoke questions incompatible with the stainless purity of their minds. The theory of deliberate hypocrisy is the one that will most readily occur to the superficial student of human nature to explain these tributes of respect to virtue. Few, however, of such self-contradictions can be truly accounted for on this hypothesis. The conscious hypocrites, those who plot to mislead others without misleading themselves, are numerically a small class. It is more philosophical to assign Catherine's scrupulosity to the strange medley of the elements of which human nature is composed. Though the Czarina had not committed herself to the principle of purity, to be pure through and through, yet it was on principle she forbade any public indecency.

Catherine's home policy was selected and dressed up to be flaunted in the eyes of the world, to impress other nations with a sense of the prosperity and greatness of her reign, and of the striking strides of her empire towards the van of civilisation. Every volunteered suggestion that would go to blazon abroad her fame enriched its author: if it was useful as well as brilliant, so much the better; but its practical worth was never a *sine quâ non*. Grand projects coursed through her brain with such celerity that she only took time to issue orders for their realisation, and then forsook them to chase others. At her death Russia was littered with relinquished half-finished public works; the money had been faithfully paid out of the imperial purse for their completion, but, passing through the hands of successive choirs of corrupt officials, it had proved a vanishing entity; and the shells and skeletons of cities, the palaces, hospitals, schools, cathedrals, whose sham fronts, facing the thoroughfare, served to impress the traveller; the half-dug canals; the abandoned fortifications; the silent dockyards—are the monuments and memorials, not of what had been, but of what had never existed but on paper. When the design of the projected enterprise was laid on her table, or a medal struck in honour of it, the Czarina professed to believe that local habitation on the earth had been

given to it, and a paragraph was contributed to a Parisian newspaper. It is to be feared that Catherine was an accomplice in the deceptions practised upon her. Of an honest functionary who asked more pay, ignorant that embezzlement was one of the perquisites of his office, she remarked, "The ass! I have led him to the manger, and he refuses to eat." There is a list extant of the townships she formed, and they reach the total of 237. It cannot be doubted that she selected the sites for them and voted the money; but of the majority of them, the splendid epigram of the Emperor of Austria may be used. Catherine invited him to lay the second stone of a new city of which she had laid the first: "The Empress and I," said Joseph, "did a great work between us to-day; she laid the first stone of a city, and I laid the last!" The Marquis de Custine quotes from a letter which, he avers, she wrote; and if it be not authentic—for Catherine was too crafty to write such a letter—it is plausible and true to her real motives: "My dear Prince, do not distress yourself, because the Russians have no desire for knowledge. If I institute schools, it is not for ourselves, but for Europe, in whose estimation we must maintain our standing; for, if our peasants should really seek to become enlightened, neither you nor I would continue in our places."

But it would be a mistake to say that her home policy, though inspired by vain-glory and the desire to pose before Europe, was fraught with no blessing for her empire. Beloved by his subjects, Peter the Great alone stood higher in the reverence of the Russian people; and she was often hailed as the second creator of the empire. The Czarina devoted to the development of the national resources all the energy she could spare from the sacred cause of the territorial aggrandisement of Russia and the courtly magnificence of Catherine, and circulated money with no grudging hand; parsimonious only to the members of her own family, who, it is said, were often in want of the means of life—her son, the Grand Duke, receiving a pittance of £10,000; her grandson, afterwards Alexander I., £3,000 a year; Catherine's own privy purse amounting to £800,000, exactly the tenth part of the imperial revenue. She was wont to justify her profuse and promiscuous lavishment on the plea that "to give money was the surest way of receiving it." Though the wrecks of many industrial enterprises, social and legal reforms, and philanthropic labours lie scattered around her tomb, not a few remain till this day fertilising and blessing Russia. This could hardly fail to be the case, considering that she spent £200,000 annually from her own purse in masonry alone. In St. Petersburg she established a training

beneiactions to its devotees are w
tinguished naturalist Pallas, whom
Petersburg, wanted to sell his "co
his price. Replying to him, she wr
history much better than figures; I
instead of 15,000 livres for so many
however, takes it upon herself to com
her treasurer to pay 20,000. Mr. Pa
dian of the collection, as no one kn
it most useful to mankind." Truly,
"no one knew better than Catherine
giving." Could anything, by the wa
than the following letter, which she
and a box of watches and other trin
Count d'Artois?—"Your Royal H
departure, is no doubt desirous of m
persons who have attended you duri
Comte, as you know that I have pro
nication with your unfortunate countr
to procure these trifles in this city
found in Russia except in my cabine
Royal Highness will accept of these
Catherine." Her Majesty also found
the promotion of agriculture, and sen
young men into England to study f

and when efforts were made to bias her against the heretics, she exclaimed, "Poor wretches! since we know they will suffer so much and so long in the world to come, we ought to make their situation here as comfortable as we possibly can." The principle of toleration was never better expressed.

Her Majesty's legal and administrative reforms, while they failed to impress the popular imagination, were the crowning achievements of her reign. She cheapened the cost of judicial procedure, and raised the judges above inevitable venality by increasing their salaries. "Gentlemen," said she, "the necessity of your position may have made you corrupt before; your country now pays your labours; and what before may have been admitted as an excuse, henceforth will be a crime." Catherine abolished the inhuman practice of torture, and modified the rigours of Russian and Siberian imprisonment. The codification of the laws of the empire was an attempt to evolve order out of chaos. A parliament, composed of 600 representatives of all ranks and tribes, was summoned to St. Petersburg to aid her in this Herculean task; her long letter of instructions to the assembly is one of the most masterly state papers ever written. On reading the treatise, the great Frederick, who had learned from a bitter experience that it paid better to flatter and be friendly with a frail and powerful Czarina than to be epigrammatic and derisive, wrote to Catherine,—"No woman has hitherto been a legislatrix; that glory was reserved for the Empress of Russia, who well deserves it."

Catherine's foreign policy was the hereditary policy of the Czars since the days of Peter the Great; viz., foment discord in the territories of the neighbouring potentates, get invited in the divine capacity of peacemaker; take the ruler under Russian patronage and protection; and finally in the ripeness of time annex his dominions. Because of the rigorous necessities of her situation, this policy will never be abandoned till Russia has a line of sea-board commensurate to the magnitude of her territories and the wants of her people. Constantinople is the *moon* towards which every Russian sovereign reaches out his beseeching arms. "Sir," said Catherine to Sir Charles Whitworth, the English ambassador, "since the king your master is resolved to drive me out of St. Petersburg, I hope he will permit me to retire to Constantinople." A grandson was born to her about this time, and she named the babe Constantine, in compliment to her future Mussulman subjects. This Czarina's territorial thefts may best be told in her oft-repeated boast, "I arrived in Russia poor, but I will not die in debt to the empire, for I shall leave her Poland and the Crimea as my portion."

Born Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst, Catherine died in the year 1796, at the age of sixty-seven. A few days before her death a brilliant meteor dropped from the heavens into the Neva; in it St. Petersburg saw a prophetic obituary announcement. Her Majesty till near the close of her life had generally enjoyed the best of health; "My health," she says in one of her letters, "costs me fifteen pence a year." To a French doctor who attended her during an illness she gave a pension of 10,000 livres; "As I have the misfortune to be without the power of being of service to the authors of my existence, at least let me serve the man who preserved that existence." Towards the close of her life she was much swollen with a dropsy which the skill of her physicians could not abate. Struck down with apoplexy on the floor of her closet, she lay for the better part of two days in a state of insensibility; on the evening of the second day she seemed to revive; it was the last flicker of the lamp of life; and then, says one ill-disposed gossiper, "with a lamentable shriek, which was heard in the neighbouring apartments, she died;" the shriek being a fiction of the narrator, designed to insinuate his conviction that she felt and recoiled from the tightening clutch of the enemy claiming his own.

The following character—in doggerel—occurs in a letter to Voltaire written by the Prussian royal poetaster, Frederick the Great:—

> A potent lady, worth at least
> A brace of Emperors of the East.
> Yes, with the old hermit I admire
> The mighty mind that can aspire
> To fame so vast. She, small or great,
> For every exigence of state
> Provides, ordains, assumes, or grants;
> Nor asks for aid, for none she wants.

JAMES FORFAR.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Coming Winter.

ONE of my August Notes was on "The abnormal Weather of 1881." I there endeavoured to show that the excessive cold which we suffered in England last winter was a result of increased solar activity, and a consequent higher mean temperature of the earth's surface and atmosphere, and explained this apparent paradox as due to an exaggeration of the usual interchange of the tropical and Arctic atmospheric currents.

The great movements of our atmosphere (setting aside the minor disturbances) consist in an upper flow of heated air from the tropics towards the poles, and a lower flow of cold air from the polar towards the tropical regions. The trade-winds are a portion of the latter.

We are in the region of the "variables," *i.e.* where the tropical winds have been sufficiently cooled to sometimes graze the earth and thus contend with the Arctic flow. Such being the case, an excessive general heating of the air may carry more hot air northward over our heads and cause a greater quantity of cold northern air to flow upon the surface at our latitudes; for it must be remembered that these atmospheric currents are due to the differences of temperature, not to absolute heat, and that the supposed greater sun-heat would have but little effect on the *temperature* of the ice-covered portions of the Arctic regions, being so largely used up in doing the work of thawing.

Recent intelligence confirms my speculations. The whaling-vessels bring intelligence of an extraordinary movement of the pack-ice in the Arctic seas, which was taking place at about the time I was writing. It is reported to have descended 500 miles farther south than usual in that open stretch of Arctic sea north of Europe and east of Greenland. In consequence of this, Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya have been unapproachable this year, and the Dutch Arctic expedition has turned back, finding farther progress impossible.

On the other hand, Lieut. Greely, on his arrival at Franklin Bay, west of Greenland, found open water extending as far as the eye could reach.

and thus increase the warmth it u

In the present limited state of
difficult to say which may prevail.
between the two influences will b
witness the conflict in the form
changes; abnormally warm winter
prevail, with intervals of severe c
victorious, with dense sea-fogs wh

The consolation which such
result of an additional supply of sur
nent has lately felt, and an exces
must ultimately bring us more war

If our chief climatic enemy, t
considerably diminished, we may e
mild winters, and harvests to corre
body can safely predict when this w
to us as Piazzi Smyth has supposed
two longer.

ARTIFICIAL I

THE cochineal insect has cea
portance. It is still an in
may continue to be demanded for
bulky requirements which it forme

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but both are the products of elaborate chemical reasoning, purely theoretical at the outset, and finally reduced to practice.

Any details of the history of the many steps by which this result has been laboriously attained would be out of place here, as they are only intelligible to experts in organic chemistry; the mere names of the multitude of compounds that have formed these steps would sufficiently repel most readers. I may merely quote the address of Dr. Williamson, at the last anniversary of the Chemical Society, in which he states that "the point of departure of Baeyer's epoch-making discovery is cinnamic acid; the last link in the chain is orthonitrophenylpropiolic acid, from an alkaline solution of which pure indigo blue separates out on heating with grape sugar."

The indigo blue is thus made in the laboratory in a manner that brings it within the reach of commercial production. All that now remains to be done is to economise the method of production on a large scale. This has been done so efficiently in other cases, that indigo-planters and indigo-merchants should prepare for the consequences of their trade being superseded.

Artificial Diamonds again.

A MODERN chemist craving for riches is well typified by the myth of Jupiter's avaricious son, Tantalus, the King of Lydia, who was shown to Ulysses doing penance for his greed by grovelling with burning throat on the edge of a limpid lake, the waters receding just as his parched and thirsty lips approached them; and when he rose to gather the luscious fruits drooping luxuriantly overhead, they withered in his fingers.

The chemist knows that the diamond has the same composition as soot, and that he has nothing more to do than to crystallise the abundant and omnipresent carbon, as he can crystallise almost everything else; and then he will obtain the precious gem in boundless quantity. He is continually tantalised by approaching to the very verge of solving the problem, when the crystal only just evades him, as the crystalline waters dried away from his mythological prototype.

The latest exploit in diamond-making is that of Mr. R. S. Marsden, described in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He heated charcoal of sugar mixed with silver during ten hours, then cooled them slowly, and dissolving out the silver with nitric acid, found carbon in three forms, graphite, brown sooty material—probably carbide of silver—and small octahedral crystals, hard enough to scratch glass, quartz, and sapphire.

The microscope displayed two varieties of these cryst
dark-coloured, the other transparent.

Mr. Marsden believes that by using sufficient quantity of
he will be able to produce diamonds large enough for rock
If so, we may look to jewelry following in due course, an
ingham diamond-factories working with tons of sugar and sil

The Crying of Tortured Metal.

IF the reader should happen to be in an ironmonger's shop
old-fashioned tinker or gas-fitter, or other worker in n
buying soft solder, he may observe the application of a curi
for the quality of this alloy of tin and lead. The buyer h
stick or slender ingot to his ear and bends it, in order to l
what the French call "le cri d'étain," a curious crackling nois
is emitted when tin is bent.

As lead does not emit such a sound, an approximate esti
the proportion of tin contained in the alloy is obtained by th
man's test, which estimate is very desirable, seeing that tin
dearer than lead, and that the fusibility and tenacity of th
depends upon its containing a due proportion of the dear
stituent.

By way of parenthesis addressed to the uninitiated, I n
that this is called "soft solder," in contradistinction to
solder," of which there are two kinds in common use, viz. "
which is a brass alloy with excess of zinc; and silver, either
alloyed with a little copper. Thus, besides soft or ordinary so
we have "brazing," and "silver soldering," the latter chie
by jewellers and scientific-instrument-makers. Hard s
demands a much higher temperature and more skill than soft
ing, as the fusing-point of the solder is nearly or even quite t
as that of the work to be soldered.

Mr. J. C. Douglas has recently taken up the subject of
of tin in *The Chemical News*. He states that zinc an
metals of crystalline structure emit a similar sound, and sugge
with the aid of the microphone the sound may be practica
for testing the structure of metals. It will be seen by the
that in one such application he has been forestalled by q
ancient workshop practice.

I find that Dr. Miller ("Elements of Chemistry," vol. ii.
that cadmium also cries, and that if tin be "bent several times
cession backwards and forwards it becomes sensibly hot at th
of flexure," and he describes this as a peculiarity of tin comme

its cry. Such, however, is by no means the case. When but a boy, I burned my fingers in bending a piece of iron wire for the purpose of breaking it, and have since based upon this accidental observation an instructive and striking class experiment by rapidly bending iron, copper, or brass wire, and then firing a piece of phosphorus by touching it with the bend, thereby illustrating the internal friction of metals, or the mechanical resistance due to their viscosity and the heat generated by the work done in overcoming it.

I obtain a similar result by bending sheets of iron, copper, or other metal or alloy. Mr. Douglas says that rolling destroys the cry of tin and zinc, and probably that of other metals. If he is right, Dr. Miller is wrong in attributing the heat evolved on bending tin to the peculiar molecular structure that produces its cry.

Scientific Harvesting.

IN the current number of the *Journal of Science* (October) is an interesting article on the artificial drying of hay and grain crops by simply passing the products of the combustion of coke or anthracite, burning without smoke in a portable furnace, over and through the hay &c. by means of a fan, the hay being all the while systematically tossed in the horizontal tunnel, or flue, through which the current of heated gases is passing.

The machine was devised twenty-one years ago, by Mr. W. A. Gibbs, of Gillwell Park, Essex, and as it does not appear to be patented, and no company is advertised to "float" it, I may venture to quote some of the statements of its efficacy.

At Neston Park, Wilts (G. P. Fuller, Esq.), 30 tons of hay were made in 23 hours, at 13*s.* 6*d.* per ton, including the cost of mowing and stacking, though the rain was falling frequently. In a second trial, 33 acres were cleared in 20 hours at a rather less cost. At Kimbolton Castle, 7 acres of a heavy crop of clover were dried in 7 hours. On Lord Ashburton's farm at Alresford, 19 acres of water-meadow grass were dried at 10*s.* 6*d.* per acre; whilst in an adjoining meadow, a farmer cut his grass on July 15, and after working it by hand labour till August 11, found it all spoilt. At Haarlem, on the farm of M. Amersfoordt, grass that had been cut for two days was made into hay *in five minutes*, and could be stacked with perfect safety. In all these and other cases, the hay was superior in colour and fragrance to that made in the usual manner, "and evidently preferred by all kinds of stock."

Even damaged hay may be saved, and more or less restored, by this artificial *drying, which* evidently destroys the parasitic fungoid

. I write this more especially bec
grass district which lies around H
live, magnificent second crops of
October of this year. Some of
feeding, and a large quantity m
cocks of which are scarcely dis
manure heaps. All of this might h
and at such a season as that just
July brought forward fine grain c
drying at harvest-time, the savin
enormous had our farmers availed
science offers to them.

With our unreliable climate, ar
artificial drying should be the rul
have tried it fairly say that, even i
climate, it is cheaper and bette
subject is one of primary national
scientific developments of agricul
capital for prospective return, its a
as the tenant-farmer who has no l
his farm cares little or nothing fo
the possible produce on a given
raising his rent at about the same

How much trading enterprise w
city if the shopkeepers were tenan

concerned in the loading of ships. Very serious accidents have occurred from neglect of proper precautions due to want of knowledge. No less than 70 were recorded among 31,116 ships in 1874. Many probably occur of which we have no record, as some of the missing ships in which all hands have perished may have been lost by such combustion of their coal stores or coal cargoes. The *Doterel* tragedy probably originated thus.

Combustion may take place so slowly that the rise of temperature may only amount to a few degrees, and such combustion may and probably does occur in all our coal-cellars. I believe that in all cases where coal is exposed to the atmosphere, some degree of oxidation, *i.e.* combustion, takes place.

This conclusion was forced upon me rather curiously and expensively. When engaged in the distillation of cannel, at Leeswood, Flintshire, I tested practically some cannel slack that was offered at a neighbouring colliery at eighteenpence per ton. The test was a strictly practical one, viz. the distillation of a working sample of a few tons.

Upon the yield of this I based a contract for a large quantity, which was delivered much faster than I could use it, and was therefore stacked for some time. I then found that the yield of inflammable hydrocarbon continuously diminished and at last became ruinously small, the slack at the bottom of the heaps being little better than coke.

Shortly after this the railway to the colliery siding took fire under the rails. It had been ballasted with slack: this oxidised, at first slowly, and became warmed; this heat hastened the oxidation, which raised the temperature still higher, and so on until red heat, smoke, and flame arose, rendering a reconstruction of the siding necessary.

If I am right, we all lose something when we lay in a stock of coals for the winter. If the coal is in large lumps the loss is very small, practically unworthy of notice, on account of the small surface exposed to the air, and the ventilation between the lumps, which checks the rise of temperature and consequent acceleration of the combustion. But when small coal is stacked in large quantity the loss may be sufficient to neutralise the economy of buying at autumn prices.

The liability to such slow combustion varies with the quality of the coal. "Brassy" coal, *i.e.* coal which contains much of that gold-like material that appears in scales and cubic crystals, is more addicted to such wasteful and dangerous proceeding than purer coal.

This yellow metallic impurity is iron pyrites, a compound of sulphur and iron, which rapidly oxidises when exposed to air and moisture, and becomes a compound of sulphur, iron, and oxygen—sulphate of iron. The quantity of oxygen thus taken is large, and the bulk of the compound is increased sufficiently to split the coal by its swelling, and thus expose greater surface to the air. Then the sulphate oxidises still further, and red oxide of iron is formed. This is a remarkably active oxygen-carrier. It gives up its oxygen very freely and liberally to any neighbour thirsting for it, becomes reduced to a lower oxide, which again takes more oxygen from the air, and so on continuously.

Some German chemists go so far as to attribute the spontaneous combustion of coal entirely to this agent. My experience contradicts this; the cannel above named contains an unusually small quantity of pyrites. Nevertheless, the experiments of Richter and Haedicke show that the pyrites materially assists such combustion; therefore, in selecting coal for steamships, this fact should be considered, and highly sulphureous coal should be altogether rejected, or, if used, should be stowed with special care and watched continually.

A Theory of Steel.

A PROPOS of nothing, I propose to make a note on steel; not to discuss the vexed question of "What is steel?" and whether the modern product of the Bessemer and Siemens-Martin furnaces, which contains but one quarter per cent. of carbon or less, shall be called steel or iron, but that curious and all-important property of unquestionable steel, its temperability.

If a piece of good old-fashioned Sheffield cast steel be made red-hot and then suddenly cooled by quenching in water, it becomes nearly as hard as diamond, and so brittle as to be almost useless. If it now be heated again to redness and slowly cooled, it becomes almost as soft and tough as wrought iron.

If the steel that has been hardened as above be now moderately heated, it is partially softened or "tempered," and this softening is proportionate to the temperature to which it is raised, which temperature the workman measures by the beautiful colouration of its surface due to the varying degrees of oxidation.

The discovery of a substance which is so hard that it can cut or otherwise shape almost every other substance on the face of the earth, and yet be so modified in hardness that it may cut and shape

itself, is one of the most important ever made by man. It ranks next to the discovery of the means of kindling a fire.

Steel is composed of iron and carbon; but is it a true chemical compound, or merely a mixture? The elements of chemical compounds are combined in definite invariable proportions; in mixtures they are in any proportions. Chemical compounds differ greatly in their properties from those of their elements. Mixtures usually have intermediate properties.

Steel is anomalous in this respect. It may contain any proportion of carbon from $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. to as much as $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 per cent., and yet its hardening and tempering property is not possessed by either of its constituents.

Whence comes this property, then? I have ventured to propound a theory of my own, that was fully detailed in the *Metallurgical Review* (an American magazine) in 1877.

It is based on the fact that there exists a definite compound, consisting of four equivalents of iron to one of carbon. I obtained this compound in the form of definite crystals. It is more fusible than ordinary steel, and far more fusible than iron. It is excessively hard and brittle, but is not temperable like steel.

When it is melted at a temperature at which iron is quite infusible, it is capable of dissolving this infusible iron, and thus forming a liquid mixture.

Now, what is likely to happen when such a mixture of two substances having such varying fusibilities is cooled to a temperature below the solidifying point of one and above that of the other?

It is evident that at a certain temperature one must be still fluid while the other is striving to solidify. If the cooling beyond this goes on slowly, the molecular conflict will have time to settle itself; but if the cooling is suddenly effected, there must be a "molecular strain," due to the inequality of contraction of the solid and the liquid portions of the mixture, the internal fluid movements necessary for the adjustment of this irregular contraction of the different parts of the substance being arrested by the sudden solidification of the whole. We should thus have a solid with its different parts pulling against each other and set in rigid grasp, or a state in which the opposite character and fluidity or mobility of particles would be excessively developed. This would be excessive solidity or hardness and brittleness.

This molecular strain must be still more severe in the case of a substance which goes on contracting as it approaches the temperature

of solidification, and then suddenly expands as it assumes solidity. This is the case with iron.

Repeating would relax this mutual grasp of particles in proportion to the development of that viscosity which is one of the characteristics of heated iron. This metal does not suddenly pass from the solid to the liquid state at a certain fixed temperature, but gradually becomes soft and pasty before becoming fluid. Hence its weldability. It is just as this "welding heat" is approached that steel may be hardened by quenching, or fully softened by slow cooling.

Evidence of this molecular strain is afforded by the fact that a given piece of steel, if suddenly cooled and hardened, has a larger bulk than it had when soft; and if the hardened steel is now reheated and cooled slowly, it returns to its former dimensions.

If I am right, other mixtures of metals of different fusibilities should have greater hardness than their separated constituents. This is the case. Brass is somewhat harder than either copper or zinc, the zinc being somewhat more fusible than copper. But if copper be alloyed with a still more fusible metal, viz., tin, the mixture (bell-metal) is far harder than brass, though tin is much softer than zinc. In like manner we melt together gold and copper to obtain an alloy harder than either, and our silver coins are harder than either pure silver or pure copper. Pewter, type metal, and a multitude of other alloys might be added as further illustrations.

Glass may be hardened, softened, and tempered like steel, and glass has a composition analogous to that which I attribute to steel, viz., it is silica dissolved in far more fusible silicates, which are true chemical compounds, like the carbide of iron that I regard as the solvent of the iron in steel.

The Steeping of Seeds in Water.

GARDENERS differ in opinion respecting the policy of soaking seeds before sowing them. Some careful experiments have been made by C. Kraus, and an abstract of his results is published in the May number of the *Journal of the Chemical Society*. He found that seeds steeped for twenty-four hours before sowing sprouted earliest; but if dried after soaking, they sprouted later than normal seed; also that the prepared seeds grow most rapidly, and continue to grow longer than the unprepared. Plants grown from soaked seed were found to be the most fertile, and those which had been dried after soaking were more so than the unprepared seeds.

W. MAXWELL WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

Flowers and Flower-shows.

I THINK most people will agree with me that the increased attention now being given to flower cultivation, and especially to window-gardening in towns, is likely to prove a source of popular culture of no mean power. There is hardly a rural parish nowadays which does not possess its annual "flower-show," where the gaudy pelargonium finds itself in company with the big cabbage, or where the queer orchid fraternises with the monstrous pear, or the half-dozen exuberantly big potatoes. Working men, and working men's wives likewise, are beginning to take an interest in flower-culture, that argues strongly in favour of the love of nature as an agency of culture. Boys and girls likewise begin to grow flowers, and to exhibit their produce at flower-shows, striving thus in friendly harmony in what I suppose the "Æsthetic School" would call the "culture of the beautiful." If one could find the schoolmaster not quite so much abroad as he is at present in the department of elementary botany, his boys and girls might be taught something interesting regarding the flowers they cultivate, and the botany-lesson at school might thus be verified and illustrated in the garden. Suppose that a teacher, for instance, has informed his scholars regarding the part insects play in fertilising flowers, how great would be the interest with which our boys and girls would watch the butterflies flitting amid the blossoms, or the bees attending the dead-nettles and primroses! What applies to boys and girls may be said with equal force of the advantages of some little knowledge of botany to their fathers and mothers. The culture of flowers and plants is in itself, and apart from all science, a truly humane study. Social reformers might do worse things than encourage flower-culture and flower-shows. The man who can find a delight in his plants is not likely to be an irrational being in other respects. A window-garden may, in its way, prove a counter-attraction to the public-house. Best of all, the literature of the subject grows hopefully. The Jerrolds' book on "Household Horticulture" will be found useful; and Mr. Heath's

and the adoration of cracked china, i
of satire. I commend the idea to
well as to that of all sensible persons.

Uselessness of Weapons

I AM glad to see that the sugges
that the carrying of revolvers or
should be forbidden, and should be
accepted in quarters in which its valu
days ago Mr. Hannay, a magistrate a
wish that the carrying of revolvers, ex
should be illegal. There is no diffic
except that of inducing a government
years ago, every man claiming to be
The law that forbade the practice was
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every man who, without being employ
tional difficulty or danger, carries with
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out of one hundred peace-loving citiz
weapon, and the man who thinks his ow
unusual protections

impossible, and I receive as becomes a man of my epoch any wildest theory that does away with the necessity of believing in anything outside the range of scientific observation. While the subject of ghosts, however, is attracting attention, I will offer a nut for our scientists to crack. For obvious reasons, I am compelled to omit names. The wife of one of our most distinguished scientific men—I use the term "most distinguished" advisedly, since the reputation of the man in question is cosmopolitan—saw nightly an old man seated in an armchair near the fireplace in her bedroom. Being thoroughly imbued with her husband's views upon scientific subjects, she held her peace, and tried with partial success to convince herself that it was a delusion. Somewhat later, this room was converted into a night nursery, and ultimately into a spare bed-room, with the result that each successive occupant, juvenile or of mature years, described the curious old gentleman who came and sat by the fire. My scientific friend has "pished" and "pshawed" at these statements, and has treated the whole matter as ridiculous. He has, however, been compelled to concede something to the vision or the delusion, and to quit the house. I simply advance this as a fact, and leave to others the task of explanation.

Verses for Music.

NEXT to a genuine dramatic gift, the possession of which leads straight to fortune, if not to fame, the kind of literary talent most in request at present seems to be that of writing songs suitable to music. I know most of our leading musicians, and their anxiety to get hold of verses that are capable of being set to ballad tunes is extreme. A special order of gift is necessary to the production of this class of work. As a rule, the best poetry is the least susceptible of being wedded to music. Very little of Shakespeare, except the portions written expressly for music; nothing of Milton, and next to nothing of Shelley, Wordsworth, Swinburne, and other masters of the lyre, seems suited to the purposes of the musicians. Burns's songs, which are the best in their way, were, it must be remembered, written expressly to the airs to which they are sung. Allan Cunningham, Thomas Moore, and other minstrels of an inferior order, supplied a large number of songs that have been set to music. As a rule, however, the most popular songs come from men like Haynes Bayley and Alaric A. Watts, whose position in the celestial hierarchy is yet lower. In the case of songs—as, indeed, in many other cases—genius is a disturbing element, and a

delicate vein of sentiment or fancy is, so far as the composer is concerned, in advance of imaginative or creative gifts. Not a few of the best songs in the language were written during the period following the Restoration, although, unfortunately, few of these are decent enough to be acceptable in modern days. Some of our minor minstrels, whose more ambitious efforts in verse are the despair of the critics—the only class of readers they ordinarily reach—might, by cultivating such talent as they possess for song-writing, obtain a largely increased public, with perhaps some modicum of remuneration.

A Delusion of French Visitors to London.

ONE of the many curious delusions concerning England that prevail in France is the idea that any interest or advantage attends an exploration under the charge of the police of some of our London slums. During the last few years it has been my privilege to meet in London many Frenchmen distinguished in art, science, politics, and letters; and I have almost invariably found, when the question of available time was discussed, that one night was set apart for the purpose of visiting, under the supervision of the police, some of the places of entertainment or rest in the neighbourhood of the Docks. It does not occur to our Gallic neighbours that the places they see in these tours of inspection are show places, the denizens of which are prepared for their coming, and that the roughs and thieves whom they visit are as much like the genuine criminals as the beasts in a travelling menagerie are like the same animals in their native fastnesses. Squalor, indigence, and debasement of every kind may, no doubt, be found; but such, unfortunately, press upon the vision, and need no exploring search. The only piece of genuine information to be obtained in the course of these excursions is a knowledge of the habits of vermin of various kinds, familiarity with which is ordinarily eschewed. Paris, moreover, can present in the Quartier Maubert and elsewhere sights infinitely more interesting to the student of human nature than he will readily find in London. I should like to disabuse the Parisian mind of the notion that an expedition of this kind is a matter of duty.

The Viking's Ship.

TIME, arch destroyer, niggard and churl as he is with regard to the secrets of the ages, allows us a few appetising glimpses into his treasure-houses. The most interesting discoveries of

present century have been mostly connected with that civilisation of Greece and Rome from which our own civilisation is derived. Comparatively little attention has been paid to the revelation concerning Scandinavian life a thousand years ago which has been afforded by the discovery at Sandifjord of the Viking's ship. Of the interesting particulars concerning this home and tomb of the Viking, supplied by Mr. Stone to the British Association, few periodicals have taken any notice. Yet the light that is cast upon history and legend, upon art and upon architecture, by this vessel is of high importance. I hope yet to hear that Mr. Morris or Mr. Magnússon or some other Scandinavian student is undertaking a voyage for the purpose of inspecting the strange waif so strangely and unexpectedly cast up. It seems worth while recording that the vessel excavated from the mound beneath which it was buried is in admirable preservation, is seventy-eight feet in length and about seventeen in breadth, that it is intended for one mast, and is in most respects a model of the shipbuilder's art.

A Contribution to Theatrical Biography.

WHEN Sheridan was shown Dodd's "Beauties of Shakespeare" he is reported to have said, "This is all very well, but where are the other eleven volumes?" I feel inclined to echo this observation upon reading Mr. Dutton Cook's recently published "Hours with the Players." Delightful as is the perusal of these thoughtful and scholarly essays, there seems something invidious in the selection of a few out of our many illustrious actors, and I cannot help wishing that the series could be indefinitely extended. A trustworthy record of histrionic achievements is one of the most desirable of books, and such a book Mr. Cook ought to give us. He has judgment, taste, and erudition, and his contributions to the literature of the stage are the most valuable and important that the present century has witnessed.

The Stove and the Stage.

THERE is no obvious connection between the cooking of victuals and the interpretation of character upon the stage. It is a curious circumstance, however, that some of our best actors have been cooks, or have at least sprung from the kitchen. Baddeley, in the Twelfth-cake Commemoration at Drury Lane which is due to his bequest, has left a permanent record of the fact that he was bred a cook. Possibly, as Mr. Dutton Cook suggests, he was, like Betterton, the son of a cook. At one time he officiated in the kitchen of Lord North. Subsequently

Dogberry at

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THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1881.

THE COMET OF A SEASON.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"THE POWER THAT MADE BOY AND GIRL."

NEVER were there more miserable days than those which Clement Hope was now passing. He suffered intensely, and all the more because it seemed to him that he had no right to complain. His idle and transient passion for Melissa, that unreal boyish affectation of love, had been foolishly cherished by him, and ostentatiously exhibited and proclaimed after the fashion of youth, when it is pleased to fancy itself in love, and is proud of its own sham and self-delusion. He hated to think of this now. He looked back with shame and anger upon his former rhapsodies, and ravings, and attitudinisings as the hopeless lover of poor Melissa. Such folly, he felt, took away from him now all right to complain. Why should Geraldine think for a moment of one like him, whom she had seen only the other day apparently steeped in love for another girl, a girl far beneath her own level in intellect and in heart, and how could she now be expected to regard him in any serious light? She could but laugh at him and despise him. Only for his colonisation scheme, and its incessant demands and details, Clement sometimes felt as if his life could not go on; as if he must have ended all the difficulty by going out of his senses. The nights above all were trying to him. He came home late and tired to the lonely house looking on the dismal canal, and he could not sleep. He mounted the little observatory on the roof, and looked abroad over the trees

and grass of the park, and saw the sky reddened by the lights great city. He outwatched the bear and the "sun of the sle the "melancholy star," and only fell into a fitful sleep at la morning had come and the roads and streets began to be alive Sometimes he went out before the dawn, and wandered ab roads, and climbed a little hill in the neighbourhood, from w had a confused view of London shining somewhere in th distance, like a mass of glowworms in a hollow. He hat lonely ghostly house, and yet he would not leave it to live an else. He would not leave it even for a night. He felt a savage self-torturing pleasure in condemning himself to its lo and its shadows and its memories. Day and night the one possessed him. He had found out his love too late, and had out at the same time that he was not worthy of such a love.

Sometimes he raged at Geraldine, and told himself that s marrying only for money, for a home, for position; that s throwing away her youth and her beauty and her intellect on old enough to be her father, selling herself, as many anot was doing, for mere worldly advantage. Such a thought filli for the time with an angry feeling against the girl gave h momentary courage of resentment. But he soon found that bought at such a cost is not worth having even to a disap lover. It is only like the courage supplied by the mad stimulus of some strong drink. It is factitious and unwhol and leaves its dismal hours of reaction and depression, its wasting heartache, instead of the headache which the other ment bequeaths in dying. And, besides, Clement was not right mind when he allowed such a thought to possess him, e a moment. He knew this. He never could believe anythi of Geraldine. Let her motive be what it would, it must be one and worthy of her. He could only suppose that she eit love Captain Marion—after all, such things had happened— she felt she could care for no one else in the sense of deepes and was therefore willing to marry a man for whom she sincere respect and affection. Anyhow, it was all the s Clement. She was lost to him. She never could even kn truly he loved her, and how fully he appreciated her. That immemorial remonstrance with fate which the disappointed makes, "if she could only know"—"if she could only und all"—that remonstrance was always in Clement's heart, if not lips. He himself had rendered this impossible. She never know him as he really was, never could understand that his l

her was deep and real, and even in his sufferings he could not hope for kindly sympathy. Nothing was left for him but to go away and never to come back again. On this he was resolved; he would not return to England.

While in this mood he received one day a few friendly lines from Montana, thanking him for the part he had taken in the rescue on Tower Hill, and expressing a regret that they could not meet again before Montana left for America. At once the thought came into Clement's mind, "Why wait any longer? Why not go to America at once, and in the vessel with Montana?" The thought became a resolve. He wrote to Montana, and told him of his determination.

The thought that he was to leave England so soon gave Clement new strength and courage. Say what we will, we can none of us in our souls believe that in changing our skies we do not change our hearts. It is impossible not to indulge in the fond fancy that every grief is cured, that every disappointment is redeemed and repaired by the simple process of going away. Peace always seems to be on the other side of yonder purpling mountains; peace, too, and refreshment to the weary heart will always seem to lie, a shadowy land of gold, across the sea. The thought of going away is almost like the knowledge of coming death; it pacifies wild emotions, makes disappointment seem a trivial thing, and vaguely promises a renewal of love and hope and youth. So Clement began to feel, now that his going away from England was but a question of days. Willingly would he, with Byron's hero, have told the vessel that was to carry him that he cared not "what land thou bearst me to, so not again to mine." Such were Clement Hope's feelings; and for the hour they were as strong and as sincere as human feelings well can be. He was in the true exile mood—unless things should change.

Meanwhile, Lady Vanessa's words had sounded a note of alarm in Captain Marion's mind. The alarm was the more keen because the impression given from outside only corresponded, after all, with a certain impression that had long been forming itself within. In order to continue even moderately satisfied with himself, Marion had had to assure himself many times of late that he was doing the best thing he could for Geraldine in marrying her. He sometimes found himself looking at her with a certain tender and pitying glance, contrasting for the moment her bright youth with his advancing years, and wondering to himself whether a girl, however high-minded and devoted, could be happy with a husband so much older than herself. "It is all very well," he used to think, "for the present"—used to think, that is to say, in his moments of doubt and despon-

dency—"It is all very well for the present—or not all very well—but how will it be ten years hence, when she is little more than thirty—and a married woman is only in her prime then—and I shall be far on the shady side of sixty? Am I doing wrong to the girl? She is only marrying me to please me. Am I doing a mean and shabby thing?" Then, again, as Geraldine brightened up when he talked to her, he told himself it was all for the best, that he would make her happy, that he would be perhaps more devoted to her than a younger man might be, and he looked around the circle of those whom he knew, and he saw no young man worthy of her whom he could suppose Geraldine would marry. Many a time the idea came to his mind that if Clement Hope had not been so absurd as to fall in love with Melissa, he would have been a young man whom Geraldine might have cared for. For a time Captain Marion could always remind himself that he was saving Geraldine from the influence of Montana, and at Geraldine's own request. How unlucky, he thought again and again, that Montana should ever have come amongst them. Who could have supposed that the influence of any one man could be so strangely disturbing to a whole group of people? Nothing was the same since Montana came. Marion's daughters were not the same to him. Katherine and her husband were not the same. Melissa was not the same. Mr. Aquitaine was not the same. Geraldine and Marion were thrown together strangely in a manner hardly welcome to either, utterly unexpected, and all because of Montana's coming. This mood of occasional doubt and occasional reassurance prevailed until Montana's offer of marriage to Melissa and her acceptance. Then Captain Marion's position became one of still greater doubt. Now that Geraldine was free from the importunity of Montana, and from what she seemed to think the dangerous spell of his influence over her, how would she feel with regard to her engagement to marry Marion?

While such doubts were filling his mind came Lady Vanessa's direct outspoken words. Marion for a moment felt a pang of jealousy as keen as if he had been really a young man madly in love with Geraldine, and had been deceived by her. He went home that day determined to open his eyes and see for himself; determined, too, for all his pangs of jealousy, to take care that Geraldine's happiness was cared for, whatever might occur, first of all. He thought of going directly to Geraldine and asking her, but, after a moment's reflection, he felt that this would be a rough and clumsy step to take. Geraldine was a candid girl, and she had never yet hinted to him or allowed him to suspect that she cared for anyone more than for

him. She was a girl, as he knew, with a strict sense of duty, and he did not believe that she would have consented to marry him if she was conscious of loving someone else. It might well be, then, supposing there were any truth in Lady Vanessa's conjecture at all, that Geraldine was not yet conscious of any strong feeling towards Clement Hope, or, at least, that she did not quite know the nature of the feeling, and only took that for warm friendship which was genuine love. Of course, it might be that Lady Vanessa was mistaken. That sprightly lady seemed the kind of woman who would jump to conclusions very quickly, and who, taking a lively interest in other people's affairs, would be apt to go wrong as often as she went right. So Captain Marion thought he would quietly watch over Geraldine—"watch over her" is an expression that much better describes his feelings towards the girl than if we had said he determined to watch her—and if he saw any reason whatever to believe that she was keeping up her engagement to him out of mere devotion, or kindness, or reluctance to draw back, he would set her free and try to make her happy. In truth, he would be making no great sacrifice in this, for he felt far too much doubt and dread about the hasty engagement to find much happiness in it. His was not, we are ready to admit, a very heroic nature. He ought to have known his own mind from the beginning. He ought not to have acted upon impulse. He ought to have been strong and clear of soul. But we are not describing a man who felt and said and did exactly all that he ought to have said and felt and done, and at precisely the right time. We are only describing Captain Marion. If anyone condemns or dislikes Captain Marion for his weakness and his errors, we can only say that we think he is in many things to be condemned, although not to be disliked. It is certain, at all events, that the world is not filled with strong heroic men who never make mistakes, and if there are more such persons than we have hitherto seemed to take account of, there may perhaps be all the more excuse for Captain Marion, because he will then be only one of an insignificant few.

One merit at least Captain Marion had; he was determined that others should not suffer for his mistakes, if he could only see his way to put things straight once more. His one great anxiety now was to be guided in some way to the doing of this aright.

While Marion was still in this anxiety there came a letter from Clement Hope, telling him that he had made up his mind to go to America at once, and in a few words of generous feeling taking what seemed to be a final leave of his friends. Marion felt that now the opportunity had come. He wrote to Clement begging him to come

and see him next day, or some early day, and insisting that he must not leave town without a farewell in person. So Clement came the next day, and Marion had a long talk with him, and did not find much difficulty in getting at the fact that the young man's resolve to settle in America, and not return to England any more, was not by any means the result of a philanthropic anxiety to cast in his lot for ever with the people of the new colony.

"You must see Geraldine Rowan before you go," Marion said suddenly.

Clement coloured so highly that Marion felt his own cheek redden in sympathy. It was not difficult to read that little heart-secret, Marion thought.

"I don't think it would be right to disturb her," Clement said slowly. "I don't suppose she will expect to see me. No, I think not, Captain Marion. Why should I put her to the trouble?"

"I am sure she will expect to see you. Let me go and ask her."

"No, thanks, no, I couldn't think of it," Clement said. "She must not be disturbed. You will say everything kind for me to her, and you will let me know how you are all going on, won't you?"

He brought out these words in a stammering, almost choking voice.

"Wait a moment," Marion said promptly, "I will go and see Miss Rowan." He hurried out of the room, and he was lucky enough to find Geraldine alone.

"Geraldine," he said gravely, "Clement Hope has come to see me. He is going away to America at once. He is going with Montana, and he tells me he has no intention of ever coming back again. Won't you see him before he goes—for the last time?"

Geraldine turned pale and trembled. Even if Captain Marion had suspected nothing before, he must have seen by her agitation that the news was a shock to her, more great than even the parting with a dear friend could have given.

"I don't think I should like to see him," she said. "I think I had better not, Captain Marion. No, I think I'll not see him." She looked up and met his enquiring eyes, and her eyes did not venture to remain fixed on his. They dropped with a half scared, half guilty expression.

"Geraldine," Marion said, going up to her, and taking her hand, "I wonder, have you been quite candid with me of late?"

She looked at him now with a little more courage. "I should always like to be candid with you," she said.

"Is Clement Hope in love with you?"

Geraldine stopped for a moment. Then she looked up and answered quietly:

"He said so—once; but he did not know, when he was saying so—he did not know anything. He would not have said a word of the kind, I am sure, if he had known. I told him not, and he will never say so again," she added piteously.

"You did not tell me this."

"I could not," said Geraldine. "It was not my secret, but his. I could not tell about him."

"Come, tell me; you know I only care about your happiness."

"I did not know at the time," Geraldine pleaded. "Oh, Captain Marion, I did not know; indeed, I never thought of anything of the kind. I did not understand my own feelings. But it does not matter. I will keep them down and conquer them. I could not have told you of this at the time"—she meant to say, "at the time when I promised to marry you," but she baulked at the words—"Indeed, indeed, I never had any thought of it myself."

"But it is so?" Marion said gently.

"Oh, forgive me; forgive me," poor Geraldine said. "It is so—it is so, if you must know it. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Why, yes, girl," Marion answered cheerily. "You know very well that I only offered you a sort of asylum to save you from being worried by Montana. That was how it all began. I offered you a raft when there seemed no chance of your having passage in a better vessel. But now that the better chance has come, I am only too glad to give it to you."

"Oh, how can I?" Geraldine asked; "how can I treat you so, and abuse your kindness? You are always so kind and dear to me, like a father."

"Quite so," Marion said, with a smile; "there it is, Geraldine. I was like a father to you, and felt like a father, and I never ought to have allowed myself to think of you in any other way than as a daughter. But I wanted to save you from trouble, and I didn't know of anything that was going on, and I had not my eyes open, I suppose; but anyhow, perhaps I cannot be blamed, since you did not know it yourself. There is one good thing, girl; nobody knows a word about all this except Montana, and he won't tell on us. I think my Katherine suspected something. She has prying eyes, and a rather prattling tongue; but she won't be likely to talk so much now as she might at some other time. She has her own affairs to think of. It is all right, Geraldine. Nobody will know, and I am happy in the thought of making you happy."

"But this is all uncertain," Geraldine said. "He has not asked me. I didn't know he was going away. He might have told me that much, at least." She was inclined to be angry with Clement.

"See him for a few moments," Marion said, "and tell him to write to you. That will be enough; don't say any more. You need not. He must go out to America and do something, and show himself a man of spirit and energy. When he has done that, things will come all right. Of course, you could not rush into an engagement with him as you might rush into an engagement with me. His, I fancy, would not be got out of so easily, or with so little pain on either side."

There was nothing ironical in these words. Marion was saying merely what he felt. As he left the room, some words that occur in "Faust" about "the Power that made boy and girl" came into his recollection. They are used by Mephistopheles; but Marion did not remember that at the moment, and he put them to a better application than would have delighted Mephistopheles. "The Power that made boy and girl," Marion said to himself, "made them for one another."

Chapter XXXVII.

"Every wise man's son doth know."

As Marion was on his way to Clement Hope he encountered Katherine Trescoe. A few days before Marion would gladly have avoided meeting his daughter. He would have dreaded her inquisitive glances and her saucy suggestive words. Now he felt free to meet her with a high head. "No wonder I was ashamed to meet the girl," he thought; "fancy a man of my age persuading a girl as young as his own youngest daughter to marry him!" He felt all the more drawn towards Katherine because of the consciousness that he had gone so near to doing a foolish thing. "Why should I have blamed her so much?" was his thought. Katherine seemed now to appeal to sympathy. Captain Marion need not have feared her glances or her words, so far as he was concerned. Poor Katherine's glances had lost their inquisitiveness of late, and her words had ceased to be saucy. She was concerned about her own life and her future more than about the doings and the follies of others.

Captain Marion barred her passage:

"Well, Kitty, when are you off for Paris? You had better get

under way as fast as you can; it will be growing late. We shall be after you almost at once. What does Frank say?"

"I don't know, papa dear," Katherine answered; and her look was very piteous. "I haven't seen Frank since morning. He hardly ever speaks to me now." Her eyes were filling with tears.

"Frank's in the house, my dear; he is in the library; I saw him there ten minutes ago."

"Is he? I didn't know."

"Look here, Kitty; don't be foolish. Frank's a very good fellow at heart, and awfully fond of you, if you would only let him be. He is angry with you, and I don't blame him; you did make yourself ridiculous. There, there! I'm not finding fault; I am only putting you in the way of mending matters. Go to your husband, child—go to him frankly, and tell him you know you were wrong, but that you thought no harm at the time, and that you are sorry now. Frank is as well satisfied as I am that you never thought any harm; he never had any doubt of you that way—not a bit."

"If I could only think that!" Katherine began.

"You may be sure of it. He was angry because you made yourself and him ridiculous; and he was quite right. Go to him and talk to him freely, and tell him you know now that you ought to have had more sense, and that you are sorry, and see if he doesn't take you in his arms and kiss you without more ado. Come—go along."

He pushed the young woman before him with genial roughness, and did not leave her until they had reached the library door.

"Now go in, Kitty, and have this over."

"If he won't speak to me—if he is angry?"

"Oh, go in, girl, and try; it will all come right."

Captain Marion gently opened the door, and pushed his daughter in.

Frank was standing with his back to her as she entered. She went softly up to him and put her hand upon his arm. He turned round, not thinking it was she, and looked surprised when he saw her. Then his face contracted into a frown that was sullen and almost fierce in its expression. She was tremulous enough before, but she became more frightened than ever now.

"Dear Frank!" she said. "Won't you forgive me? I was very silly and foolish, but I never meant any more than that. It was all nonsense, and nothing else. You know that, Frank, don't you?"

Her face became contorted like that of a child who is about to burst into tears. For all the contortion she looked very pretty, and there was something peculiarly touching in her fear and supplication.

Trescoe had not been used to see his wife in that mood. never known her to supplicate to him before, or to be afraid The novel fact that she was afraid of him brought a rush of his heart. He felt for the moment angry with himself, be had become thus an object of terror to the poor girl, whos over him was once so complete. The changing expressio passed across his face made Katherine believe at first tha going to reject her appeal altogether. Indeed, he star moved so suddenly the arm which she had touched, that sh back in terror, almost afraid that he was about to fling her to strike her.

But Trescoe put his hand upon her shoulder, and dre him, and kissed her. "Never mind, Kitty," he said. "L think any more of this. You were silly, and perhaps I was t and made too much of it. But I never thought badly of you was devilishly annoyed, you know; one must be very much when he is as fond of a woman as I am of you, and when h she is neglecting him and admiring someone else."

"Oh, don't talk of that, Frank, please don't. I know ho I was; but they all admired him, and we all thought he was and, indeed, I don't know anything bad about him now," sh timidly, yet with a certain frankness which pleased him.

"Well, it is all over now, anyhow," he said, "and you a friends again, Kitty."

"Papa will be so glad of this," Katherine said.

She was happy again. She had not been happy for mon at one time she was afraid that all was coming to an end betw and her husband. Now peace was restored, and affection. Bu be said that she never recovered her former rule over Frank, to have it. That is a sort of ascendency which, when once its s been broken, can hardly be restored to its old magic. Just as her and for him that it was not to be restored. He and s happy, and she will get on better under the authority of a man t could when she managed life for herself. She has found tha Trescoe is a stronger man than she thought, and he has f himself the strength which he was too lazy to think of before, a may be assumed to have bright days before them.

While this scene of reconciliation was going on in one Clement Hope had come to Geraldine in another. Their was painfully embarrassed and constrained. Each was afraid other. Neither dared to give full liberty of expression, even eyes. As for Clement, he was utterly without a key to the m

He assumed that Geraldine had sent for him out of a feeling that it would be unkind not to see him before he went; and her well-meant kindness seemed but cruelty to him.

"You are going away?" said Geraldine.

"Yes, Miss Rowan; I have made up my mind. I think I had better go with Montana at once. It is no use staying here."

"No," Geraldine said; "I suppose not. And when are you coming back?"

"Well, as to that, Miss Rowan, I don't think I am coming back at all."

"Oh, you will surely come back," Geraldine said; "you can't leave England and all your friends for ever."

"My friends can do without me, I fancy; and as for England, she can do without me; and, what is worse, I am afraid I can do without her. I am going in for a new life altogether, and, no—I don't think I shall come back, Miss Rowan, and so I will say good-bye, and I hope you will be very happy, you and Captain Marion."

Geraldine held out her hand.

"You will write to me, won't you?" she said.

"Write to you?" Clement asked, looking at her with eyes of wonder.

"Yes," Geraldine said in an almost imperious tone; "you will write to me. I particularly wish you to write to me."

"And you will answer the letter?"

"If I did not mean to answer the letter I should not ask you to write to me. I want to hear from you, Mr. Hope. Promise me you will write."

"Oh, yes, I will write," Clement said eagerly. "I am only too glad that you care to hear from me."

"I do care to hear from you—you know it."

"Good-bye," said Clement.

"Good-bye," said Geraldine.

One touch of their hands, and the parting was over, and Clement hurried downstairs with a strange impression that a totally unexpected hope was arising before him, and that the world and the future had suddenly, he could not tell how, become different for him from what they were an hour before. He was too confused to be able to analyse his own emotions, but his feeling as he came into the street, after having said good-bye to Geraldine, was not that of mere despair. It was not easy for him to say what had given him any ray of new hope. The very earnestness with which Geraldine had made him promise to write to her might after all have been only another evidence that she

looked on him as her friend, and one who never could be anything more. Yet in her manner, in Captain Marion's manner, Clement thought he read some vague strange encouragement which he hardly dared to admit, and which yet he would not give up. What excuse for any hope could there be? he asked himself in bitter remonstrance with his heart; and still the heart answered that the excuse was found in Geraldine's eyes when he and she parted.

Clement left London that night.

And now the day had come when the steamer was to carry Montana and his fortunes to the new world. It was a busy day in Aquitaine's house. Clement Hope had arrived in the town, and had been laid hands on by Mr. Aquitaine, and carried off to stay with him. Mr. Aquitaine indeed seemed anxious to get as many friends as he could into the house, and to allow Melissa and Montana and himself as little time as possible for reflection of any kind. Young Fanshawe was there too, and Sydney Marion, who had come down to see her old friend Melissa before the long talked-of Continental journey should take place, in which she and Captain Marion and the Trescoes and Geraldine were to begin to enjoy themselves at last. Perhaps, out of all the company gathered together under Aquitaine's roof, Sydney Marion had the best time of it. She was a good deal with young Fanshawe, and Fanshawe was very attentive to her, and evidently began to find in her qualities of attraction which he had not noticed before. It is not very encouraging to a girl's self-love to be sought after and clung to when no other girl is near, but Sydney Marion had been condemned to a sort of second-class part all her life, and she was now growing used to it. She did not in the least blame young Fanshawe or anybody else for looking after a more attractive girl when the more attractive girl was near—she held that to be all fair and natural—and was well content, now that the more attractive girl was not in the way, to receive with a welcome such alms of attention as might fall to her own share. Meanwhile, let us say that she was doing a little injustice both to herself and to Fanshawe. She was a more attractive girl than she thought, and the unlucky fact which we mentioned early in this story, that her style of face was out of fashion, did not impress Fanshawe nearly as much as it would have impressed young men of more distinctly æsthetic tastes. In short, although Sydney did not then know it, young Fanshawe was beginning to see great charms as well as good qualities in her, was finding that he could not be so happy anywhere else as in her society, that he could not be happy when she was away; and probably Sydney Marion is not destined to a spinster's life after all.

Bright and crisp, with its touch of autumn chill on it, rose the day in early October when Melissa was to part from her husband, and he was to cross the Atlantic. She had stipulated that she was to go on board the steamer and see the last of him. She declared that she would not make any sort of a scene ; and indeed her manner had been much too subdued of late to give her friends any dread on that score. Her father looked at her that morning with eyes of wonder. Was that his Melissa?—his little petulant, wild, uncontrollable Melissa,—that pale, subdued, and silent girl? Was it happiness that had worked the change, or sorrow?—the happiness of having her idol for a husband, or the sorrow of parting from him? Once Aquitaine could not have believed that either happiness or sorrow could work such a change in such a nature.

Montana had been up very early that morning, and was busy writing letters. One he gave to Mr. Aquitaine. "I wish you would keep that," he said, "for the present, and open it when you hear from me; it only contains some instructions that I should like you to carry out about certain property I hold in trust, as I may say, for England. Don't you remember when I first came to London I made an appeal to the public to assist me? Well, I got a good deal of money, and a great many things of value, chains and watches and jewels and bracelets and such affairs, and I have kept them. I have not touched any of the money, and the other things remain just as they were. Now, a sort of feeling has lately been coming over me that as Englishmen are so much mixed up in this project of mine, the money raised in England ought to be spent for their benefit alone. I feel a sort of scruple that way. I think Clement Hope and you might arrange somehow for this to be done; so in that letter I just explain to you where the things are to be found, and what they are, and what I should like you to do with them. You will understand this better when you have read what I have written, but it is not worth troubling about just now."

"All right," Aquitaine said; "I have got my sealed orders. I will open them when I get a word from you, and not before."

"Not before," said Montana gravely ; "that is, of course, unless something should happen which might make it necessary for you to open them without hearing from me, or in case you did not or could not hear from me. We are all mortal, you know, and something might happen."

"Come, don't talk in that way, Montana. Think of poor Melissa."

"I do think of her," Montana said; "and you will find some-

thing about her in that letter, if anything should happen. don't think I look a likely person to expect a premature cut I rather fancy most insurance companies would insure my moderate terms, even now."

"I dare say they would," said Aquitaine; "I should be v if I were chairman of one of them. Your chest measuremen still recommend you to a dragoon regiment."

Montana smiled with what might seem to be the gratifie of a man who, conscious that he has passed the prime of pleased to hear that he still has the best attributes of yo muscular strength, its exuberant vital power.

"Yes," he said; "I feel a young man still. If I were t by my physical sensations, Aquitaine, my impression would I am destined to live for ever."

A few hours more, and they were on the deck of the s Melissa was filled with thoughts of the day when, just on steamer's deck, and just at such an hour, she saw Montana first time. By an odd little coincidence, as she was passing f gangway to the deck, her foot caught in a rope and she sta and Montana put his arm round her and sustained her exactly as he had done on that first day. The whole sc brought to her with a vividness as if it were present; and her old feelings again, and could recall the strange shock new sensation and of the conviction which it brought along that her life was changed for ever by that first meeting.

Was she happy now, now that she had got all that her longings could have asked for? No, she was not happy. not merely that the husband she adored was about to leave a while, though that was trouble enough too. It was conviction, borne in upon her more and more with ea day, that, after all, he was not hers in the true sense, was still only her idol and her husband, and not in any se lover.

How like and how unlike all was to that day! The Montana, and her father, and Sydney Marion, but not G Rowan, nor Katherine Trescoe, nor Frank, her husband. Clement Hope was there now who had not been there before Clement Hope! As Melissa thought of him in her patronisi she felt almost tender towards him, and wondered whether h about her any more, and hoped he did not, and could n observing that he seemed to have grown much more of a m he was when she used to ridicule him for his too evident adm

If Clement had grown very suddenly into a man, Melissa had grown very suddenly into a woman. All the old childishness was gone from her; and in the fulfilment of her uttermost desire she seemed to have come into the possession of all the gravity and all the sadness that manhood and womanhood bring with them.

There were a few hasty words of parting, and directions, and injunctions on both sides, and shaking of hands here and there, and then a bell rang, and the prosaic call to those about to go ashore was shouted along the decks; and Montana kissed his wife, and she found her father helping her down the ladder into the tender, and the tender presently made for the shore, and the vessel went on her seaward way. Melissa slept that night in her old bedroom in her father's house as if she were a girl once more and nothing had happened, and felt with every pulse and breath that nothing was or ever could be again what it had been to her before.

Chapter XXXVIII.

"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

A voyage has commonly three stages. There is first the stage of mere confusion and constraint—when no one knows his own place or his neighbour; when everyone finds the others in his way, and feels sure he shall not like them, and the general conviction is that the voyage will be very miserable, and that it will last for ever. Then comes the more satisfactory stage, when the passengers are getting used to the waves, and to their berths, and their neighbours, and the rocking dinner-tables; when friendships are rapidly formed, and flirtations are sweet and easy to be had, and everyone is disposed to make the best of everything in a voyage which still, even to the happiest, presents itself as destined to be long. Then comes the third stage, when it is suddenly discovered that the voyage is nearly over, and people are looking back upon it with a gentle regret as on something already past, and are even anxious to put off the moment which is to take them from the free and happy indolence, the easy friendships, the cheap enjoyments of the deck to the cares of business and the crowd of cities again. Then the mind turns back, even to those early days of confusion and constraint, with a feeling of sweet regretful pleasure, like to that with which, as men advance towards the evening of life, they think of the very struggles and discomforts of its morning hours.

The voyage of Montana and Clement had reached this late

Clement tramped there for hours a
One night they thus walked the deck :
began contrasting the conditions un
the New World with those under w
age made a like adventure. His ma
and friendly.

"Everything seemed to be agai
everything is in your favour now. Y
almost envy you your youth and your

"But you have realised your desti
have made a name ; you are a mar
struggle before me ; and shall probe
hastily, "I shall probably fail in what
what is the good of anything if a man

"True enough," Montana said.
But I shouldn't think you would fai
keenly into Clement's face for a mome

"I don't believe in forecasting peo
teller's sense, that is," Montana went
who opens his eyes and watches quie
many things. I think I could foreca
Shall I do so?"

"I don't know whether I should li
even if it could be done. I am afraid it

Clement started and felt himself grow red, and turned his head seaward.

"I don't see how that prophecy can be fulfilled," he said. "You don't know, perhaps, that Miss Rowan has found a destiny for herself."

Montana shook his head.

"I don't believe she will ever marry Marion, and I do Marion the justice to think that he would never have allowed the girl to throw herself away on him. No; take my word for it, Hope, that is your destiny, and a better destiny you could not have. Settle in America if you will, and found your colony there. I don't promise you much success in that way, but I think you would do well to stay in the States. After all, you will find there is something in living in a place where no man cares what your father was, or your grandfather. It is a silly feeling, perhaps, which makes one object to a society where one man is supposed to be better than another merely because he is a duke. But the feeling is in the nature of some of us; and the cowardly dread of being looked down upon as a person of low birth has made many a man do a mean and shameful act. All things considered, I think you would do well to settle in America. But I don't lay any stress on that. Only I think I have forecast part of your destiny, and the brightest part of it, too."

Then they began to speak of other things; and naturally the talk soon turned on the purpose which each had in view when leaving England. Montana strongly advised Clement to give up all idea of a separate project of his own, and to go in with him in the enterprise which he described as already in hand. Clement was a good deal surprised at the earnestness with which Montana pressed this recommendation, and the stress which he laid upon the fact that Clement's project was still only a scheme on paper, whereas Montana had the lines of his enterprise already well laid down. Assuredly it seemed only reasonable that Clement should give all his energies to the enterprise that was actually in movement. But he was much surprised at the confident firmness with which Montana spoke of all his plans. Clement had often of late had a suspicion growing up in his mind that Montana was really taking no steps towards the carrying out of his scheme. It was not merely Matthew Starr's assertion which put this into Clement's mind. He had felt such a conviction growing in him, without prompting from anyone else. Now, however, it seemed impossible to doubt that Montana must have been silently working hard all the time in London to bring his project to a reality. Montana did not indeed tell Clement

...ged to be there to mee
to work with him at once. Cleme
practical ability and the quiet o
the time, then, that he and other
wasting his time in London, dr
speeches, and attending dinner p
it was plain that Montana must ha
working away at the details of his
more natural than Montana's eager
nearer to the scene of what would
of his life. In London he always
project. He seemed to put en
approach the subject. Perhaps thi
of the doubts in men's minds as to
ence of the project. But now,
proaching the shores of America,
not be too earnest in impressing u
plished success of the plan he had a
long after, and with wonder. Surely
Montana must have been in earn
was impossible to suppose that Mo
believe in the existing reality of hi
for the night, Clement left his friend
was in the world a man really eager
to live for the ...

thing for me?—I am going to sleep as long as ever I can to-morrow morning. I am not going to be called. For once I will give myself a sleeper's holiday, and have it out with nature."

They shook hands warmly, and Montana turned in.

But Clement found before long that he had no inclination for sleep. He had half-undressed, when he suddenly changed his mind, dressed again and went on deck. He wanted to be alone, to think over what he had heard from Montana, and to compose his wild and rapidly growing hopes into something like calmness. He wanted to look the future, so far as he could venture to read it, steadily in the face and see whether he could find any reality in the promises which seemed now to be so unexpectedly and so strangely held out to him. Clement was still of that age when we want the companionship of skies and stars to share our wild hopes with us, or to help us to tone them down. Skies and stars and rushing sea make glorious confidants for a youth in Clement's case; and here he had them all to his heart's content and to himself. It was now very late, and all the other passengers had long gone below. The night had become bright. The moon was shining now, which was not so before. There were some clouds here and there. The sea was smooth and silent. The throbbing of the engines, the rushing of the bows through the water, alone disturbed the majestic stillness. Clement looked from the stern along the track left by the vessel as it passed. He questioned the future, and only began to feel more hopeful. Montana's words had impressed him deeply. Something in his own heart, some memories he could not define, some startled glances of Geraldine's, ratified the hope Montana had tried to give him. These hopes, and the beauty of the night, and the near approach of the end of the voyage, and the prospect of the new career so soon to begin, revived and strengthened him, and he felt just then as if he could not but take a bright look forward and believe that things would come well.

Suddenly it seemed to him that he heard a light plash into the sea, as if something had glided rather than fallen from the steamer's deck into the water. He had seen no one on deck, however, anywhere, except two or three seamen at their duties, who were still there. He might have ceased to think of it, but that, looking out over the water, there seemed to float past him the form of a man. At least, he fancied for a moment that he saw between him and the water a white face, which flashed ghostlike out of the dark waves and then was gone. Clement was sure that someone had fallen overboard, and had been swept by the rush of the water far away to the

vessel is motionless. Few sensations perienced than the awful stillness of change from speed to motionlessness tions of some danger, some impending ably ordered, and not many seconds lowered, and it made to the assistan already far away in the sea.

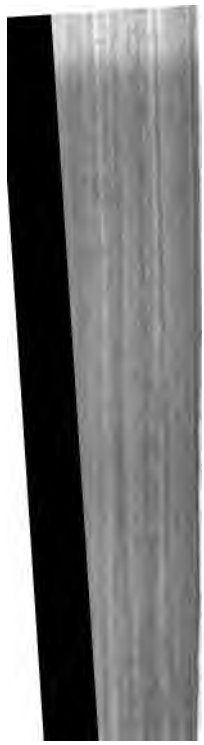
Clement was a stout swimmer. brought up boys learned what real swi calm. He had keen sight. He had moment he saw what he fancied to be borne along by the vessel's track in exa moon was bright; the sky was clear; the surface of the water between him a saw what he believed to be a face rise the moonlight, and he had struck out s but he could see nothing now—nothi chill of the sea—and how cruelly cold composedly, and looked all around hi steamer had stayed in her course, and and knew that a boat was being launch two he saw the boat rowing towards h the sailors. For a moment he fancied whom Clement still supposed to be

man overboard, and if he had jumped overboard under the impression that he was rescuing anybody, he was, they rather seemed to imply, a fool for his pains. Anyhow, no sight or sound of any swimmer in his agony vexed the quiet sea now.

Clement was brought back on board the steamer in rather ignominious plight. He had been dreaming, some of the passengers said. It was hinted that he was fond of composing poetry. Many persons were merely annoyed at having been wakened and disturbed by such a piece of illusion. A hasty examination of the vessel was made, and nobody was found missing; that is to say, all the passengers and crew who happened to be awake were accounted for, but there were several cabins the occupants of which had gone to rest, and locked the doors inside, and it was not thought necessary to waken the sleepers from their dreams. So all went to rest and slept quietly until morning. In the morning some surprise was expressed that Montana did not appear at breakfast—so marked a figure as his was likely to be missed; he did not make his appearance on the deck after breakfast, and at last someone suggested that it would be well to knock at his door and call him. Clement did knock at the door, and no answer came. Then the steward was sent for, and he knocked; and no answer still coming, the door of the room was forced open. Montana was not there, nor had his bed been slept in. His door had been locked, and evidently from the outside, and the key taken. Montana had not been seen by anyone since the night before, and he was not seen again. The steamer reached the quays of Hoboken, opposite New York, without him. All that could be said of him was that he was in the steamer one memorable night, and was not there the next morning.

Early in the morning of the day when Montana was missed a restless girl far away in her North of England home was looking through her window on the waters of the river that rippled below. She could not remain in her bed—in her heart there was a kind of fighting that would not let her sleep. She opened the window and looked out. The dawn was coming up, and the river was just beginning to sparkle to the eastward with the rising rays; it looked peaceful, almost one might say a very type of tranquillity, that smooth flowing river, its surface hardly broken by a ripple.

Melissa might have found assurance for any uneasiness in the sight of that river and that sky. Nothing was there to tell of storm or to suggest danger to those who were on the sea. The girl was made a little more tranquil by the quiet beauty of the water and the sky. Certainly, a quiet morning on an English river is no guarantee for



...t she might count on getting such
day or two. Suddenly, however, the
ward. It was as if the sun had failed
the mass of clouds. The water black
that a chilling bitter wind fell upon it
roughness. Her agitated mind found
darkness and danger; for a moment it
rose out of the water and looked wist
to float or vanish away along the d
an instant that this strange illusion la
Melissa's heart.

"He is drowned, I know he is
"There has been a wreck, and he is
see him any more!"

Melissa's vision was doubtless mere
been the offspring merely of an over-w
sudden terror between dream and drea
turbed morning was only too truly fulfille
more. She had had her highest wish i
be only emptiness and shadow; she ha
love made happy for a brief moment, a

Had Montana merely fallen ove
perished? Had he deliberately put an
one ever can know. Taking all things

Montana that he should bring his career to a close in some manner which would glorify it with all the dignity of mystery. Long after, too, Geraldine told Clement what she believed about Montana and his father. She told him of the strange scene she had witnessed in old Mr. Varlowe's dying room, and the word she had heard Montana speak, and the answer that Mr. Varlowe had given. They two were inclined on the whole to form a lenient judgment of Montana, his self-delusions, his impostures, his theatric life, his belief in his vague and shadowy mission. They did not condemn him wholly. One part genius, one part imposture, one part made up of a self-delusion amounting almost to insanity—such was in the mind of Clement and of Geraldine the composition of Montana's character. When Mr. Aquitaine came to examine the papers left by Montana in the charge of his bankers, he found a recently-made will, which gave the whole of Montana's own property to Melissa. The property was large, and came to her at a time when it could be of no manner of use to her. Aquitaine for long after did not even tell her of the will. In an iron safe belonging to Montana, Aquitaine found heaped up all the watches, bracelets, rings, chains, brooches, and money which had been bestowed in answer to Montana's appeal on the first night when he addressed a London audience. Some of the watches had stopped apparently at the very moment when they were allowed to fall into the picturesque urn provided for the contributions of the generous, and had not been wound ever since. Montana had taken no heed of them; he had allowed all the precious trinkets to remain untouched from that hour. Aquitaine going over them with a sort of melancholy curiosity, and wondering whether it would be possible to restore any of them to their former owners, came on a bracelet which he well knew. It was one of a pair that he had given to Melissa on her birthday. It had been made after a fashion of his own, and it bore her name, and his, and her mother's, curiously interwoven. It was one of the offerings Melissa had made to her new idol that memorable night. Aquitaine took the bracelet out and kept it. "I will give it back to her some time," he said to himself; "but not now—not just now."

Neither in England nor in America could Clement or Aquitaine find evidence to show that Montana had made any preparations whatever for his colonising enterprise. Clement carefully and quietly made search in America, and Aquitaine in England. It became plain to both of them that during all his stay in London Montana had not taken any step whatever towards the realisation of the object which p ofessed to be that of his life. He had written to no one—

after, and doing nothing. As we ha
necessary to any understanding of M
reasonable conjecture that way, Mor
tion, but only a dreamer. When a
could rise and act as a man can do
but then his action was only like t
sudden, swift, decided by chance, o
his point of view, if he were not to
there was really nothing left for him
close of his whole career. The curt
was characteristic of Montana that he
it down in a way which would leave th

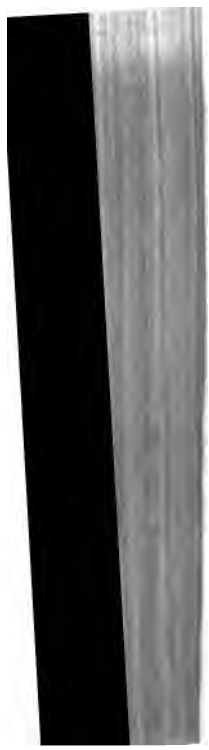
Melissa bore the news, when it was
greater composure than might have b
in saying that she knew it would be s
she looked out in the dawn she knew
her for ever. "It could not end hap
be no happiness come out of it for him
me as it is. Now I shall have him a
change him or take him away from me

Mere despair had with her taken
Christian resignation. She refused to
tion, and cared nothing for sympathy.

"I have to live," she said, "and I

over the side of the steamer somehow, and been drowned. To none except to Clement and Geraldine and Aquitaine did it occur to think that the act had been the deliberate and dramatic close of a mysterious career. But among Montana's own special admirers and followers there were many who refused to accept any story which started on the assumption that Montana was gone for ever. Hundreds and thousands of men and women in America and in England still believe that Montana will return; that whether the ocean did close over him or not, their leader and prophet will come back all the same, and be with them once again to redeem them from their hard lot, and bring them into a new bright life of health, and happiness, and freedom. Little organisations, and societies, and branches are still formed now and then in back settlements of London, and Liverpool, and Glasgow, and New York, and Cincinnati, which bear the name of Montana; and many a theory and doctrine is preached in Montana's name which probably never entered into his mind, or could be reconciled with any of his avowed principles. Here and there, then, amongst little knots of devoted followers, he will be remembered; and, indeed, as time goes on, will be transformed in their memory from what he really was to something altogether different, each eidolon differing from each—a new Montana having come up from beneath the ocean in a different form for each different group of devotees. But the world in general will soon forget him. He had his ambition, however. He was the "Comet of a Season," and disappeared like a comet, no one knew whither.

(*The End.*)



ABOUT two years ago I heard fi
graphic achievement which seen
credible, and which I was presently a
English photographers was absolutely
sibility,—to wit, the photographic prese
Of instantaneous photography, so callec
I had seen the process in operation.
exposure in what is called instantaneous
a second, even in that arrangement wl
twelve years ago pistolgraphy. Again, I
photographed in a period certainly r
part of a second. But the shortness o
was a necessity, instead of involving a dif
the solar image is such that an exposur
hundredth part of a second would suffice
details of the photographic picture. T
horse, however, with distinctness, require
sure of much less than a second, or even
part of a second; while, on the other ha
image cannot, under any circumstances, l
when ordinary photographs are taken, inv
seconds at least.

As to the first point, it is easy to
second would

blur. The image obtained in the tenth of a second would be no better, as the blurring would correspond to a width of nearly two yards. In the hundredth part of a second the image would be blurred to a width corresponding to more than half a foot—so that, although the picture of the horse as a whole might be perhaps just recognisable as a horse, the limbs would be confused beyond recognition. To get a picture which should show the limbs of a galloping horse with anything like distinctness, the blurring should not exceed a width corresponding to one inch in the life-size image of a horse. Now, in what precedes I have only taken into account the forward motion of the horse as a whole; but in considering the definition of the limbs, we have to remember that these are not only advancing with the body, but are moved also in relation to the body, and that when the limbs are being thrown forward, this forward motion is added to the advancing motion of the body. Now, the forward motion of the limbs varies in rate, from nothing when the limbs are farthest forward and farthest back, to a maximum somewhere near the middle of their forward sweep. This maximum cannot be less than the advancing motion of the horse, and is probably much greater.[1] As we must add this forward motion to the advancing motion of the horse as a whole, we get for the maximum forward motion of a limb (meaning now the full forward motion, not only the motion relatively to the body) twice the advancing motion of the horse. We have seen that with an exposure of one second the blurring of the body of the horse would have a width corresponding to half a foot in the life-size image of a horse. The blurring of the limbs would vary from nothing to a width corresponding to a foot. That the blurring, then, should nowhere exceed a width corresponding to an inch, the exposure should not exceed the 1,200th part of a second in duration. As a matter of fact, satisfactory pictures were not obtained until the exposure had been reduced to the 2,000th part of a second, and in later pictures the exposure has been reduced to the 5,000th part of a second.

And here, in passing, I may answer an objection which will occur perhaps to many readers. I remember that after mentioning in a lecture at Sydney, New South Wales, the brief exposure of Janssen's

[1] In the case of a carriage, we get in the motion of the wheels what corresponds to the relative motion of the horse's limbs. In this case, we know that the relative forward motion of the top of the wheel, and the relative backward motion of the bottom of the wheel, are each equal to the advancing motion of the carriage, so that the top of the wheel is advancing twice as fast as the carriage, while the bottom of the wheel is momentarily at rest.

and not without good reason, that,
the duration of a lightning flash, he
shorter even than this. It sounds at fi
and indeed absurd, that men sh
optical and mechanical means (for s
a period which is a very small fractio
impression on the eye. Yet in reality
advantage of the very circumstance
render it impossible. The method is
time so simple, that it will be well to
duction to the less minute subdivis
processes which form the subject of thi

Conceive a rather large disc of ebo
are inlaid radiating lines of silver w
for instance, that there are 1,600 e
in each quadrant 400, so that ea
to the quadrant) is divided into f
the hundredth of an inch in thickne
diameter, the black space between th
one-hundredth and a quarter (of a
suppose this disc set in rapid rotati
hundred rotations per second. Then,
second, one of the radiating wires wi
which, at the beginning of that short
its next neighbour. But the forward

during that time every part of the edge will have been occupied by lightning-lit silver, and as the eye retains a luminous impression for fully one-tenth of a second, the light from every part of the edge of the disc will appear to form a single image, in which the spokes of wire will not be separately discernible. If the lightning flash lasted half that time, the black spaces would be discernible, but would seem to be but of half their real width, half their width being cut off during the continuance of the flash. If the flash lasted a fourth of the above-mentioned time, only one-fourth of the width of the black space would be cut off, so that its width would appear but three-fourths of what it really was, and so forth for yet shorter periods. But this will suffice to show that Wheatstone could measure by this method, as he claimed, the millionth part of a second. For manifestly the eye could readily detect the diminution of the black spaces by a full fourth of its amount, and this reduction (on our assumptions as to the size of the disc and the rate of its rotation) would be produced if a lightning flash lasted but one 1,152,000th, or less than the millionth part of a second. Thus, when Wheatstone stated, as the result of his experiments, that a lightning flash does not last the millionth part of a second, he was not (as some rashly asserted) announcing over-confidently what could not by any possibility have been established by evidence, but was, in fact, simply asserting what he had satisfactorily proved. Yet, how wonderful it seems at first that science should be able to say, as it did in this case, that a luminous appearance, visible for fully the tenth of a second, lasts in reality less than the 20,000th, or even than the 100,000th, part of that time.[1]

We see, then, that it is not only possible, but an easy matter, to measure periods of time much shorter than the 1,000th or 10,000th part of a second. But it might still seem marvellous, and in fact it is, that science should be able so to arrange matters that in such a minute period of time an image should be taken which shall be clear and well defined in all its details. Yet this has been achieved,

[1] Within a few hours of writing the above lines, I witnessed at the observatory of Dr. Henry Draper, of New York, a very simple experiment illustrating the instantaneous character of the electric spark, and also the intermittence of a luminosity which, as judged by the eye, appears persistent. While the electric discharge was taking place in a series of rapidly following sparks, the hand held steadily in front of the light appeared to be quite steadily illuminated; but if the hand was rapidly fluttered about, a multitude of distinct images of the hand were seen, producing an appearance as of a multiform hand with multitudinous (and ever varying) fingers attached to it,—the explanation being, that the hand was successively visible and invisible, and many successive images were seen in different positions during each tenth of a second of the duration of luminous impressions.

and some of the results of the application of this process hav
be considered.

In the best paintings of horse-races, charges, the hunt
and so forth, we have what may be regarded as a conv
view of the horse at full gallop. He is shown with the two
thrown well forward and the two hind legs thrown well back
attitude, in fact, which is indicated by the French expression
terre, applied to an animal at full gallop. Anyone who has
a race or a charge of galloping horses will certainly be
to affirm that this attitude is one of those which a horse as
galloping. It is, of course, to some degree absurd that this
tude, which is only (even on this assumption) assumed a
definite instants by the horse at full gallop, should be p
as the only or almost the only attitude recognisable in a
galloping horses. Still, the idea generally entertained by th
study pictures of the kind is that this attitude is the most
teristic, and the one best suited for delineation. Acc
paintings and drawings of galloping horses which present this
and no other, are amongst those most admired by the artisti

So soon, however, as we test by instantaneous photogr
movements of a horse, we find that this admired and pre
characteristic attitude is not one which really characterises th
Not only is this the case, but the attitude is actually never as
all by a horse either in this or in any other gait. And, on t
hand, we find that positions are assumed by the gallopin
which no one would for a moment have supposed possible.

The positions shown in Mr. Muybridge's photographs ar
and these include all the movements made in one complet
It requires some care to distinguish the movements of the
legs. Let us follow the movements *seriatim*.

The first position of the series is that shown in Fig. 1.

FIG. 1.

horse seems to be balanc
fore leg, the two hind l
thrown into the positi
shown in drawings of a
horse. The other fore leg
back in a position sugg
rest rather than of th
action of a galloping hors
The four legs are num
that their subsequent
may be followed. It must be remembered that this picture

belong to the initial series of movements by which a trot or a canter is changed into a gallop. The animal thus photographed was in full gallop all the time. In this position the fore leg marked 1 appears to bear the entire weight of the body, but, in reality, it does not (although the contrary has been maintained). The body has been propelled forwards and slightly upwards somewhat earlier, as will presently appear, and fore foot 1 is in reality scarcely supporting the body at all, but simply adding to the propulsive motion, the body needing for the moment little support.

Fig. 2 shows the horse twenty-seven inches farther forward. (It may be noticed in passing that Fig. 11 shows a position of the body between the positions shown in Fig. 1 and Fig. 2.) The fore leg marked 1 has continued to propel the body forward until this leg had become so aslant (see Fig. 11) that the hoof has to leave the ground, and is thrown back as shown in Fig 2. Fore leg 2 has been carried forward, the hoof rising and the leg becoming more sharply bent. Both hind legs have been thrown forward, but leg 4 more than leg 3, so that the hoofs are rather nearer together than in Fig. 2.

FIG. 2.

In the interval between the positions shown in Figs. 1 and 2 there had been propulsion, though not very forcibly, only one leg touching the ground, and that only during a portion of the time. As the pictures are made at equal distances of 27 inches apart, the time between Fig. 1 and Fig. 2 is to some degree diminished by the additional velocity due to this propulsive motion. On the other hand, as all four limbs are in the air during the interval of time between Figs. 2 and 3, there has not been, in this case, any propulsive action, and the body of the horse has therefore been all the time, though but slightly, losing forward velocity. We note a considerable alteration in the position of all four limbs. Fore leg 1 has been thrown forward so far as the upper part of the limb is concerned, but the lower part of

FIG. 3.

the limb has been thrown upward. Fore leg 2 has been thrown ward and is now slightly less bent. Hind leg 3 seems, at first scarcely changed in position; but, in reality, it has been thrown ward and then backward to nearly the position it had when was taken. Hind leg 4 has been thrown farther forward.

Between Fig. 3 and Fig. 4 the body has been entirely in t

Fig. 4.

until just before Fig. 4 taken, when hind leg 3 ha touched the ground. Th interval in time, as there been no propulsive motio been rather greater be Figs. 3 and 4 than between 2 and 3, and greater still between Figs. 1 and 2. A respondingly greater chang taken place in the position of the limbs. Fore leg 1 has been c up under the body, the upper part of the limb being thrown for Fore leg 2 has been thrown more markedly forward and unbent. Hind leg 3 has been set down by being thrown back and hind leg 4 has been thrown forward nearly to the farthest this position the body is advancing almost at its slowest—thou course, it will be understood that in saying this I do not me describe the rate of advance as greatly reduced. The body has only carried forward seven feet four inches from the position i in Fig. 1, and its rate of advance has scarcely been reduced Nevertheless, such reduction as the rate of advance does un during the swift gallop of the horse attains its maximum at this position.

In Fig. 4 the fore legs have changed notably in position.

Fig. 5.

leg 1 has been thrown u (so far as upper half is cerned) and forward. leg 2 has been thrown fo in preparation for the which this leg will have after the hind legs have theirs. Of the hind legs, which in the position of had just begun the wo propulsion, has driven the body well forward, so that this lim become nearly upright. The other hind leg seems to be near

the same position as in Fig. 4, but in reality it is now being carried backwards, whereas, in the former position, it was travelling forwards. This leg is the one which is next to take the work of propulsion. Notice that 1 is the *left* fore leg and 2 the right. Between the work of these two legs, both hind legs do their work of propulsion: the left fore leg's work is followed by that of the right hind leg, then the left hind leg does its work and next the right fore leg.

In the position shown in Fig. 6 both hind legs are at work, giving to the body its strongest propulsion both forwards and upwards, but chiefly forwards. Hind leg 3 has nearly done its work; hind leg 4 has little more than begun. Fore leg 1 has been thrown upwards and forwards, slightly unbending. Fore leg 2 has been straightened into a position which no one would imagine to be ever assumed by a horse's leg. However, one can at once see that the attitude is indicative of the energy which is about to be put into the backward stroke given by this fore limb. In considering this picture, and indeed all those in which a hoof touches the ground, it must be borne in mind that the attitude is not one assumed by the horse for any definite period of time, however short. It is difficult to dispossess oneself of the notion that this is the case, and the absurdity of some of the attitudes in our series of pictures arises chiefly from this mistaken conception. Regarding these attitudes as simply *passed* through during the horse's rapid rush forward in swift gallop, they no longer appear so absurd; though, even as thus viewed, there is some difficulty in imagining that attitudes so unlike those which the eye can recognise as a horse gallops past, should be assumed once in each stride. In Fig. 6 we see the horse in that part of his action which is most energetic in the galloping gait. At this stage of his stride, and at this stage only, those two legs are at work in propelling the horse forward which have the greatest propulsive power. Strictly speaking, the stride should be regarded as commenced from this attitude; and I should so have dealt with the series of pictures had it chanced that they represented precisely one stride. Since, however, Fig. 11 shows a position about a foot in advance of that shown in Fig. 1, but about as much behind that shown in Fig. 2, the series only runs by equal intervals from Fig. 1 to Fig. 11, and it was necessary therefore to commence with Fig. 1, though that really belongs to the middle of stride.

FIG. 6.

In Fig. 7 two feet are shown touching the ground, one
foot, the other a hind
Leg 2, which in the last
was preparing for prop
action, is here fully enga
it. But the two hind leg
already given a strong p
sive impetus to the bod
hind leg 4 is still urgin
body forward. It is only
sary to compare these tw

FIG. 7.

to see how much more powerful the propulsive action of the
legs must be than is that of the fore legs. I would venture to p
that if ever an experimental test is applied by which the prop
action of the fore and hind legs is compared, the former will be
at least three times as effective as the latter. It will be remem
that 2 is the right fore leg and that 4 is the left hind foot. We
further, that the gallop is not a symmetrical gait, as the trot is.
in the trot right and left fore legs work in similar ways with le
right hind legs respectively. But we see, from the series of figure
trating the gallop, that whereas the right fore leg works with th
hind leg, the left fore leg does not work with the right hind leg.
of these legs—the left fore leg and the right hind leg—does its
alone, except that the right hind leg during a part of its work re
help from the other hind leg, but at no time from either for
Such, at least, is the case illustrated in our series of figures; of c
the gallop can equally be executed when the right and left for
do the work which the left and right fore legs are here represen
doing, the hind legs also interchanging their work. In fact, the
trations would have appeared precisely as they do if the work
two fore legs, as of the two hind legs, had thus been interchan

In Fig. 8 the two hin
are both thrown back, an
for the moment, in a positi
very unlike that in which
limbs are commonly repre
in pictures of a galloping
But the fore limbs are po
the fore limbs of a horse
were shown in a picture.

FIG. 8.

leg 2 is at work urgin
horse forward, or rather it is maintaining and increasin

forward motion given by the energetic action of the hind legs. Fore leg 1 has been straightened from the position shown in Fig. 7, but it is to be noticed that in the interval between the positions shown in Figs. 7 and 8 this leg has reached its highest motion upward, and is now on its way downward. Notice also that the fore legs are always more or less bent when rising, but that as they are brought downwards to give their stroke, they are straightened, even from the beginning of this downward motion. Compare, for instance, the pose of fore leg 2 in Figs. 5 and 6, and again of fore leg 1 in Figs. 7 and 8. Notice also that each leg remains straight in sweeping round through about a right angle, fore leg 2 from the position of Fig. 6 to that of Fig. 9, and fore leg 1 from the position of Fig. 8 to that of Fig. 11.

In Fig. 9, fore leg 2 is shown doing the last part of its work of propulsion, while fore leg 1 is just about to begin its work. The hind legs are so nearly in the same position in the picture that it is not easy to tell which is which. However, a little consideration will show that the leg whose hock shows highest is, as marked, fore leg 3, or the right. For, notice that in Fig. 3 the right fore leg (3) has nearly the same position as the left fore leg (4) in Fig. 5. In Fig. 4 and Fig. 6 these legs have respectively nearly the same positions. So have they in Figs. 5 and 7, in Figs. 6 and 8: though here the slight difference in time between the action of the right fore leg in one picture, and the left fore leg in the next picture but one, is shown by the right fore leg being on the ground in Fig. 6, while the left fore leg has just been lifted from the ground in Fig. 8. We infer, then, that the left fore leg in Fig. 9 has nearly the same position as the right fore leg (3) in Fig. 7—in other words, is nearly straight. Therefore, the other or more bent leg in Fig. 9 is the right fore leg (3). We see, in fact, that just as the fore legs begin to straighten just after they begin to descend for their propulsive stroke, so the fore legs continue nearly straight after their propulsive stroke, until just before they reach their greatest height. In Fig. 9, hind leg 4 is travelling backwards and passing hind leg 3, which has just begun to travel forwards, precisely as in Fig. 3 hind leg 4, travelling forwards, is passing hind leg 3 travelling backwards. The vigorous action of fore leg 2, and the vigorous attitude—preparative for

FIG. 9.

FIG. 10.

bent, and the foot is well raised from the

Finally, in Fig. 11, we see the end o

FIG. 11.

in adding to the forward motion of the

third figures alone seem at all natural, though even these would scarcely be regarded as admissible into a painting representing a charge or race. Notice further that these two are the only pictures in which no leg of the horse touches the ground. In all the other nine, at least two of the legs seem absurdly posed; in several, three seem so; while in two, all four legs have a preposterous appearance.

Yet it is found that so soon as the pictures, instead of being studied separately and with steady gaze, are submitted in rapid succession to the eye, each remaining but a fraction of a second in view—in other words, when they are studied in a manner more nearly corresponding to that in which the actual movements of a galloping horse are seen—the views which had appeared separately absurd become merged into a view showing the horse as he actually appears in the gallop. By arranging them uniformly round the outside of a rather large disc, only a small portion of the upper part of which can be seen at a single view, and setting this disc in rapid rotation, so that picture after picture comes into view and remains in view but a moment, we are able to see the horse galloping as in nature, stride succeeding stride; every circumstance of the motion, even to the waving of the tail and mane, being truthfully, and therefore naturally, presented.

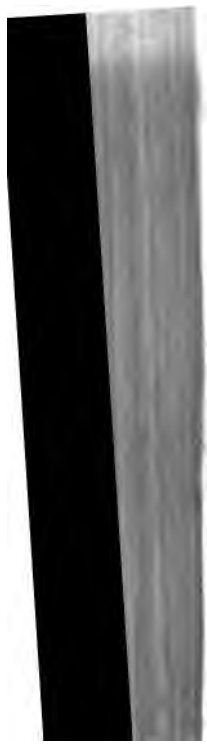
Mr. Muybridge himself considers that since these views are severally truthful, however absurd they may appear to those accustomed to study the usual artistic pictures of galloping horses, we should infer that pictures such as these ought to replace the conventional attitudes which have been so long in vogue. Here I must confess that, admirer though I am of his work, I am altogether at issue with him. A picture should represent what we see, and he would be the first to admit that the eye cannot properly be said to see any one of the attitudes he has shown to be really assumed by the galloping horse. He might reply to this that neither can the eye be said to see, nor can it see, any of the attitudes shown by artists, for the simple reason that these attitudes have no real existence in nature. But a picture to be true must show what the eye seems to see. Even in such matters as colouring and shading, the artist has to depart from what nature really presents. In order to produce an appearance of reality, he must modify the colours and the shades until in some cases they are utterly unlike those actually existing. Now, if this is the case where at any rate the objects depicted are at rest, so that one would say the representation, if really correct, should, when duly studied, appear to be truthful, how much more may we expect it to be the case where the object represented is moving so

were so drawn the carriage would appe
convey the idea of rapid motion, the v
represented as it really appears to the ey
together into confused discs. When th
accessories drawn in so as to suggest th
post-boys leaning forward and flourishing
around the wheels, and so forth, we obt
the idea of a rapidly advancing carriage.
a galloping horse assumes such attitude
of figures is no argument in favour o
attitudes into a drawing of a race or cha
ably represent cannon-balls in mid-air, in
some of the illustrations of Froissart's "
and musket-balls are certainly in the air
missiles, but as no one can see them, the
picture.

On the other hand, it is difficult to ur
tional attitudes of a galloping horse came
certainly are not seen during a charge or
veyed may be that such attitudes are
galloping horse, but are actually charac
may perhaps be, that the attitudes app
pictures are retained longer than the oth
Thus the general effect is we may

(Of course, in using the words natural and unnatural, I refer only to the conventional ideas as to the action of the galloping horse; all the positions of the eleven figures are really natural, though they are unfamiliar to the eye.) So that, in fact, it seems as though the conventional attitudes of a galloping horse were obtained by combining the position of the fore legs in one part of the stride with that of the hind legs in another. Yet, though this seems strange, it is after all akin to the circumstance that in picturing a rapidly rotating wheel we show the spokes in a number of positions which they do not simultaneously occupy. As in the case of the rotating wheel, so in that of the galloping horse, the movements are too quick to be followed by the eye, and so several positions really occupied at different times are combined together into a single impression. Where the movements are slower, so that the eye can recognise the several positions pretty clearly, the features of different positions would not be thus combined. For instance, an artist's pictures of a trotting horse, even when the pace to be represented is very rapid, do not differ much from those obtained by instantaneous photography. Of twelve such photographs obtained by Mr. Muybridge, only two seem to differ—and those not greatly—from such views as might be given in a picture of a trotting match. So, again, the pictures of a walking horse, of a man walking at full speed, and of a man running at moderate speed, all closely resemble such drawings as an artist would make. But in the case of a man running at full speed, and still more in that of a man taking a high leap, the attitudes are such as have never been shown in any picture—such, in fact, as have never been seen, simply because, though all the attitudes are of necessity really assumed, they are assumed for so brief an interval of time, and so rapidly exchanged for others quite unlike them, that the eye is not cognisant even of their momentary existence. We may note also, as another reason why some of the attitudes of a leaping or swiftly running man seem unnatural (and of course the same reasoning applies to a galloping horse), that they are attitudes which cannot be maintained even for a single second, but are only passed through in the course of a certain series of energetic actions: so that the pictures look like ill-drawn representations of impossible attitudes.

The great value of such pictures lies in the evidence which they afford as to the real nature of the movements involved in particular gaits or exercises, as for the horse in the gallop, canter, run, or trot, and for the man in the high leap (running or standing), the long leap, the run, the swift walk, and so forth. They serve to correct some



ground first. In pictures of a very swi
appear thrown ridiculously upwards, ju
the fore feet of the horse appear in Fig
consideration, I am inclined to think
Muybridge depends is open to some de
show, as I have myself had the opportu
pointed upwards as the foot descends
near to the ground ; but so far as I rec
at the last there is not a rapid motion
foot, bringing the toes down before the l
in Fig. 7 the hoof, which had been poin
position, Fig. 6, has come down to the
which in Fig. 8 has reached the ground
pose, note how in Fig. 9 we see the hoo
already thrown far downward of the
fetlock, which it had had in Fig. 8. M
asserts that all animals bring the he
running, before the toes : this, of course,
feet, and is not supported by the view
fetlock be regarded as the heel. T
corresponds to the ball of the foot, nc
responding to the horse's hock, which
all, except when the animal rears till he i

I should like to see Mr. M

of a cannon-ball, even at the beginning of its flight. For such a ball travels at a rate of less than 500 yards per second, so that in the 5,000th part of a second it travels but the tenth of a yard, or less than four inches. Even in the 2,000th part of a second a cannon-ball would fly but about nine inches at the beginning of its course, and much less at the close of its first flight, supposing the cannon so inclined that the range would be nearly the maximum.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

"THE RING AND THE BOOK."

CERTAIN rare works of literature, like others of art and philosophy, appear too gigantic to have been wholly wrought out each by the one man who we yet know did accomplish it unaided. Such a work reminds us of a great cathedral, which, even if ultimately finished in accordance with the plans of the supreme architect who designed it, could not be completed under his own supervision or during his own lifetime, being too vast and elaborate for fulfilment in a single generation. And as such a colossal work "The Ring and the Book" has always impressed me. And, indeed, without straining comparison, one may pursue with regard to it the suggestion of a great Gothic cathedral. For here truly we find the analogues of the soaring towers and pinnacles, the multitudinous niches with their statues, the innumerable intricate traceries, the gargoyles wildly grotesque; and, within, the many-coloured light through the stained windows with the red and purple of blood predominant, the long pillared echoing aisles, the altar with its piteous crucifix and altar-piece of the Last Judgment, the organ and the choir pealing their *Miserere* and *De Profundis* and *In Excelsis Deo*, the side chapels, the confessionals, the phantastic wood-carvings, the tombs with their effigies sculptured supine; and beneath, yet another chapel, as of death, and the solemn sepulchral crypts. The counterparts of all this and all these, I dare affirm, may veritably be found in this immense and complicate structure, whose foundations are so deep and whose crests are so lofty. Only, as a Gothic cathedral has been termed a petrified forest, we must image this work as a vivified cathedral, thrilling hot swift life through all its "marble nerves:"—

> It interpenetrates my granite mass;
> Through tangled roots and trodden clay doth pass
> Into the utmost leaves and delicatest flowers;
> Upon the winds, among the clouds, 'tis spread;
> It wakes a life in the forgotten dead,—
> They breathe a spirit up from their obscurest bowers.

We have all often read the anecdote of Newton so told as to imply that the discovery of the law of gravitation was owing to the accidental

arrest of his attention by the accidental fall of an apple. But apples have fallen by myriads ever since Eve was tempted to eat of one in Eden; yet we do not learn that any of them ever suggested that law until in the garden at Woolsthorpe one fell into a mind already teeming with meditations to the very verge of the discovery, and prepared to crystallise round *any* appropriate fact that should fall among them. Just so a certain square old yellow Book, a hundred and sixty-seven years old, small quarto size, with crumpled vellum covers, part print, part manuscript—print three-fifths, written supplement the rest—must have passed unsuggestive or unproductive through very many hands, and might have passed through millions more without suggesting anything better than a little romance or a magazine article; but a great Poet one fierce June day (in 1865, as I read) picks it up for a *lira*, eightpence English just, from among the old and new trash of a stall on a step of the Ricardi Palace in the Square of San Lorenzo, Florence; it thus falls into a heart and mind full of learning and knowledge, thought, insight, genius, intense human sympathy, which all leap to crystallise around it in most living crystallisation; and we have as result this stupendous Poem, stupendous far more by quality than by quantity, though numbering over twenty thousand lines; a work destined to rank among the world's masterpieces—"The Ring and the Book."

Mr. Swinburne, in his fine Critical Essay on George Chapman, devotes several pages to the vindication of Browning from the common charge of obscurity; pages not really discursive, for they shed clear light upon the proper main theme. I am loth to mutilate such admirably proportioned eloquence; but as it appears to me no less just than eloquent in its insistence on certain dominant qualities of Browning's genius, I cannot refrain from citing a few of its salient sentences, while commending the whole to the study of the reader; for why put poorly in one's own words what has been already put richly in another's?—

> Now, if there is any great quality more perceptible than another in Mr. Browning's intellect, it is his decisive and incisive faculty of thought, his sureness and intensity of perception, his rapid and trenchant resolution of aim. To charge him with obscurity is about as accurate as to call Lynceus purblind, or complain of the sluggish action of the telegraphic wire. He is something too much the reverse of obscure; he is too brilliant and subtle for the ready reader of a ready writer to follow with any certainty the track of an intelligence which moves with such incessant rapidity, or even to realise with what spider-like swiftness and sagacity his building spirit leaps and lightens to and fro and backward and forward, as it lives along the animated line of its labour, springs from thread to thread, and darts from centre to circumference of the glittering and quivering web

of living thought, woven from the inexhaustible stores of his perception, and l
from the inexhaustible fire of his imagination. He never thinks but at full
and the rate of his thought is to that of another man's as the speed of a
to that of a waggon, or the speed of a telegraph to that of a railway. It is h
to enjoy the charm or to apprehend the gist of his writings except with
thoroughly alert, an attention awake at all points, a spirit open and read
kindled by the contact of the writer's : . . . . we have but to come with
and pliant spirit, untired and undisturbed by the work or the idleness of t
and we cannot but receive a vivid and active pleasure in following the sw
fine radiations, the subtle play and keen vibration of its sleepless fires ;
more steadily we trace their course the more surely do we see that these
flashes of fancy and changing lights of thought move unerringly arou
centre, and strike straight in the end to one point.

Now, if Mr. Swinburne is right, as in my judgment he certai
the dominant qualities he has affirmed will naturally be most
spicuous in Browning's greatest work. Let us now go back
Book :—

> "*Romana Homicidiorum*,"—nay,
> Better translate—"A Roman murder-case :
> Position of the entire criminal cause
> Of Guido Franceschini, nobleman,
> With certain Four the cut-throats in his pay,
> Tried, all five, and found guilty and put to death
> By heading or hanging as befitted ranks,
> At Rome on February Twenty-two,
> Since our salvation Sixteen Ninety-eight :
> Wherein it is disputed if, and when,
> Husbands may kill adulterous wives, yet 'scape
> The customary forfeit."
>
> Word for word,
> So ran the title-page : murder, or else
> Legitimate punishment of the other crime,
> Accounted murder by mistake,—just that
> And no more, in a Latin cramp enough
> When the law had her eloquence to launch,
> But interfilleted with Italian streaks
> When testimony stooped to mother-tongue,—
> That, was this old square yellow book about.

Having secured his prize, the poet at once began reading
read on, though his path grew perilous among the piles of straw
the multitudinous upholstery and cast clothes of the square—

> Still I read on, from written title-page
> To written index, on, through street and street,
> At the Strozzi, at the Pillar, at the Bridge ;
> Till, by the time I stood at home again
> In Casa Guidi, by Felice Church,

Under the doorway where the black begins
With the first stone slab of the staircase cold,
I had mastered the contents, knew the whole truth
Gathered together, bound up in this book.

This was swift mastery, but swifter follows :—

I fused my live soul and that inert stuff,
Before attempting smithcraft, on the night
After the day when—truth thus grasped and gained—
The book was shut and done with and laid by.

He stepped out on the narrow terrace (to live in fame with Casa Guidi Windows—one house with a double immortality!) built over the street and opposite Felice Church, lighted for festival and filled with clear chanting, while the heavens were yet glowing with golden sunset ; and there—

Over the roof o' the lighted church I looked
A bowshot to the street's end, north away
Out of the Roman gate to the Roman road
By the river, till I felt the Apennine.

And there and thence, already on that evening and night of the first day, the inert stuff fused into white heat, bloom-furnaced, in "the inexhaustible fire of his imagination," not then restless, but settled into a most steadfast, intense, irresistible burning, it was given him to see plainly, "in clear dream and solemn vision," all the scenes and actions and personages of the long-buried tragedy. In my narrow range of literature I know not any instance, not in Shakespeare or Shelley, not in Dante or Leopardi, not in Blake undiseased or Browning's own "Saul," more impressive and authentic of rapt prophetical possession and inspiration, the radiant trance whose sight pierces and strains into foresight, than is revealed in the marvellous passage from line 500 to line 660 in the first section, which bears the title of the whole poem. After full study and absorption of this overmastering vision, which was also pre-vision, one is prepared for whatever of astonishing the mass of the work may consist of or contain. Here is the opening of the vision :—

And there would lie Arezzo, the man's town,
The woman's trap and cage and torture-place,
Also the stage where the priest played his part,
A spectacle for angels,—ay, indeed,
There lay Arezzo! Farther then I fared,
Feeling my way on through the hot and dense,
Romeward, until I found the wayside inn
By Castelnuovo's few mean hut-like homes

Deep calling unto deep: .
Acted itself over again on
The tragic piece. I saw
In Florence as I trod the
The beauty and the fearful
How it had run, this roun

For the supposed parents of the
Rome, whence Guido, having marri
and them to his native Arezzo. T
trapped, contrived somehow to esca
to the tender mercies of Guido and h

These
In recrudescency of baffled
Prepared to wring the utter
From body and soul thus le
Fire laid and cauldron set, t
The victim stripped and pro
The cleaving of a cloud, a c
Quenched lay their cauldron
As in a glory of armour like
Out again sprang the young
Bearing away the lady in his
Saved for a splendid minute

The good young priest was Capons
her putative parents, Pietro and Viola
garden quarter; eight months afterwa

Antonio Pignatelli of Naples, Pope
Who had trod many lands, known many deeds,
Probed many hearts, beginning with his own,
And now was far in readiness for God.

He, having mastered the whole case, confirmed the judgment, and with his own hand ordered execution on the morrow, Saturday, February 22, 1698. But let the poet himself relate the catastrophes as revealed to him in the vision :—

But through the blackness I saw Rome again,
And where a solitary villa stood
In a lone garden quarter: it was eve,
The second of the year, and oh so cold!
Ever and anon there flittered through the air
A snowflake, and a scanty couch of snow
Crusted the grass-walk and the garden-mould.
All was grave, silent, sinster,—when, ha?
Glimmeringly did a pack of were-wolves pad
The snow, those flames were Guido's eyes in front,
And all five found and footed it, the track,
To where a threshold-streak of warmth and light
Betrayed the villa door with life inside,
While an inch outside were those blood-bright eyes,
And black lips wrinkling o'er the flash of teeth,
And tongues that lolled—oh God, that madest man!
They parleyed in their language. Then one whined—
That was the policy and master-stroke—
Deep in his throat whispered what seemed a name—
"Open to Caponsacchi!" Guido cried:
"Gabriel!" cried Lucifer at Eden-gate.
Wide as a heart, opened the door at once,
Showing the joyous couple, and their child
The two-weeks' mother, to the wolves, the wolves
To them. Close eyes! And when the corpses lay
Stark-stretched, and those the wolves, their wolf-work done,
Were safe embosomed by the night again,
I knew a necessary change in things;
As when the worst watch of the night gives way,
And there comes duly, to take cognisance,
The scrutinising eye-point of some star—
And who despairs of a new daybreak now?
Lo, the first ray protruded on those five!
It reached them, and each felon writhed transfixed.
Awhile they palpitated on the spear
Motionless over Tophet: stand or fall?
"I say, the spear should fall—should stand, I say!"
Cried the world come to judgment, granting grace
Or dealing doom according to world's wont,
Those world's-bystanders grouped on Rome's cross-road
At prick and summons of the primal curse

> Which bids man love as well as make a lie.
> There prattled they, discoursed the right and wrong,
> Turned wrong to right, proved wolves sheep and sheep wolve
> So that you scarce distinguished fell from fleece ;
> Till out spoke a great guardian of the fold,
> Stood up, put forth his hand that held the crook,
> And motioned that the arrested point decline :
> Horribly off, the wriggling dead-weight reeled,
> Rushed to the bottom and lay ruined there.

But, the truth being thus grasped and gained—grasped a eagle's talons, gained as by an eagle's swoop—the whole drama revealed to him on the very night of the day which broug the book, the poet did not at once set his hand to the unfolding it :—

> Far from beginning with you London folk,
> I took my book to Rome first, tried truth's power
> On likely people. "Have you met such names?
> Is a tradition extant of such facts?
> Your law-courts stand, your records frown a-row :
> What if I rove and rummage?"—"Why, you'll waste
> Your pains and end as wise as you began!"
> Every one snickered : "names and facts thus old
> Are newer much than Europe news we find
> Down in to-day's *Diario*. Records, quotha?
> Why the French burned them, what else do the French?
> The rap-and-rending nation!"

He likewise, as he tells us toward the end of the work, sear vain for any record of the subsequent fate of Pompilia's Gaetano, who, six months after the execution, was decreed his father Guido and to the putative maternal grandparents, a under the guardianship of one Domenicho Tighetti, cho Pompilia herself ere she died of her wounds ; and by th decree her fame was thoroughly established in law.

Not till he came to London did Browning take pen in with Italy as clear in the eye of his mind as if present to his eyes : well may Mr. Swinburne note "the inexhaustible store perception" with "the inexhaustible fire of his imagination." read in the opening section,—

> The Book! I turn its medicinable leaves
> In London now till, as in Florence erst,
> A spirit laughs and leaps through every limb,
> And lights my eye, and lifts me by the hair,
> Letting me have my will again with these
> —How title I the dead alive once more?

And yet, when he has nearly finished the labour which he begins with such buoyant consciousness of strength,—

> Swift as a spirit hastening to his task
> Of glory and of good,—

when, in his own words, the Ring is all but round and done,—he can address the Book as "my four-years' intimate." This immense work, charged and surcharged with learning, knowledge, ever-active subtle intellect, ever-vital passion whether of sympathy or antipathy, ever-realising imagination, all thought out and wrought out in only four years!—the fact appears almost incredible to one whose mind moves at about the common sluggish rate. This poem, which, when I first studied it, grew beyond me and above me more and more with the profoundly impressive suggestion, still overawing, of a vast Gothic cathedral no single generation could accomplish; which, at the most grudging estimate, is an achievement whereon, "itself by itself solely," even a mighty artist could be content to challenge the ages, secure of a noble fame; this, I found on nearing the end, had been all reared in such a small section of the architect's life. The unpromising seed of an old yellow eightpenny book chanced to fall into the right rich soil, into the one mind and heart in the world most proper to develop it to the uttermost, and in four brief years it had grown prodigiously into this vivified cathedral, this immense perennial forest, abounding and superabounding with innumerably manifold life.

Pondering this, we can better appreciate one sentence I have quoted from Mr. Swinburne: "He never thinks but at full speed; and the rate of his thought is to that of another man's as the speed of a railway to that of a waggon, or the speed of a telegraph to that of a railway." And it should be noted that these analogies, like all that are genuine, imply more truths than the naked terms express; imply more than the mere statements of comparative rates of mental speed. In ordinary cases we are apt to judge, and judge correctly, that tongue or pen runs the more swiftly the less weight it carries; and our common phrases of "gift of the gab" or "gabble," "itch of scribbling" or "scrawling," mark our contempt for such worse than worthless fluency. But there are supereminent commanding exceptions. The railway train not only runs ten times faster than the waggon, but also carries more than ten times the weight; the telegraph is not only incomparably swifter than the railway, but also incomparably more subtile and pregnant with intellect and emotion; and thus it is with certain men of superlative genius in comparison, first, with us

common plodders ; and, secondly, with men of genius, lofty indeed, but not supreme. Their intellects are as the eyes of Friedrich pictured by Carlyle : "Such a pair of eyes as no man or lynx, or lion of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have.[1] . . . . Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun ; grey, we said, of the azure-grey colour ; large enough, not of glaring size ; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth." Or, as Heine measures their swiftness in the instance of Napoleon : "The great seven-league-boot thoughts wherewith the genius of the Emperor invisibly overstrode the world ; and I believe that any one of these thoughts would have given a German author ample material for writing his whole life long."

Having thus at the very opening let us fully into the secrets of the book, exposed the plot of the tragedy, portrayed the leading personages, sketched the course of the trial and appeal, and even re-affirmed emphatically on his own part the final judgment of the Pope ; having, in brief, deliberately sacrificed all that he might have gained by a slowly evolved narrative, the interest of expectancy, surprise, suspense, doubt, fear, terror : what is left for the poet to tell us in the remaining twenty thousand lines ? do we not already know the whole drama ? Confident in his unparalleled resources, Browning at once proceeds to make us aware how he just begins where an ordinary poet would end. In the second half of the first section he lays before us the complete plan, copious in details, of the structure he is about to erect. He has already told us the story ? Well, he simply purposes to tell it over again no fewer than ten times, from as many different points of view, by as many different types or persons less one—for Guido speaks twice, in hope before the appeal, in reckless desperation on the night before his execution. A work immeasurably difficult, yet most triumphantly achieved. The interest is to be purely psychological, but of psychology living, not dead ; as with Balzac, the analysis by its unrelenting intensity and subtlety, sustained and impelled by an imagination no less intense, develops into vital synthesis ; in each of the ten following sections Browning,

[1] But mark, among others, Scott on Burns : "I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. . . . There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments ; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast, and glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men in my time." Burns, though born forty-seven years after Friedrich, overlived him only about ten.

having penetrated to the inmost soul of his creature, from that centre commands both soul and body to his service in complete self-revelation; so that we have ten monodramas, to use Mr. Swinburne's term, all on the same subject, but varying infinitely by the variance in the characters and circumstances of the speakers.

In the dedication of "Sordello," written twenty-five years after the poem itself, Browning says, "The historical decoration was purposely of no more importance than a background requires; and my stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study." And at the end of this Ring and Book he writes,—

> So did this old woe fade from memory,
> Till after, in the fulness of the days,
> I needs must find an ember yet unquenched,
> And, breathing, blow the spark to flame. It lives,
> If precious be the soul of man to man.

It lives; and is likely to live as long as any masterwork of our generation.

First we are to hear how Half-Rome, with a typical worthy for its mouthpiece, found for Guido much excuse. Then how to the other Half-Rome, Pompilia seemed a saint and martyr both. Then—

> Hear a fresh speaker!—neither this nor that
> Half-Rome aforesaid; something bred of both:
> One and one breed the inevitable three.
> Such is the personage harangues you next;
> The elaborated product, *tertium quid:*
> Rome's first commotion in subsidence gives
> The curd o' the cream, flower o' the wheat, as it were,
> And finer sense o' the city . . .
> . . . . . .
> What the superior social section thinks,
> In person of some man of quality.

These choric representatives are no mere abstract voices; they and all their appropriate surroundings are realised, embodied, drawn and coloured with the like precision and clearness, the like fulness of characteristic detail, as the real persons and scenes of the drama. These actors follow; first Count Guido before the governor and judges, doing his best man's service for himself, in the guise of frank confession, wrung from him by—

> His limbs' late taste of what was called the cord,
> Or Vigil-torture more facetiously.

Caponsacchi comes next:—

> Man and priest—could you comprehend the coil!—
> In days when that was rife which now is rare.
> . . . . . .
> Then a soul sighs its lowest and its last
> After the loud ones,—so much breath remains
> Unused by the four-days'-dying; for she lived
> Thus long, miraculously long, 'twas thought,
> Just that Pompilia might defend herself.
> . . . . . .
> How she endeavoured to explain her life.
>
> Then since a Trial ensued, a touch o' the same
> To sober us, flustered with frothy talk,
> And teach our common sense its helplessness.
> For why deal simply with divining-rod,
> Scrape where we fancy secret sources flow,
> And ignore law, the recognised machine,
> Elaborate display of pipe and wheel
> Framed to unchoak, pump up and pour apace
> Truth in a flowery foam shall wash the world?
> The patent truth-extracting process,—ha?
> Let us make all that mystery turn one wheel,
> Give you a single grind of law at least!
> One orator of two on either side,
> Shall teach us the puissance of the tongue—
> That is o' the pen which simulated tongue—
> On paper.

For the pleadings were all in writing; fortunately for the poe ourselves, as they were thus preserved entire in the yellow book we next read—

> How Don Giacinto of the Arcangeli,
> Called Procurator of the Poor at Rome,
> Now advocate for Guido and his mates,—
> . . . . . .
> How he turns, twists, and tries the oily thing
> Shall be—first speech for Guido 'gainst the Fisc.

And then—

> Giovambattista o' the Battini, Fisc,
> Pompilia's patron by the chance of the hour,
> To-morrow her persecutor,—composite, he,
> As becomes who must meet such various calls—
> . . . . . .
> How the Fisc vindicates Pompilia's fame.

Then we have the manner of the judgment of the Pope o appeal:—

> Then must speak Guido yet a second time,
> Satan's old saw being apt here—skin for skin,

All that a man hath will he give for life.
While life was graspable and gainable, free
To bird-like buzz her wings round Guido's brow,
Not much truth stiffened out the web of words
He wove to catch her: when away she flew
And death came, death's breath rivelled up the lies,
Left bare the metal thread, the fibre fine
Of truth i' the spinning: the true words come last.
How Guido, to another purpose quite,
Speaks and despairs, the last night of his life,
In that New Prison by Castle Angelo
At the bridge-foot: the same man, another voice.

. . . . . .

The tiger-cat screams now, that whined before,
That pried and tried and trod so gingerly,
Till in its silkiness the trap-teeth join;
Then you know how the bristling fury foams.

The closing section, called "The Book and the Ring," is an epilogue corresponding to the prologue of "The Ring and the Book;" each concluding with an impassioned apostrophe to the poet's Lyric Love, half angel and half bird, buried there in Florence some years before.

As I have said already, these iterations and reiterations of the same terrible story, told by so many typical and historical personages as beheld from so many standpoints, are the very reverse of monotonous; each new relation tends to deepen and expand the impression left by all that preceded it. The persistent repetition is as that of the smith's hammer-strokes welding the red-hot iron into shape; or rather as that of the principal theme in a great Beethoven fugue, growing ever more and more potent and predominant as its vast capabilities are more and more developed through countless intricate variations and transmutations of time and key and structure and accompaniment. Only, to adequately evolve these capabilities, we must have the consummate master; an imperial genius wielding unlimited resources; an insuppressible irresistible fire fed with inexhaustible fuel. I know of but one other living English poet to whom we can turn for the like supreme analytic synthesis, the patient analysis of a most subtle and unappeasable intellect, the organic synthesis of a most vivid and dramatic imagination; which the better critics at length publicly recognised in the "Egoist," after almost ignoring or wholly underrating them in the "Modern Love," the "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," the "Emilia in England," the "Adventures of Harry Richmond," and other great original works of George Meredith.

Of course, I have no intention of reviewing in detail the several

sections of this vast and multiplex achievement; on which as many commentaries might be written, and I humbly opine to somewhat better purpose, as the Germans have lavished upon Goethe's "Faust." Our professional judges have not been slow to acknowledge the chivalrous splendour of the Caponsacchi and the exquisite pathetic beauty of the Pompilia. Indeed, one may remark of Browning and his Pompilia, as of Dante and his Beatrice, that whenever she is brought in, however austere or terrible or vile the surroundings, immediately an ineffable sweetness, a divine tenderness, suffuses and thrills the verse. The marvellous power and insight of the two Guido sections have been equally acknowledged. The excellent critic of the *Westminster Review* gave his verdict against the couple devoted to the lawyers; "the malt is the best in England, but the beer is bad." In this I cannot concur. To me they represent the grinning gargoyles and grotesque carvings of the Gothic cathedral; the "noble grotesque" of Ruskin, the sport of a strong and earnest, not the serious business of a weak and frivolous mind. In the passage from which I have already quoted, Mr. Swinburne, referring to such pieces as the two Guidos, writes, "This work of exposition by soliloquy and apology by analysis can only be accomplished or undertaken by the genius of a great special pleader, able to fling himself with all his heart and all his brain, with all the force of his intellect and all the strength of his imagination, into the assumed part of his client; to concentrate on the cause in hand his whole power of illustration and illumination, and bring to bear upon one point at once all the rays of his thought in one focus." But what infinite contempt, genial and jolly in the first case, acrid in the other, Browning pours out upon these professional hireling special pleaders! His own object in such pieces as "Bishop Blougram's Apology," "Mr. Sludge, 'the Medium,'" the "Prince of Hohenstiel-Schwangau," is by no means to prove black white and white black, to make the worse appear the better reason, but to bring a seeming monster and perplexing anomaly under the common laws of nature, by showing how it has grown to be what it is, and how it can with more or less of self-illusion reconcile itself to itself. The one great section to which I think less than justice has been done is that of the Pope, with its awful prelude,—

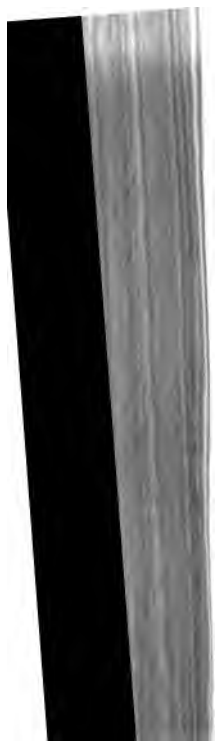
> Ere I confirm or quash the Trial here
> Of Guido Franceschini and his friends,
> Read,—how there was a ghastly Trial once
> Of a dead man by a live man, and both, Popes:
> Thus—in the antique penman's very phrase.

I know nothing that surpasses the wisdom, the true saintliness, th

invincible firmness of the great good old Pope in this decisive monologue.

An author whom we should love for that sole sentence, wrote of his wife, "To love her was a liberal education." It would be scarcely rash to say the like of this one greatest work of our poet, who has wrought so much else that is only less great.

JAMES THOMSON.



... large, than the study of th
whereby the races of animals and plant
world, and maintain a continuous and u
existence. In such studies, more than i
near glimpses of Nature's ways and met
universe of living beings; whilst the l
calculated to enforce respecting the orde
not the least important result of these i
even the most commonplace object may
research, be made to yield an amount of
which we might be wholly unprepared.
and of uninquiring moods and tenses, if n
past, is happily already in its twilight sta
primer of botany in hand, understands th
generation simply wondered. And even
study may occasionally be expressed by t
thian phrase of "thoughts beyond tear
plant-life has ample reason to congratulate
the mastery of many ideas, which in past
the poetic category of "expressive silence.
by the "river's brim," in truth, but it is no l
rose. On the contrary, the flower is in gr
mechanism of its life is well-nigh complete
and, best of all, its study has led in the pa
the comprehe...

By the "fertilisation" of a plant is meant to be indicated those actions or processes in virtue of which those little bodies or "ovules" developed in the seed-vessel (Fig. 1, *p*) become "seeds,"

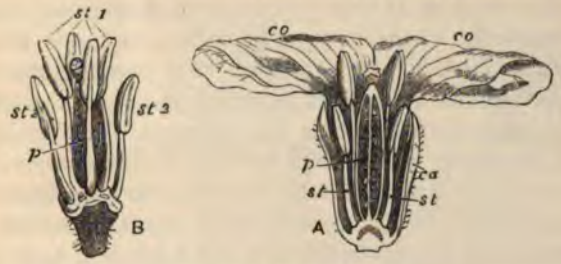


FIG. 1 (A). WALLFLOWER.

and through which they are fitted to develop into new plants. The unfertilised ovule is incapable of producing a new plant.

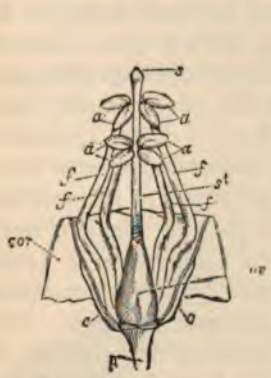


FIG. 1 (B). FOXGLOVE.

FIG. 1 (C). SNAPDRAGON.

When set in the ground it would simply decay as if it were a leaf or other detached and dead portion of the plant-economy. When, on the contrary, it is duly fertilised, the ovule, becoming the "seed," has become possessed of the powers and properties in virtue of which it is capable of evolving the form of the parent-plant from which it was derived. So much for the very necessary botanical distinction between "ovule" and "seed." The process of fertilisation is thus seen to be that on which the continuance of plant-existence depends. More closely regarded, it is known to be that which is capable under certain conditions of giving origin to new races or varieties of the plant-species. When the horticulturist, taking the pollen from one species or variety of plant, applies this fertilising matter to the ovules

The pelargoniums of our conserva
and varieties, which cross-fertilisatio
produced from the small-petaled s
results, among countless others, woul
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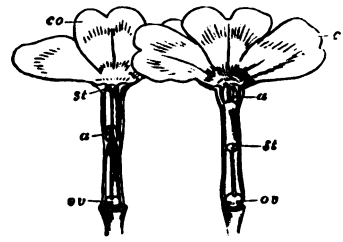

FIG. 2. PRIMROSES.

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most part, coloured green, its obvious use being to form a protective envelope for the other organs of the flower. Within the calyx, we descry the *corolla* (Fig. 2, *co*). This is the circle of *petals* or leaves which, *par excellence*, we call the "flower," because it constitutes in the vast majority of flowers the bright and showy portion thereof. A flower might botanically or physiologically be perfect enough minus its corolla; although the eye, missing the bright petals, would be apt to regard such a plant as wanting the first and chiefest element of the blossom. The common nettle, for instance, appears to possess no "flowers" in the popular and accustomed sense of the term; but when we examine the plant, we readily discover that it possesses parts corresponding to the flowers (Fig. 3) of other plants. In the greater nettle, the flowers of one plant are essentially different (in that they possess "stamens" alone)

FIG. 3. NETTLE-FLOWERS.

FIG. 4 (A). FEMALE OR PISTILLATE FLOWERS OF WILLOW.

FIG. 4 (B). MALE OR STAMINATE FLOWERS OF WILLOW.

from those of another plant (which possess "pistils" only). But in the lesser nettle, or in the oak (Fig. 5, A, B), these distinct flowers are found on one and the same plant. No vestige of colour appears in either, however; and when we study the flowers in question, we find that a corolla is wanting, although a calyx is present. Again, in the willow, which, like the greater nettle, has its stamens and pistils

FIG. 5 (A). MALE OR STAMINATE FLOWE

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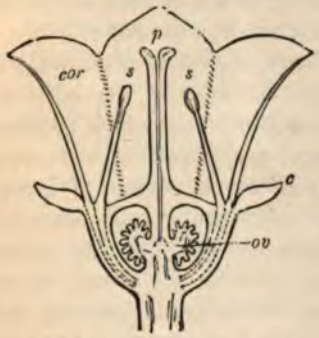

FIG. 6 (A). PARTS OF A FLOWER (CAMPANULA).

FIG. 6 (B). FLOWER OF SAXIFRAGE IN SECTUM.

pieces, or "carpels," of which a pistil is composed, may either be free and distinct, or closely united and adherent to each other; whilst a second fact of importance in the general description of

FIG. 7. STAMENS OF IRIS.

FIG. 8. STAMEN OF AMARYLLIS.

FIG. 9. PISTIL OF CHINESE PRIMROSE.

flower structure, consists in the declaration that the ripe and mature pistil is the *fruit* in botanical parlance. True, there may, as in the strawberry (Fig. 10), be found united to the ripe pistil certain other parts which constitute the edible and desirable portion of the plant. The true pistil in the strawberry consists of the little yellow carpels, (Fig. 10, *f*), usually called "seeds," which are imbedded in th

fleshy mass of the fruit. But the æsthetics of taste must be neglected in the strict descriptions of science, and that alone is the "fruit," in the eyes of the botanist, which is formed by the ripened pistil, or central organ of the flower.

Fig. 10. Strawberry.

All parts of the flower, it must be observed, are not of equal value in the eyes of the botanist. Those organs—stamens and pistil—which produce and elaborate the seed, are physiologically more important than the circlets or whorls of leaves which, in the form of calyx and corolla, surround and protect them. Yet the latter organs play their own part in the production of seeds, and in some cases serve as the actual means whereby special modes of fertilisation are primarily induced and carried out. As the sequel may show, indeed, the calyx and corolla —which in previous years were deemed mere "floral envelopes," being credited, as such, with a merely protective function—have largely risen in importance in the estimation of the botanical world; since on the form, colour, size, &c., of the corolla especially, largely depend the working of those mutual relations which have been formed between the insect-world on the one hand, and the world of flowers on the other. Peculiarity of a corolla implies, botanically, as a rule, peculiarity of fertilisation; and the importance of the blossom becomes plainly apparent to us when we discover that in place of the somewhat limited function formerly assigned to it by the unscientific philosopher—namely, that of affording delight to man by its beauty —it subserves the truer and more logical mission of aiding materially the increase of the race to which it belongs, and of which it forms such a characteristic part.

Turning to the primrose for practical illustration of the foregoing precepts, we may readily enough find in its structure plain instruction in the build of the flower. The circle of green leaves placed outside the yellow blossom is, of course, the calyx. This green cup consists of five leaves or sepals united in the primrose, but free and easily separable in the buttercup or wallflower (Fig. 1, A, *ca*). The blossom or corolla (Fig. 2, *co*) of the primrose exhibits similarly a united condition of parts. We can tell that it consists of five petals, or leaves, by counting its prominent lobes or projections. When we tear the corolla in two, longwise, we readily perceive the five stamens (*a*), which, however, in the primrose, exhibit a somewhat peculiar position, in that, instead of arising from the end of the flower-stalk, like the other organs of the flower, they spring from the sides of the united petals (Fig. 2). If we seize the corolla of a primrose by its upper

portion, and pull it gently upwards, the entire blossom with its attached stamens will become detached from the flower-stalk, leaving the calyx and pistil on the latter organ. Then tearing or cutting away the calyx, we may be favoured with a clear view of the pistil itself, seated on the extremity of the flower-stalk. In the pistil (Fig. 9) we behold a body consisting below of the swelled or rounded pisturi already mentioned, the ovary (*ov*), which, being cut across, is seen to contain numerous seeds or ovules, as the case may be, arranged around a central pillar named the *placenta*. From the upper part of the ovary arises a long stalk, the style (*st*) of the pistil; and the style, in its turn, is capped by a flat head, the stigma (*sg*). In the pistil of the primrose we therefore see the three typical parts, already noted as constituting the central organ of the flower. The pistil in this case, it may be remarked, consists of five carpels, so closely united that it is only by the aid of the "law of symmetry" (or that demonstrating the general correspondence of numbers in the flower-parts) that we can determine its composition. Five is the ruling number in the calyx, corolla, and stamens. Hence we conclude that the pistil of the primrose in its composition will conform to the type of the other whorls of the flower.

The physiology of the flower naturally follows the consideration of its structure. Living action, in other words, forms the natural corollary to living machinery or structure; hence we may fitly inquire into the manner in which the work of fertilisation is carried on in the economy of the primrose. Leaving for after treatment, the more special features of fertilisation, the general scope of the function whereby, as we have seen, the immature "ovules" are converted into "seeds"—each capable of developing, when planted, into a new primrose—may be readily appreciated. The stamens, each possessing as its essential part the *anther* or head (Figs. 7 and 8, *a*), develop the yellow dust, or pollen, as one of the two elements concerned in the work of plant-development and reproduction. Sooner or later, the anthers of the stamens open in one way or other so as to allow the pollen to escape; and, viewed under the microscope, the pollen-grains are seen to vary greatly in size and form in different species of plants. The grains of pollen may be round (Fig. 11) or oval in form; in the evening primrose (Fig. 13) and fuchsia, they are of triangular shape; in the hollyhock and melon (Fig. 14) they are spinous; and in the orchids they are united to form masses (Fig. 12) called *pollinia*.

The pollen-grains being conveyed to the stigma (Fig. 9, *sg*) of the pistil, they are there attached by the aid of a glutinous secretion, which

may likewise be credited with a specific influence on the pollen-grains, in that it appears to stimulate the curious development they next evince. This development consists in the rupture of the outer

FIG. 11. POLLEN-GRAINS EMITTING POLLEN-TUBES.

FIG. 14. POLLEN-GRAIN OF MELON EMITTING CONTENTS.

FIG. 12. POLLEN-MASSES OF ORCHID

FIG. 13. POLLEN-GRAIN OF EVENING PRIMROSE (MAGNIFIED).

of the two layers of which each pollen-grain consists. Through the ruptured outer coat, the inner layer begins to grow in the form of a long tube—the *pollen-tube* (Fig. 11)—which penetrates the tissue of the style (Fig. 15), and grows downwards to reach the ovules contained in the ovary. In some plants the pollen-tubes emitted from one pollen-grain may be very numerous, although as a rule one tube grows from each grain.

Now, the essence of fertilisation (*i.e.* the production of a "seed" fitted to produce a new plant) appears to consist in the contact of the pollen-tube with the ovule, so that the viscid matter called *fovilla*, contained within the pollen-grain, may be applied to the structures of the ovule. The most important part of the ovule itself is a small cellular body called the *nucleus*, enveloped in a couple of coverings. The hollow interior of the nucleus is named the *embryo-sac*, and an opening called the *micropyle* also exists in the coats of the ovule. Through this opening the pollen-tube passes, gaining admittance thereby to the nucleus, and thence to its hollow or embryo-sac, wherein the fovilla, or contents of the pollen-grain, are discharged. Such is the

work of fertilisation, and such are the processes in virtue of which the ovule becomes the seed. As the result of these processes, the "embryo," or young plant, is duly formed within the embryo-sac,

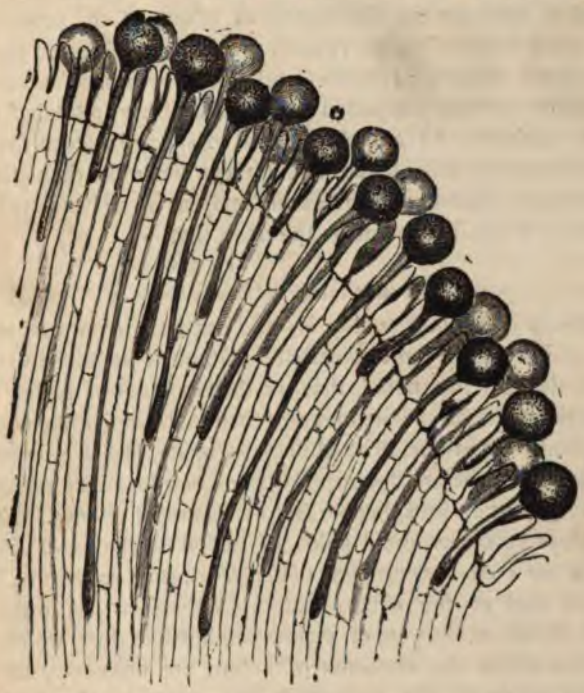

Fig. 15. Pollen-tubes of Datura penetrating the style (Magnified).

and thus, even before the seed is planted, development has already proceeded to a certain extent. In the seed of a pea or bean (Fig. 16), for instance, we readily perceive the rudiment of the stem (*p*), the beginning of the root (*r*), and likewise the first appendages or "seed leaves (*c*)," which that stem will develope. The process of fertilisation, thus described in its essential nature, involves in the case of certain plants some curious details, the mere mention of which may stimulate to an independent research into botanical lore. Thus, often the pollen-tubes may require, from the length of the style of the pistil, to grow to a large relative extent. In the crocus, the pollen-tube requires to grow to a length of 3 inches before it can reach the ovules in the ovary. The number of pollen-grains in flowers may be

Fig. 16. Section of Bean.

apparently in excess of all reasonable proportions—a fact to be accounted for on the well-founded idea that the pollen of a flower is not usually limited to that particular flower's wants, but may be destined to serve for the fertilisation of others of the same species. In the great flowered cactus (*Cactus grandiflorus*), Morren says there are about 500 anthers, 24 stigmas, and 30,000 ovules. Assuming that each anther contains 500 pollen-grains, this will give a total of 250,000 grains to each flower; and the interval or space between the stigma and the ovules of this plant is about 1,150 times the diameter of the pollen-grains. Nature appears exceedingly lavish in her development of pollen. If the Tennysonian aphorism that—

> Of fifty seeds
> She often brings but one to bear,

be true—as it unquestionably is—the apparent over-production of pollen-grains is even more remarkable, although we have to take into account the fact just noted, that the development of pollen bears a relation rather to the species and race than to the individual necessities of the plant. Otherwise, Fritz Müller's estimate, that in a single flower of *Maxillaria* there are developed 34,000,000 grains of pollen, must present itself as an inexplicable fact of botanical science. Even the wheat-plant produces about 50lbs. of pollen to the acre. And the pollen of the cone-bearing plants (*Coniferæ*), such as the firs, larches, pines, or that of the catkin-bearers (*Amentiferæ*), is often borne through the air as showers of yellow sulphur-like dust, which, falling in regions where the elements of botany are unknown, cause perturbation amongst the unlearned, and result in the penning of epistles to "Mr. Editor" by way of inquiry whether or not the sulphureous shower is a portent or grave omen of coming disaster or impending peril.

The phenomena of fertilisation just detailed take place in our primrose, as in all ordinary plants; but whilst there exists a uniformity in the details of this process, there is also found a literally amazing variety in the fashions whereby pollen is conveyed to the stigma of the pistil. Once placed in the natural position for fertilisation, the growth of the pollen-tube follows as a matter of course. But the means whereby the pollen reaches the stigma, and the various fashions in which it may gain its ultimate position on the pistil, constitute features in which are bound up some of the most important issues of plant existence. To rightly comprehend the bearing of fertilisation, a glance at our wallflower (Fig. 1, A), primrose (Fig. 2), foxglove (Fig. 1, B), or buttercup will suffice as a starting-point for further investigation. Within the primrose and the buttercup are situated, as

we have seen, the two sets of organs—stamens and pistil—necessary to secure the production of seed and the continuance of the race. Hence it might form a very natural and reasonable inference, that the pollen from the numerous stamens of a buttercup flower should be used to fertilise the ovules of the pistil of that flower. Such a process—that in which a flower's own pollen is used to fertilise its own ovules—is termed "self-fertilisation." Looking at the vast majority of our flowers and plants, which possess each a perfect array of stamens and pistil, the normal course of things seems strongly suggestive of self-fertilisation. Hence, in the days of Linnæus, self-fertilisation was undoubtedly believed to be the rule of nature. Now, there can be no question whatever that "self-fertilisation" does occur in nature, but there is as little doubt that it is the exception, and not—as botanists from the days of Linnæus well-nigh to our own day have maintained—the rule, of plant life. There can be little doubt, for instance, that many small species of the buttercup order (*Ranunculaceæ—e.g. Ranunculus hederaceus*) are self-fertilised, because we find the stamens to arch over the pistil, and to shed their pollen on the carpels. In *Agrimonia*, in the same order, the stamens, at first curved outwards, curve inwards, so as to bring the pollen within easy reach of the stigmas. So, also, in a species of Malvaceæ (*Malva rotundifolia*), Müller has demonstrated that this plant is self-fertilised, since stigmas and anthers actually intertwine, and are thus placed in the most favourable position for the fertilisation of the ovules. Some species of *Geraniaceæ* (*e.g. Geranium pusillum*) are self-fertilising likewise; and many flowers belonging to the rose tribe (*Rosaceæ*), such as *Potentilla*, fertilise themselves.

It is a remarkable fact that in certain plants (*e.g.* many violets; *Lamium amplexicaule*; *Oxalis*, &c.) very small, inconspicuous, and closed flowers are produced in addition to the ordinary conspicuous and, as we shall see, "cross" or insect-fertilised flowers. These closed flowers have been named "cleistogamous"—a term applied by Kuhn in 1867. They are self-fertilised, and produce numerous seeds; and their occurrence in the same plant along with cross-fertilised blossoms may perhaps be best explained on the theory that, whilst the ordinary and less fertile flowers will afford to the plant the advantages and benefits which accrue from "cross-fertilisation," the "cleistogamous" flowers may be regarded as the normal means for the ordinary increase of the race. What the flower loses in variation by the sparing fertility of the cross-fertilised flowers, it may gain in the number of seeds which the cleistogamous flowers produce. Cleistogamous flowers likewise tend to economise pollen.

Whilst 400 pollen-grains may serve the purpose of close or self-fertilisation in *Oxalis*, or even 100 grains in some violets, three-and-a-half million grains may be produced in the insect-fertilised flowers of the peony, and many millions in the case of wind-fertilised flowers, whose pollen, like that of the firs, has to be distributed over immense areas of land.

There appears, therefore, to be a proportion of plants in which the existence of stamens and pistil in the same flower—the normal condition of matters in ordinary plants—is meant to and does secure the fertilisation of the ovules by the flower's own pollen. Why, then, seeing that the presence of correlated stamens and pistils in each flower appears to be a common condition of plant life, do we assume that not self-fertilisation but the opposite process—*cross-fertilisation*—is the rule of nature? The reply to this query involves more than one important consideration. Let us briefly endeavour to find a convenient starting-point in the familiar flower which Peter Bell despised, and which, to minds of utilitarian type amongst ourselves, is but a primrose still, and "nothing more."

If we study the structure of the primroses we may gather in a bed of these flowers, it will be found that the blossoms obtained from one set of plants will vary in certain respects from the flowers of the other and neighbouring plants. There is no difference in appearance or in outward aspect between the primroses, because the differences referred to merely affect the position of the stamens and the length of the style (or "neck" of the pistil) in each variety. But we may readily discover that, selecting any one primrose plant, all the flowers of that plant will be either long-styled (Fig. 2 A) or short-styled (Fig. 2 B), and will not exhibit a mixture of the two varieties. "The two kinds of flowers," says Mr. Darwin, speaking of the long and short-styled cowslips, which form a closely allied species to the primroses, "are never found on the same individual plant;" and he also remarks that he has never met with any transitional states between the two forms growing in a state of nature. The cowslips and other allies of the primrose exhibit a like disposition of parts. Thus, when we slit one of the primroses longwise, we see that the stamens (Fig. 2 B, *a*) are placed high up on the petals or near the top of the corolla, and the style is comparatively short. In the other variety (Fig. 2 A, *a*), the stamens are placed far down within the tube of the corolla, whilst the style is so long that the stigma (*sg*) appears to block up the entrance to that tube, and reaches to the top of the petals. Thus we speak of "short-styled" (B) and "long-styled" (A) flowers in primrose and in all other plants in

which these conditions occur; whilst, popularly, the short-styled forms are called "thrum-eyed," and the long-styled ones "pin-eyed." Such a disposition of stamens and pistil also occurs in *Pulmonaria officinalis*, in *Linum perenne*, and in other plants, which are hence called *Dimorphic*, *i.e.* having two forms of flower. And in some plants (*e.g.* Oxalis and the Spiked Loosestrife or *Lythrum Salicaria*), three varieties of flowers are known, and these latter are named *Trimorphic* in consequence.

Returning to our primroses, we find that the pollen-grains of the two forms of flower differ in size. Those of the long-styled primroses (A) are smaller than those of the short-styled flowers. Mr. Darwin remarks of the pollen-grains of the latter flowers, that "before they were soaked in water, they were decidedly broader, in proportion to their length, than those from the long-styled; after being soaked, they were relatively to those from the long-styled as 100 to 71 in diameter, and more transparent." Mr. Darwin also compared these two forms of flowers in other respects. He found that the seeds of the short-styled flowers "weighed exactly twice as much as those from an equal number of long-styled plants," the short-styled being the more productive of the two forms. As final facts concerning the differences between the two varieties, it may be noted that the stigma or head of the pistil in the long-styled form is more distinctly globular and roughened on its surface than that of the short-styled primroses; whilst the stigma in each form stands nearly, but not quite, on a level with the anthers of the opposite variety.

What can be affirmed, as a matter of observation, to be the meaning and purpose of this diverse arrangement of stamens and pistils in these plants? Meaning it must have, and that one which is closely bound up with the history of the species. So it was found, when, through Darwin's researches, contributed to the Linnæan Society's Transactions in 1862, it was clearly demonstrated that the arrangement in question had reference to the *cross-fertilisation* of the primroses and of all other plants in which a like diversity of structure was found. Mr. Darwin then pointed out that the structure of the primrose was eminently adapted to favour the visits of insects as aids in procuring the fertilisation of the long-styled flowers by the pollen of the short-styled flowers, and *vice versa*. Such an interchange of pollen is accomplished in a manner readily understood. Suppose that an insect —such as a humblebee—first visits a long-styled flower (Fig. 17, 2), drawn to the primrose in search of the nectar which this flower, the cowslip, and other members of the genus secrete in quantity. The proboscis of the bee will be thrust into the tube of the corolla, and

in the act of nectar-gathering will unconsciously dust its proboscis with pollen nearer the tip of that organ than the base. Suppose next that the bee, with its pollen-laden proboscis, flies to another primrose plant of the short-styled variety. The proboscis, inserted therein as before, will come into contact with the low-lying stigma, and upon this surface will be left the pollen which was gathered from the stamens of the long-styled flower. Thus interchange the first is accomplished. But when visiting the short-styled flower (1), the bee's proboscis, coming in contact with the stamens (placed at the top of the flower), is dusted near the base with short-styled pollen. Hence the next visit paid to a long-styled flower results in the placing of pollen from the short-styled flower upon the stigma of the long-styled primrose. The stigma of the latter is placed, as we have seen, at the top of the flower (Fig. 17, 2), and it is thus well calculated to meet the base of the bee's "tongue," which has been dusted with short-styled pollen. Interchange the second is thus accomplished, and the *cross-fertilisation* of the primrose race becomes a matter of well-nigh absolute certainty. As indicated in the annexed figure, from Darwin (Fig. 17), the "legitimate" (A) fertilisation is that which occurs when pollen from the long-styled form is placed on the short-styled pistil, and *vice versâ*. The "illegitimate" fertilisation (B) is self-fertilisation in either case; namely, through the pollen of either flower being placed upon its own stigma. Darwin's own words, applying to his observations on the cowslip (*Primula veris*), may be read with interest as applying likewise to the similar arrangement in the allied primrose. After noting that humblebees, and likewise moths, visit these flowers, Darwin says: "It follows from the position of the organs (anthers and stigmas) that if the proboscis of a dead humblebee, or a thick bristle or rough needle, be pushed down the corolla, first of one form and then of the other, as an insect would do in visiting the two forms growing mingled together, pollen from the long-stamened form adheres round the base of the object, and is left with certainty on the stigma of the long-styled form; whilst pollen from the short stamens of the long-styled form adheres a little way above the extremity of the object, and some is generally left on the stigma of the other form." Mr. Darwin is also careful to note that "self-fertilisa-

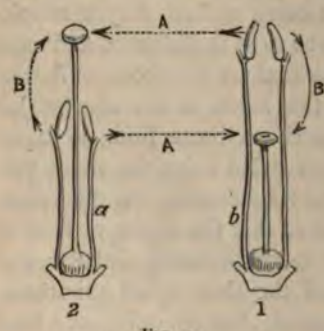

FIG. 17.

tion" must occasionally occur in these flowers, through "an insect, in withdrawing its proboscis from the corolla of the long-styled form," leaving pollen from the flower on that flower's own stigma. Such a result will occur most frequently in the case of the short-styled flowers, as may be experimentally demonstrated, and small insects, such as those belonging to the genus *Thrips*, wandering aimlessly about within the flower may likewise be the means of inducing self-fertilisation. But, as if in anticipation of such defeat of her clear intent and purpose, we find a very significant observation brought to light in the fact that even if a flower's own pollen be placed on its pistil, *cross-fertilisation* may yet take place, inasmuch as pollen from a different form of flower seems to be capable of obliterating the effect of the flower's own pollen, "even," adds Mr. Darwin, "when this has been placed on the stigma a considerable time before." An experiment of very crucial nature supplies an instance of the prepotent effect of foreign pollen over a flower's own. On the stigma of a long-styled cowslip Mr. Darwin placed "plenty of pollen from the same plant." After a lapse of twenty-four hours he added pollen "from a short-styled dark-red polyanthus, which is a variety of the cowslip. From the flowers thus treated thirty seedlings were raised, and all these, without exception, bore reddish flowers; so that the effect of pollen from the same form, though placed on the stigmas twenty-four hours previously, was quite destroyed by that of pollen from a plant belonging to the other form."

The philosophy of primrose-existence can hardly be said to be in any sense comprehended through the mere knowledge of the contrivances which exist in that flower for the prevention of self-fertilisation and the favouring of the opposite process. On the contrary, the philosophy which carries with it the understanding and appreciation of the system and order of nature is only discernible when, firstly, we step forth more fully "into the light of things," and when, secondly, we discover, from such wider views of flower-life, the advantages gained and the ends served by the processes under consideration. Hence, for the present, we may turn with profit from the polity of a primrose to discuss some analogous feature in that wider realm of flowers to which the primrose and its kind may fitly introduce us. After such survey we may, with additional likelihood of arriving at just conclusions respecting the philosophy of plant-life, return to the Primula and its lessons once more.

It has been already remarked that self-fertilisation is the exception and cross-fertilisation the rule of plant-nature. At any rate, the cases where cross-fertilisation is obviously the process which b:

manifold contrivances nature seeks to further and effect, increase in number year by year. Although self-fertilisation does occur, and is a possibility even with normally cross-fertilised plants, yet the whole drift of modern botanical teaching tends towards the recognition or the mutual interchange of pollen betwixt related flowers as the normal way of plant-reproduction. Nor do the comparative results—to be hereafter detailed—of cross and self-fertilisation in the least degree vitiate these conclusions. On the other hand, every fact of botany dealing with ascertained results of the one method of fertilisation, as compared with those obtained by the other, testifies to the enormous gain, possible and actual, to the plant-creation through the effects of cross-fertilisation. The presence of so many different methods whereby this end is secured constitutes an eloquent fact in favour of the supposition that the normal way of plant-life undoubtedly lies in the direction of pollen-interchange, as a necessity for energetic development and for the full fruition of the races and tribes of plants that people earth's firmament.

Within the limits of the present paper it would be impossible to enter into the discussion of those peculiarities of insect structure which have been developed or modified in turn like the forms of flowers for the due performance of the work of cross-fertilisation. It may suffice at present to simply point out that the conformation of the legs of certain insects, as well as the form of the mouth-parts, and even the hairiness of body or the reverse conditions, all bear witness to special adaptation in different insects for the fertilisation of special flowers. Certain insects are known to confine their visits to special plants—some to one species of plant only; and probably, when this department of the subject is more fully and completely studied, the number of cases in which insect-visitation is of a rigid or exclusive kind, will be largely increased.

The two chief methods of cross-fertilisation, or, in other words, of flower-fertilisation at large, are thus: (1) insects, or more rarely birds, snails, &c.; (2) the *wind*; whilst (3) pollen may be floated *on water* from one plant to another, as in the case of *Vallisneria spiralis*. Botanists term plants fertilised by insects "entomophilous," and those fertilised by the wind "anemophilous." Some plants, *e.g.* common rhubarb (Darwin), and some species of Plantago (Delpino and H. Müller) exhibit an intermediate condition, in that they may be fertilised in either way. The wind-fertilised plants, as an "invariable rule," according to Darwin, possess small and inconspicuous flowers, whilst the insect-fertilised flowers, as might be expected, are conspicuous, or, if not brightly coloured, are strong smelling. Moreover,

there are certain conspicuous differences between the pollen and its quantity, and between the form of the stigma, &c., in wind-fertilised and insect-fertilised flowers.

The pollen of the wind-fertilised plants is produced in far greater quantity than that of the insect-dependent flowers. Then, also, the former flower opens before the leaves are in full growth, in order that the clouds of pollen may gain easy access to the pistils; whilst their stigmas are usually branched and bending (*e.g.*, alder, wheat, &c.), so as the more readily to intercept and detain the pollen in its wind-flights. Allusion has already been made to the showers of pollen emitted by coniferous trees, and it may be added here that bucketfuls of pollen from conifers and grasses are occasionally swept off the decks of vessels off North American coasts; whilst North American lakes may be covered over a considerable area of their surface by the yellow pollen of the pines. Most of our cereals are presumably wind-fertilised; and the importance of light breezes in the early summer may therefore be a matter of consideration in respect of the full ears of autumn. Hooibrenk and Kœrnicke, in their practical suggestion, carried out in Belgium and Germany, of drawing a rope across the full-flowered ears so as to distribute pollen and cross-fertilise the plants, seem therefore to have imitated nature's method. The question of the wind-fertilisation of the cereals, it may be remarked, however, is at present an open one, since some botanists elect to believe that the wind-distributed pollen is simply the excess or useless pollen remaining after fertilisation has been accomplished; the actual agency in scattering abroad the fertilising dust being said to be the sudden extension and elasticity of the stalks of the stamens.

That cross-fertilisation is the rule of nature is a fact amply demonstrated by the well-nigh endless contrivances in flower-structure, form, appearance, and function, through which the interchange of pollen is brought about. Let us briefly glance at the outlines of such a study. Allusion has already been made to cases in which a separation of stamens and pistil takes place as a normal condition of many plants. Such separation may proceed to the extent of placing stamens in one set of flowers, and pistils in another set on the *same* plant; or it may be illustrated by the more complete isolation of these organs, so that in the latter case we find all the flowers on one plant to be "staminate," and all the "pistillate" flowers to be borne on another plant. The lesser nettle, for instance, has its stamens and pistils in different flowers on the same plant, as also have the oak, melon, cucumber, maize, hop, hazel, carex, &c. The greater nettle, on the other hand, bears on one plant none but staminate

flowers, and on another plant none but pistil-bearing flowers; whilst hemp, willow, the variegated laurel (*Aucuba Japonica*), palms, &c., also illustrate the complete separation of stamens and pistil. Other conditions, more or less uniting these dispositions of the stamens and pistil, may be found in flowers. In a daisy—which is a collection of flowers—we find the outer or white florets to possess pistils but no stamens, and the yellow and central florets to possess both stamens and pistil. We can readily discern that all such arrangements secure pollen of essentially foreign kind for fertilisation. Self-fertilisation is, in fact, impossible in such cases as those just described; and some very curious facts are found in botanical archives concerning the difficulties experienced in obtaining "seeds" where one of the necessary elements —usually the pollen—for fertilisation was absent. The variegated laurel presents a case in point. The first specimen of this species introduced from Japan was a pistillate or female plant, and could produce ovules from its flowers, but no "seeds," inasmuch as no pollen from another and staminate plant was forthcoming. The plant was largely reproduced from slips alone until within comparatively recent years, when staminate plants being imported, pollen was then forthcoming for the production of seed. The Egyptians have long been in the habit of bringing palm-branches bearing stamens from the desert, in order to fertilise the domesticated pistillate or fruit-bearing palms grown at home. This necessary process was frustrated in 1808, when the French occupied Egypt, and when the stamen-laden branches could not, in consequence of foreign invasion, be procured. In the well-known *Vallisneria spiralis*, a water-plant of Southern Europe, which, like the willow and palm, has stamens and pistils on separate plants, the pistillate flowers are borne to the surface at the proper period by the relaxing of a spirally coiled stalk on which they are supported. The stamen-bearing flowers, on the contrary, are borne on short stalks, and, becoming detached therefrom, float to the surface of the water. There they scatter their pollen, which reaches the pistillate flowers, and the latter being fertilised, are drawn by their stalks once more beneath the water, where the seeds mature and the fruit in due course ripens.

The present is perhaps a fitting stage of our inquiries to remark that the tendency towards cross-fertilisation in nature is nowhere more strongly marked than in cases where a plant is utterly infertile with its own pollen, but perfectly fertile when impregnated with pollen from another plant of the same species, or, in some notable instances, from an entirely different species of plant. Species of passion-flowers have been found sterile with their own pollen,

although "slight changes in their conditions, such as being grafted on another stock, or a change of temperature, rendered them self-fertile." More extraordinary still, however, is the knowledge of the fact that the pollen of some orchids actually acts like a poison if placed in what one would have deemed the most natural position for it, namely, on their own stigmas. Such facts as these entirely alter the former conceptions of a "species," as a group the members of which were fertile *inter se*, but infertile with members even of nearly allied species; and such knowledge supplies a wholesome corrective to the theory that species are separate, independent, and distinct entities both as to origin and after-relations.

If nature contrives by such means to effect cross-fertilisation, there exist ample fields for the demonstration of a like result in other and very varied fashions. In a very large number of flowers, for instance, the stamens ripen and discharge their pollen before the pistil is ripe, or the ovules ready for fertilisation. In other cases, but more rarely, the pistil ripens before the stamens. The former case is illustrated by most species of geraniums, pelargoniums, by harebells, and other *Campanulaceæ* (Fig. 6, A), by many umbelliferous plants, by pinks, sweetwilliam, and allied plants, and by many plants of the daisy and dandelion type (*Compositæ*). The latter case (of the earlier ripening of the pistil) is illustrated by the rib-grass (*Plantago*) of the roadsides, by the cuckoo pint (*Arum*, Fig. 18), and other plants. One or two familiar illustrations will suffice to show how clearly and effectually nature carries out her intention of securing cross-fertilisation by different periods of ripening in stamens and pistils.

The pink, or carnation (Fig. 19), in its first condition, exhibits the case of a plant possessing stamens alone. These organs ripen, discharge their pollen (which is carried by insects to flowers whose pistil may be ripe), and then die away. After the stamens, and with them all chances of self-fertilisation, have disappeared, the pistil matures, and its style and stigma develope fully (Fig. 19), and it is then fertilised by foreign pollen—that is, by pollen from a pink whose stamens are at that period in full development. So also is it with thyme, whose stamens ripen first; and with the Canterbury bells, harebells, and like flowers. In the campanulas, anthers and pistil are closely related before the flower opens; and when the anthers discharge their pollen, it is shed upon the style or stalk of the pistil; and only after the stamens have shrivelled up and their pollen has been carried away by insect agency to other "bell-flowers," does the pistil develope fully, and its three conspicuous stigmas open out so as to receive pollen from another and, at that period, pollen-producing flower. In

FIG. 18. ARUM.

FIG. 19. CA

ripen first, and where the stamens do not
their flower has been accomplished by fore
pint (*Arum*, Fig. 18) there is also witn
pistil before the stamens. Every one k
sheathing leaf (*a*), and the central stalk

lost entirely to the outer world. Small insects, however, in due course arrive upon the scene. Entering the cavity of the leaf readily enough, on the principle of *facilis descensus Averni*, they find the reverse process, *revocare gradum*, to be impossible. By an arrangement of stiff hairs, pointing downwards, which they readily enough brush aside on entering, they are prevented from escaping out of the flower. Hemmed in by this natural *chevaux de frise*, as in an eel-trap, we may find inside an Arum a hundred or two small insects in durance vile. Here, however, they find nourishment in the honey-secretion, and here they, in due time, work out nature's will, in that they become laden with the discharged pollen. So that when the opposing hairs shrivel and wither away, the insect-crowd disperses itself, and its units, undeterred by reminiscences of their imprisonment, entering other Arums in which the stigmas have just ripened, duly cross-fertilise the latter. Risks of fertilisation being omitted altogether are not lost sight of in the economy of nature, and such contingencies are often duly provided for in remarkable ways. In *Myosotis versicolor* (Fig. 20), for instance, there is an evident intent to prevent self-fertilisation, from the fact that the pistil (*st*) projects far above the stamens (*a*) in the young flower (A), and is therefore a likely object to be touched by an insect which has come from another "Forget-me-not," as this flower is often named. But such an arrangement, dependent on insect visitation, might be rendered futile if no insect happened to alight on the flower. In due time, however, the corolla is seen to increase in length; as it grows upwards, the stamens (*a*) are carried upwards (B), until, in due time, they attain the level of the stigma (*st*), and by discharging their pollen upon it will fertilise the pistil, if it has not already undergone that process from a foreign source. Such a contrivance appears tantamount to the declaration that, although cross-fertilisation is sought and preferred, yet self-fertilisation is better than none.

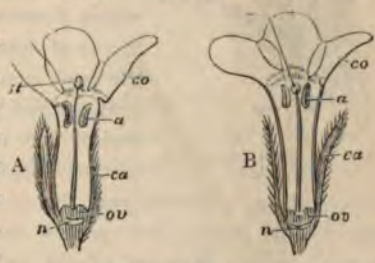

FIG. 20. MYOSOTIS IN ITS EARLY AND LATER STAGE.

Besides the means just noted, there exist a large number of expedients in flowers for securing fertilisation; these latter contrivances relating to the form and shapes of flowers, to the special positions of its organs, and to adaptive details of flower structure. The polity of a primrose, in the peculiar situation of its stamens and pistils, as adapted to secure cross-fertilisation, falls under this latter division

of floral expedients ; and so, also, would all these peculiarities of stamens whereby the discharge of pollen in a fashion adapted to avoid self-fertilisation is secured. In some flowers (*e.g. Parnassia*), as the five stamens ripen one after the other (before the pistil, as it happens), each anther is laid back downwards, so to speak, on the stigma or top of the pistil, so that the pollen escapes by the side farthest from the stigma, and self-fertilisation thus becomes well-nigh an impossibility. But even the form and shape or colour of a corolla or blossom may be adapted either of itself, or when associated with other expedients, to secure cross-fertilisation in especial conjunction with insect aid. It has been pointed out that every flower of peculiar shape is cross-fertilised by insects. As notable instances of this fact may be cited the peas, beans, dead nettles (Fig. 21), sage (Fig. 25), salvia (Fig. 23, A), orchids, the peculiar shape of whose flowers, as well as the special arrangements of stamens and pistil, are correlated in the most exact positions to compel insects to visit special parts of the flower, and thus to ensure the exact performance of the work of cross-fertilisation. Even the distribution of colour on a flower, and the particular spots or dashes which attract our notice, are guides and fingerposts directing insects to the honey. Sprengel, of old, called these special colour-guides *maculæ indicantes*, and Darwin remarks, that Sprengel's ideas seemed to him "for a long time fanciful." But the fact that these markings are most commonly met with on unsymmetrical or irregular flowers, the entrance into which would be more likely to puzzle and confuse insects than the apertures of symmetrical flowers, weighs in favour of dashes and spots of colour being truly directive in function. Darwin further remarks that, in the common pelargonium, the marks in question, borne on the two upper petals, are clearly related to the position of the "nectary" or honey-store of the flower ; for when the flowers vary so as to become regular, and lose their nectaries, the marks disappear. When the nectary is only in part undeveloped, only one of the upper petals loses its characteristic mark. It is true that humblebees are known to bite through the petals of flowers, and to surreptitiously suck the honey through the apertures thus made, and even hive-bees learn to utilise the holes made by their larger brethren. But, notwithstanding this latter method of securing stolen sweets—a method indicative of a certain

FIG. 21. DEAD-NETTLE IN SECTION.

power of development in bee-intellect—there can be little doubt that originally to bees, as at present to insects who walk in the trodden paths of their race, the colour-marks and special hues of flowers are serviceable, as Darwin remarks, in guiding insects rapidly and without loss of time to the store of sweets, and in thus enabling them to visit a larger number of flowers in a given time than would otherwise be possible. Sir John Lubbock remarks, that he did not realise the import of these markings in flowers until he

FIG. 22 (A).

FIG. 22 (B)

FIG. 22 (C).

saw how much time bees lost, if honey which has been put out for them is even slightly moved from its usual place ; whilst it forms an allied subject of the most interesting description, to speculate upon

FIG. 23 (A).

FIG. 23 (B).

the remarkable changes in colour which some plants undergo, and which, like the times of opening and closing, are doubtless related to the visits of insects. Thus, we know of some flowers (*Hibiscus*) which are white in the morning, of a pale rose hue at mid-day, and exhibit a bright rosy red colour in the evening. Many flowers change their hues as the petals wax old and tend to fall off ; and that such alterations of hue have a reference to insect-visits, and attract, it may be, insects of different tastes and structure at different

Fig. 24 (A). Section of Fuchsia.

with the primrose, lily of the valley not so conspicuous, but emit powe principle of nature's economy in av insect-attraction. The correlation even more strongly marked, however

cross-fertilisation is found may fitly conclude the more exact consideration of the present topic, and preface the abstract philosophy which directs attention to the bearing of the facts of fertilisation on the constitution and regulation of the world of life at large. A very interesting mechanism for effecting cross-fertilisation is seen in the case of flowers which, like the peas, beans, and their leguminous neighbours, present a very characteristic form of blossom. These flowers possess ten stamens (Fig. 25), nine united to form a bundle, and one remaining single. The flower is peculiar in that

Fig. 25 (A). Flower of Sage.

Fig. 25 (B). Flower of Pea dissected

it consists of one very large petal (Fig. 25, B, *a*), behind or above, two at the sides or "wings" (*b b*), and two united to form the boat-shape "keel" (*c*) below. When an insect alights on the side petals or "wings" (Fig. 25, C, *al*), the keel (*c*) is thereby pressed downwards, and the pollen of the stamens (*st*) and the tip of the pistil are made to project, so as respectively to dust the insect's breast with pollen, and to receive therefrom the foreign pollen gathered previously from another flower. Sprengel himself noticed that the union of the stamens favoured this conjoined action. When the weight of the insect's body is removed, the stamens and pistil resume their normal position. If, as Sir John Lubbock remarks, "the two ends of the wings (in a sweet-pea) be taken between the finger and thumb, and pressed down so as to imitate the effect

Fig. 25 (C). Section of Pea.

produced by the pressure of an insect, the keel is depressed with the wings, while the pistil and stamens are thus partly uncovered." In the bean, when the wings are similarly pressed down, the stigma of the pistil, and then the "beard" of the style, laden with pollen, project from the keel, which is of coiled conformation. When a bee exercises the necessary pressure, the pistil of the bean will first strike its body and become fertilised by fresh pollen, whilst the pollen-laden style of the flower will, secondly, leave fertilising matter on the bee's body for application to the pistil of another flower.

A dead-nettle (Fig. 21), with its irregular flower, presents a favourable and readily understood example of the manner in which a special form of flower is adapted for the special insect which cross-fertilises it. A bank of dead-nettles is to humble-bees what a country-fair is to juveniles, in that it presents the insects with a store of sweets specially intended for their delectation. In shape, the sage (Fig. 25, A) or dead-nettle flower, as everyone knows, exhibits a wide mouth, bounded by a very much arched upper lip, whilst a divided lower lip is also conspicuous enough. The green cup-like calyx has its sepals united, whilst the very irregularly shaped corolla is composed of united petals. There are four stamens—two long and two short—the fifth stamen of botanical expectation being abortive. The stamens are peculiar in position, inasmuch as they lie along the arch of the petals, instead of surrounding the pistil. The style is very long, and forked at its tip (*sg*), and it moreover depends below the anthers as in fuchsia (Fig. 24). The honey for which the bees visit the dead-nettle is situated far down within the flower, and if we make a vertical section of the corolla, we shall find a circle of hairs (Fig. 21, *h*) placed inside the petals at their lower portion. Now, in what special fashion is the mechanism thus described, brought into play in the fertilisation of the dead-nettle tribe? The reply may be found in a simple study of a dead-nettle on a warm summer's day, when insect-life and the blossoming of flowers together seem to attain the acme of activity and development. The bee approaches the flower, and finds in the lower lip of the blossom a convenient door-mat on which to alight. Here the insect gains a *point d'appui* for the movement of the proboscis, which probes the depths of the corolla so as to reach the nectar, and easily thrusts aside the circlet of stiff hairs presenting an impassable barrier to a less robust as well as uninvited insect guest. The acts of the insect, in so far as the work of honey-getting is concerned, end thus. Meanwhile, however, it has likewise been performing its unconscious part in the fertilisation of the flower.

The position of the stamens under the hooded petal has been noted. Such a position assures two results—firstly, that the stamens shall be brought in contact with the bee's body; and secondly, that the pistil shall likewise touch the insect in order that foreign pollen, obtained from a previously visited dead-nettle, shall be deposited on the stigma. The stigma, as we have seen, depends below the anthers. Hence it must be the first object with which the bee comes in contact. Fertilisation by the foreign pollen is thus secured before the stamens have dusted the insect with the flowers' own pollen. As Dr. Ogle has pointed out, the position of the stamens doubtless facilitates in a marked degree the proper placing of pollen on the insect's body. If the anthers had lain side by side, the bee's head might have been dusted on parts which do not touch the stigma as the insect enters the flower; whilst even the eyes of the bees might have become disadvantageously covered with pollen. There is, in short, the closest possible correlation between the structure of the flower and the form and size of the insect which fertilises it.

Such correlation is exhibited in, if anything, an increased degree in the genus *Salvia*, belonging to the dead-nettle order (*Labiatæ*), also including the sage (Fig. 25). Salvia (Figs. 22, 23) attracted the notice of Sprengel—Rector at Spandau—who, in his "Das entdeckte Geheimniss der Natur im Bau und in der Befruchtung der Blumen" ("The Secrets of Nature in the Structure and Fertilisation of Flowers"), published in 1793, was one of the first to direct attention to the fact that nature's law was "cross" and not "self-fertilisation"—or, as he himself expressed it, "nature does not desire that any complete flower should be fertilised by its own pollen." It is interesting to note that a species of *Salvia* (*S. splendens*) occurring in the New World appears to be cross-fertilised through the agency of humming-birds; these fairy-like birds thus discharging in this case the functions of the insects to which some species approach so nearly in size. The trumpet creepers (*Tecoma radicans*) and trumpet honeysuckle (*Lonicera sempervivens*) are probably fertilised by moths and by humming-birds as well. In *Salvia officinalis* (Fig. 22, A), the general form of which closely resembles that of the dead-nettle, the stamens ripen before the pistil; and as, moreover, the stigma (*p*) is placed above the anthers (*a*), self-fertilisation is an impossibility. When, however, the stamens have shed their pollen, they shrivel up, and the pistil as it ripens developes the stigma, so that it elongates, curves downwards, and thus assumes a position (Fig. 23, B, *st*) in which it cannot escape contact with the back of the bee entering the flower (Fig. 23, A). The insect's back, it may be noted, is

exactly that region which the ripe stamens in a younger and necessarily different flower will have dusted with foreign pollen. But the economy of *Salvia* includes yet other appliances for more effectually securing fertilisation by the insect. There are but two well-developed stamens (Fig. 22, B) in the flower. These organs have widely separated anther-cells; and when in an undisturbed condition, each stamen is seen to consist of a stalk (the *filament*) (*f*), to which another and movable stalk (the *connective*) (*m*), bearing an anther-cell at each end, is attached. Only one of these anther-cells (*a'*) is fully developed in each stamen. The connective, like a swing-bar, can (*m*) be pushed backwards on its axis so as to bring the fully-developed or upper anther-cell (*a'*) to a horizontal position (Fig. 22, C). Such a result is actually brought about by the bee. Thrusting its head into the flower in the search for nectar, the insect pushes before it the

FIG. 26. ORCHID FLOWER.

FIG. 27. POLLEN OF ORCHID.

FIG. 28. SECTION OF ORCHID FLOWER.

lower end of the swing-bar, and thus brings the upper end of the bar with its ripe anther (*a'*) in contact with its back (Fig. 23, A). This latter region is thus dusted with pollen, and when the insect flies to another Salvia flower in which the pistil is ripe, the stigma (Fig. 23, *st*), as we have seen, will in due course receive the pollen through contact with the back of the bee.

A single paragraph only is permissible regarding the curious details connected with the fertilisation of the Orchids, which possess

flowers (Fig. 26) of markedly irregular shape. The lip (*ll*) in such a flower as *Orchis mascula*, a common British species, is very broad; whilst the nectary to which bees desire admittance is extremely long (Fig. 28, *n*). The pollen forms two club-shaped masses (Figs. 27, 28 *a*), each adherent to a disc (Fig, 12, *d*), which in turn lies within the *rostellum* or cup (*r*). When touched, the rostellum breaks across, and thus allows the two glutinous discs (12, *d*) to become exposed. When a bee visits this peculiar flower, it pushes its proboscis into the nectary (*n*) for the sake of the honey contained therein. At the same time, the insect comes in contact with the discs of the pollen-masses (Fig. 27), these masses becoming adherent to the insect's head. A pencil pushed into an orchis detaches the pollen-masses after the fashion of the insect's unconscious act. At first, the pollen-masses remain erect like two abnormal horns on the insect's head; but gradually they assume a horizontal position, so that the insect cannot fail to charge the next orchid-pistil it enters with the pollen-masses. The stigma, or top of the pistil (Fig. 26, *st*, *st*), is so placed in these flowers that pollen-masses borne on a bee's head are certain to strike this surface, and thus fertilise the contents of the ovary. It is probable that as each pollen-mass consists of several packets of pollen-grains, one mass may contain material enough to fertilise several flowers; each stigma, through its viscid surface, detaching sufficient pollen from the mass for its fertilisation. The admirable adaptation of flower to insect and insect to flower, thus witnessed, is in no detail better exemplified than in the fact that the pollen-mass at first retains a vertical and then assumes a horizontal position in the insect's head. So long as the pollen-mass is vertical, fertilisation is impossible; and hence the vertical position persists so long as the bee is engaged in visiting the flowers of the plant from which it has derived pollen-masses. Thus self-fertilisation is prevented; so that, as Sir Joseph Hooker puts it, by the time the horizontal position of the pollen-mass is assumed, "the bee has visited all the flowers of the plant from which it took the pollen, and has gone to another plant."

To enter into further illustration of the contrivances through which the fertilisation of flowers is secured would be to encroach on the province of the technical and practical botanist. Such details are "writ large" in the pages of every botanical text-book. In the works of Mr. Darwin—and especially in the "Fertilisation of Orchids"—the reader anxious for further details may find a perfect encyclopædia of facts constituting a veritable romance of botanical science. It, however, remains to us in the present instance

to point out the plain meaning of these virtually marvellous adaptations of the plant-world to the work of cross-fertilisation, and to note, as far as possible, the bearing of such a study upon the order of nature regarded as a harmonious whole. It is a perfectly legitimate supposition that if cross-fertilisation form, as we have seen, such a prominent feature of plant-life, that life must, in some very plain and obvious fashion, benefit therefrom. And further, as plant-life is but a part of organic nature, we may feel perfectly justified in supposing that the conditions and results which cross-fertilisation tends to evoke and produce, will harmonize in their tendency and direction with the course of events through which the living universe has been and is being moulded, developed, and evolved.

To the question, "Why does cross-fertilisation appear to be favoured by nature over self-fertilisation?" a plain reply is at hand in a comparison of the results which accrue from each of these processes. Mr. Darwin's laborious researches on the comparative fertility of various species of plants when self-fertilised and cross-fertilised, supply an answer to the foregoing question by showing that in every respect the cross-fertilised flowers yield more seeds, and give rise to a stronger and more numerous progeny than the self-fertilised. The reader who consults Mr. Darwin's "Forms of Flowers" will find himself supplied with ample data in proof of the advantages of cross-fertilisation. In the primrose, for instance, when short-styled and long-styled flowers were crossed in what Darwin calls "legitimate union," the result was invariably to produce a larger number of seeds than when each form was fertilised by its own pollen. Out of 12 long-styled primroses fertilised by short-styled pollen, 11 good capsules (or ripe pistils) were produced, with an average of 66·9 seeds per capsule; whilst 21 long-styled flowers, fertilised by long-styled pollen, produced only 14 capsules, with an average of 52·2 seeds per capsule. The cowslip gave a similar result; and the tendency towards greater vigour of offspring when cross-fertilisation is employed, appears to be of the most general kind. In some plants, indeed, cross-fertilisation is absolutely essential for the mere continuance of the race; so that this method of seed-production is not merely accidental or advantageous, but absolutely necessary for the continuance of the race. Most of the orchids illustrate this state of matters; the presence of humblebees is well-nigh an absolute necessity for the continuance of the heartsease (*Viola tricolor*); and the well-known case of the clovers may be cited as highly characteristic of the benefits developed through cross-fertilisation. Twenty heads of Dutch clover, protected by Darwin

from bees, yielded no seeds: whilst twenty heads growing exposed as in a state of nature, yielded 2,290 seeds. One hundred heads of red clover protected from bees were absolutely sterile; a second hundred exposed yielded 2,700 seeds. The scientific demonstration of the interdependence of living beings becomes in this fashion perfectly clear. Carried out to its ultimate results, such demonstration becomes sufficiently startling. British brain and sinew depend, according to a foreign estimate, on home-fed beef; whilst the quality of that nutriment is said to be dependent upon the clover on which the ox subsists. But clover owes its continuance to humblebees; humblebees in turn are killed by field-mice, whilst cats extirpate the rodents; and as old maids conserve the feline race, it is alleged that the continuance of the British intellect is dependent upon such conservation—so that a scientific justification of spinsterhood is thus rendered possible.

Sprengel laid down the axiom, already mentioned, that "Nature does not wish any complete flower to be self-fertilised." Darwin in turn improves upon this dictum in his assertion that "Nature abhors perpetual self-fertilisation." That "cross-fertilisation is generally beneficial, and self-fertilisation injurious," is thus a stable result of botanical investigation. This result may not enable us fully to comprehend that "law within the law" which regulates the well-being of the plant-world; but it may at least lead us plainly enough to a nearer fact of life—namely, that there exists in nature an innate tendency to variation and change, and that by furthering the fullest possible development of seeds, as well as by the cross-fertilising of plants, there is being illustrated that tendency to evolve new varieties and species on the existence of which the very idea and possibility of evolution depends. The tendency to produce a more numerous offspring gives naturally a larger number of individuals for the exhibition and operation of the laws of variation. The process of cross-fertilisation itself produces another tendency to variation; and as such variation is the "key-note" of evolution, it is more than interesting to find the conditions of plant-life in such a marked manner contributing to the differentiation of the species.

The whole array of features embraced in a study of flower-fertilisation forms simply a mass of evidence that the production of new races and varieties, and, through these, of new species, is part and parcel of nature's constitution. On any other supposition, the extraordinary array of contrivances favouring cross-fertilisation and the initiation of variations is meaningless and utterly inexplicable. The facts of fertilisation, like the stages of development, present us with un-

impeachable evidence in favour of the evolution of new races by the modification of the old. Even if a fact here or a detail there may seem to weigh against the theory of development, it must be borne in mind, firstly, that defects and gaps in our knowledge are still realities of biological science; and, secondly, that the general—and in this case the immensely overwhelming—probability of nature's and life's methods testifies to evolution as the true way of creation. Darwin succinctly enough says, that his experiments on intercrossing show that "with animals and plants a cross between different varieties, or between individuals of the same variety but of another strain, give vigour and fertility to the offspring; and, on the other hand, that *close* interbreeding diminishes vigour and fertility." And he also adds that such facts "alone incline me to believe that it is a general law of nature that no organic being fertilises itself for a perpetuity of generations; but that a cross with another individual is occasionally —perhaps at long intervals of time—indispensable." Remarking the strange feature of the stamens and pistil of most flowers being placed closed together, "as if for the very purpose of self-fertilisation," and yet being "mutually useless to each other," Darwin says, "How simply are these facts explained on the view of an occasional cross with a distinct individual being advantageous or indispensable!" Thus, from the common ground that cross-fertilisation effects the greatest good in nature—namely, the efficient increase of the race—we may find many roads and ways for the recognition of further effects of such action in favouring the operation of the conditions that increase the species by variation and modification. The full bearing of the subject may not be fully investigated for years to come. Sufficient, however, is our present recognition of the fact that in the work of flower-fertilisation lie the beginnings of those activities and processes which herald now, as of yore, not merely the increase, but the variation of species and the evolution of new forms of plants.

Certain matters bearing the same relation to our present subject that the inevitable moral bears to the fable—albeit that they may perchance be regarded as of somewhat superfluous nature—may fitly be touched upon in closing this paper. Our notions of special ends, aims, and contrivances in nature may in one way be enlarged by the considerations which the phenomena of flower-fertilisation present to notice. Under the operation of laws and conditions most of which are as yet beyond our ken, we see insect acting upon flower, and flower in turn reacting upon insect, until the interdependence in some cases proceeds so far that the extinction of the insect means the disappearance of the flower. But, whilst viewing the beauty of

form and hue exhibited in the plant-world as wrought out by laws of development, and as accessory, or even primary, conditions in the evolution of living beings, the new and higher aspects of the subject bid us regard floral beauty as subserving other and higher uses than those commonly assigned to it, namely, of ministering to the often dull and inappreciative senses of man. We may detect a higher purpose in plant life than is included in the yet too common idea that man's delight and human interests exclusively determine and rule—through what some are pleased to call "the beneficence of providence"—the concerns of nature at large. The utilitarian cry of "use" and "no use" is by no means extinct, even in these latter days; and the consideration of the ways and means involved in the fertilisation of flowers must devolve a strong argument against the homocentric idea that the beautiful in nature exists solely for the behalf of man. Darwin says, "Such doctrines, if true, would be absolutely fatal to my theory." But there is little fear that the hypothesis in question can suffer from arguments familiar in days when natural theology was strained and wrested to its destruction. A truer and a higher use for the beauty of plants and of animals as well is found in the special advantages which such beauty confers upon the race. In the animal, beauty appears as an aid to the propagation of the species, as it is in the plant; and it is by the action of insects that the beauty of flowers has been extended and developed. The beauty of the blossom is in truth due to the visitations of the insect races which in the past have selected its petals as a feeding-ground, and which have strengthened and increased the flower race, thus favoured by a true "natural selection," in the universal struggle for existence. The higher ideas of nature thus implanted form no mean fruits of a study of the polity of primroses and other common flowers. Such studies correct the idea that this world is simply a huge workshop, filled with specially contrived mechanical appliances for man's use and benefit, or a gaudy saloon decked out with beauty for the indulgence of his senses. Those who hold such views may not complain if their belief be logically extended to include the theory that fur-seals were specially created to afford us seal-skin jackets, and humming-birds designed to trim the hats of fair wearers in the fleeting fashion of the hour. So that, if no greater excellence be traceable in the theory of evolution than is involved in the correction of false notions of the aims and ends of nature, those who pursue science-studies even to this extent will reap a rich harvest of rational ideas concerning the true ordering of this universe, especially within the domain of life itself.

ANDREW WILSON.

DREAMS AND THE MAKING OF DREAMS.

DREAMS are night-thoughts, unchecked by the judgment and uncontrolled by the will. It is not true that we do not reason in dreams, that the exercise of the judgment is wholly suspended, and that the will is entirely powerless or ceases to act. These faculties are not altogether in abeyance, but they doze while the subordinate powers of the mind—those which play the parts of picture-carriers and record-finders—ransack the treasures of memory and mingle together in the direst confusion old things and new. Imagination is not active, but it remains just enough awake to supply the connecting links which give seeming continuity to those parts of the phantasmagoria which we chance to remember on recovering perfect self-consciousness, and which, being remembered, we call "dreams." No one remembers more than one dream, unless he has roused from sleep more than once. This experience has led to the inference that dreams only occur at the moment or in the act of awaking. There are dreams which take place in the process of returning to consciousness—for example, those instantaneous scenes and spectacles which are suggested by the sound or feeling that rouses the dreamer; but, in result of a long and close study of the subject with a view to discover the nature of dreams, and the laws of dreaming, for medical purposes, in connection with the treatment of sleeplessness, I am persuaded that dreams occur in the course of sleep and are wholly forgotten.

That they do not and cannot take place in deep sleep is probable, because deep sleep is general sleep, and when this state prevails the subordinate faculties are sleeping, and the pictures and records which compose dreams are not disturbed. To understand dreams we must understand sleep, and it is because the two phenomena have not hitherto been studied together, that so little is generally known about either.

Sleep is a function or state in which the particular part of the organism sleeping rests; whether it is wholly inactive depends on

the degree of rest it enjoys. Every part of the organism sleeps, and the totality of the sleep-state depends on the fact of all the important parts sleeping at the same time. If some remain awake—perhaps busy with an unfinished task, or setting about one which the will has foolishly imposed on one of the lower faculties before itself going to sleep, or, it may be, too worried to take natural rest—then the unrest of the busy or distressed faculty or faculties will render the sleep as a whole incomplete, and the repose of the actually sleeping faculties disturbed. Natural sleep is simultaneous sleep of all the faculties of body and mind; and the secret of sleeping soundly and restfully consists in so ordering the life that the higher intellectual powers, the powers of automatic activity, the senses, the muscular system, and the viscera—principally the stomach—may all be ready and able to sleep at the same time. This can only be accomplished by making the act of sleep a thing done periodically, with that rhythmical regularity which nature loves and on which the smooth working of the machinery of life depends. When sleep is natural, in the sense of being complete, dreaming is, as we have said, improbable, if not impossible; and the measure of dreaming is therefore—inversely—the measure of the integrity of the sleep enjoyed. A great dreamer cannot be in good health, or, to use a familiar expression, he "cannot have all his wits about him" when he is awake. Every faculty—by which I mean, every part of the organism which performs a distinct function—must sleep; and if it be healthy, it will sleep at regularly recurring periods. It follows that a dreamer who is not unhealthy—a *rara avis*—must have formed the habit of allowing his faculties to sleep separately; some being on duty, or watching, while others rest. As a matter of fact, most persons form this habit to some extent, and therefore the majority dream. For example, the man who works with his brain often takes little muscular exercise, and his apparatus of motion rests and doubtless sleeps while his mental faculties are in full action. It may happen that the development of this habit of separate sleep is carried to such an extent that the several centres of the brain habitually take their rest independently of each other, and at different times. The clerk will doze as he adds up his column of figures; and the copyist will go on transcribing while his centres of thought and imagination sleep. Conversely, the lower and automatic centres of the brain—or the senses—may sleep while the higher centres are awake. Much of the so-called "abstraction" and "absence" of mind we notice in ourselves and others is due to this cause. The brain-worker gains credit for being lost in thought when he does not perceive some object which ought to impress him strongly through one or more

of the senses; the farmer toiling over his fields, the hunting man weary with his day's work, the soldier exhausted by the toil of the march, will sleep so far as one set of faculties, or one part or system of the organism, is concerned, while the others are not only active, but so controlled that the subject of this partial sleep may walk or ride or go through evolutions while his mind sleeps. In short, it is possible, and easy, to fall into any habit of this class, and the inevitable consequence will be that only some of the faculties, or parts of the organism, are ready to sleep when night comes round, while those which remain awake will be unrestful and disturb the others so that they can only doze. In this state of matters, dreaming is an unavoidable experience. Meanwhile, the most highly developed and dramatic dreams occur to those whose sleep is so partial that part only—and, as it would often seem, a small part—of the brain sleeps at any one time; or, perhaps, I ought to say, at night—because it not unfrequently happens that those who dream much by night do not dream when they sleep by day. This variety of partial sleep, which tends to sever the natural connections between the several component parts of the mind, is injurious, and therefore it is, as I have remarked incidentally above, that great dreamers are, as a rule, unhealthy. It is easy to see how this must be. If the intellectual faculties are, so to say, broken up in such a way that when some are active the others are sleeping, the checks and restraints which the several parts of the mind naturally impose on each other are wanting, and any one of the faculties may become exaggerated in the exercise of its functions. The practice of dreaming will then extend to the day, and the mind may—especially if there be any inherited and constitutional lack of cohesion among the intellectual faculties—become disorganised. This is a contingency, or more than a contingency—let us say, a probability—against which the dreamer of particularly "worked-up" or realistic and elaborate dreams should be on his guard. It does not, however, follow from what I have said that the most *coherent* dreams are the worst, because the judgment may be simply dozing, and able to correct the scene or story as it passes through the mind. In that case, the severance between the higher and lower faculties will not be so great as when the incongruities of the dream are unchecked, and yet the pictures and thoughts present to the mind are especially clear and strong in their outline and colouring. Intensity without coherence is, as a rule, worse than an equal amount of vivid dreaming with more connectedness of thought. We now know something, though a very little, in truth, about dreaming, and we may pass to the consideration of our proper subject—Dreams and the making of dreams.

Dreams are re-collections, in the strict sense of that word. The pictures which have been put away in the chambers of mental imagery, the thoughts which have been recorded, as all thoughts are recorded, by the molecules of the brain in the act of thinking, the impressions left by perceptions made by the organs of sense, and by conceptions originated by the faculties of mental-sensation, impressions of feeling, together composing the records of experience, are brought out of their holes and corners, and, as it were, thrown crudely before the mind. There is seldom any clear evidence of order in the arrangement, but there is no reason why, if the collecting faculty be thoroughly awake, it should not follow beaten tracks, and arrange the pictures and records it reproduces in their natural sequence. Moreover, there is that association of ideas which forms the basis of memory, and this will almost necessitate a certain amount of connection between the elements of the most chaotic dream. All that seems to be original in a dream is due to the kaleidoscopic effect of throwing the materials of which the scene is constituted into new and startling combinations. We know how much of novelty may be produced in the accidental combinations effected by shaking together some dozen particles of coloured glass, or other small objects, in a kaleidoscope. The variety will be greater and the new combinations more surprising in the throwing together of memories in a dream, because the natural associations help to give verisemblance to the effect, and the imagination, which is seldom wholly asleep, gives finishing touches to the panorama as it proceeds. Much less, however, is due to the intervention of fancy in a dream than is commonly supposed. The great majority of the results produced are caused by the overlapping of pictures, the entangling of threads of thought, and the distortion of the original connections between ideas, pictures, and records of impressions which have either been received or put away together, or connected in previous dreams. For dreams are often, wholly or in part, reproductions of former dreams, and in process of years a mind may become expert in, or habituated to, the experience of a particular class of night visions and night thoughts. Dreams may be roughly divided into four classes: (1) Those of the present; (2) those of the past; (3) those of the future; and (4) dreams which would appear to be simply heapings together of inchoate ideas and mind-pictures, without either time, order, method, or reason. On each of these classes of dreams there is something to say, but it must be said briefly, and rather by way of suggesting inferences to other minds than in argumentative support of my own conclusions.

First, as to dreams of the *present*,—it is important to note that, though these are seldom precisely what they seem, when there is a tendency to employ very recent mental pictures, records, and impressions as the material of dreams, the faculty engaged in dream-making is either jaded or lethargic. Thus we get the same result, as regards the constituents of the dream, from two opposite causes. When that part of the brain which performs the function of re-collecting the records of memory is very weary—perhaps too distressed by excessive or disorderly work to sleep—it worries the mind with the subjects of immediately previous attention, being unable to leave them, and busying itself with them in a purposeless and distressful way, as a somnambulist or very sleepy person labours at a task he is unable to leave. The result will be a dream consisting of thoughts and scenes and impressions of the senses which, as it were, cling to the mind and will not be dismissed. There are, doubtless, especial states of the mind, or its organ, the brain, which may be loosely described as "sticky," and which create a strong tendency to dally with objects of thought and hold impressions of the senses before the consciousness longer than is necessary, instead of putting them away promptly in the memory. We know how the clumsy-fingered or bewildered workman clutches his tools and hangs over his task instead of using each tool deftly, doing each stroke of work cleanly, and passing on to something else. The same faults of method are to be recognised in the operation of many of our mental faculties, and this is one cause of dreams constructed of recent materials. Dreams of this class, as would naturally be expected, are deficient in that characteristic which is due to an active play of the dream-making faculty with the materials it employs, namely, the quality of "originality." They are apt to be little more than worrying recitals of the words spoken, the books or letters read, and reproductions of the scenes and impressions of the previous day, without much modification or embellishment. When reminiscences of this nature occur at night in the false sleep that mocks real rest, they are likely to be exaggerated and intensified in an extraordinary and generally painful degree, simply because the mind is isolated by sleep from its immediate external surroundings, and all the energy of consciousness it evolves is, so to say, turned in on itself. Dreams of the present, produced by lethargy or exhaustion of the faculty which collects and reproduces the pictures and records of memory, are generally distinguishable by their tumultuous or oppressive character. The faculty is, as it were, overburdened by the subjects it strives to manipulate. It can neither bring them fully and clearly

before the consciousness, nor can it remove them at pleasure. The mind does not so much itself hold them as feel oppressed by their presence. It would fain be rid of the thoughts and scenes pressed on its attention, not because they create a painful interest, but because they bore it. On the other hand, dreams of the present which are more directly due to the general state of mind previously described, take an agonising hold on the consciousness, and will not be shaken off, so that it struggles to be free as in a state of mental nightmare. Dreams of the present which are produced by a lethargic rather than an exhausted state of the faculty that makes them, are characterised by the slow progression of scenes and the tardy flow of thoughts rather than repetition. The consciousness seems to be in a dreamy condition, while some slow and stupid exhibitor is unfolding a story or panorama lazily. The resulting feeling is one of simple fatigue from loss of rest, rather than the head- and heart-aching, as from worry and prolonged irritation, which follow on dreams of the present which have been produced in the ways already indicated. It may be set down as a rule, that dreams of the present are of graver import as clues to the mind-state than the other classes of dreams on which we must now bestow a few moments' attention.

Dreams of the past and future do not call for detailed consideration, and may be most conveniently noticed together. When the faculty which makes dreams dives deeply among the lumber for its materials, it is either very active, and probably not sufficiently worked in the waking hours, or it has not much interest in recent events, because these have not made a very strong impression on the mind. It often happens that at a period of life when there is not any particularly keen interest in the present, the dreams are of the past. When a man is growing old, he dreams of his early life, not merely because there is in all respects a tendency to revert to the beginnings of life when the power of vitality is on the wane, but because there is a loss of interest in the present. The heat of the struggle is over and the emotions are no longer as active as they were, so that self-consciousness comes to be increasingly a retrospect of experience. Dreaming only occasionally of the past may be the simple result of the association of ideas, the dream really consisting in a present recollection of records relating to the past: but I am now speaking of the habitual reproduction of long-past and possibly forgotten pictures and records of memory in dreams. Dreams of the future are, for the most part, anticipations arising out of the affairs of the present. They are, properly speaking, forebodings, or eager foretastes, of the dreaded or desired issue of plans and experiences which belong to

the present. There is no reason to suppose that the mind is capable of prophesying while the supreme cerebral centres sleep. Most of the so-called dreams of the future are really vaticinations of the imagination while on its way to sleep or slowly emerging from the state of self-forgetfulness.

The inchoate dreams which approximate to paroxysms of delirium constitute the fourth class into which I have divided these experiences. They are often exceedingly distressing, and bespeak a troubled or disorderly state of mind, but they are not, in themselves, so threatening to mental health as certain varieties of the dream of the present to which we have already adverted. Dreams consisting of disconnected and fantastical pictures and ideas are commonly of short duration, and occur more frequently in the act of going to sleep than in that of awaking. They may be amusing or annoying; and they are not uncommonly the causes of bad sleep—or, more accurately speaking, of delay in going to sleep. The brain is awakened by the merriment or the disgust occasioned by these dreams. Sometimes the would-be sleeper rouses himself by laughing at the grotesque imagery presented to his mental vision, or the strange ideas which occur to him. The mind may be so disturbed by these awakenings, that sleep becomes impossible. Probably the most common cause of this class of dreams is an undue excitement of the organs of sense immediately before going to bed. Such dreams occur after visits to the theatre, reading novels, or hearing music late in the evening. They also frequently follow gay and dissipating scenes or experiences. The sense organs are over-excited, without being wearied, or so much agitated that they cannot rest. Except when they indicate a generally excited brain, dreams of this class are not of great moment, and are easily obviated by giving the mind regular and methodised work which lowers the excitement and induces moderate fatigue without distressing it. Sufferers from this trouble may generally cure themselves by reading aloud some not very exciting but sufficiently interesting book for half-an-hour before retiring to rest. The aim should be to give the mind a subject of thought with which it may engage its attention, and shut out the troublesome crowd of imaginings which obtrude the moment the head is laid on the pillow and the eyes are shut.

It follows from these general considerations, that dreams are made out of the pictures and records of thought, that the making of dreams must be to a much larger extent than we are wont to suppose under the control of the will. The difficulty of believing this to be the truth lies in the fact that the will is not able to call up or prevent a

particular dream or class of dreams. The making of dreams is not an affair of *now*, at any period of life. The material employed in their production is the stock of pictures, impressions, conceptions, and feelings previously accumulated. Meanwhile, he who would dream pleasantly in adult life must see to the material with which he stores his mind in youth; while, in the heyday of manhood we are heaping together the material of dreams for old age. The mind is not conscious—or does not notice—one-half the impressions it receives from its surroundings. To this circumstance, in fact, is due the surprise with which we view, as for the first time, many of the unconsciously received or treasured impressions which are reproduced in dreams, and hence the feeling that they are *original*. It is not, therefore, possible to prevent the accumulation of pictures and records which we would gladly eliminate from the stock material of dreams; but much may be done to improve the store as a whole by feeding the mind with wholesome and healthy thoughts and impressions. He who makes it a rule through life—beginning early in youth—to take care that what he puts away in his mind and accumulates is, as far as may be possible, a treasure of pure and good materials, will do much towards making the dreams that haunt his sleep in the later years of life not only tolerable, but, so far as night-thoughts can subserve any useful or beneficial purpose, improving. There can be no question that pleasant dreams sometimes afford relief to the mind, especially when they occur on awaking, or when they blot out the disagreeable impressions of the day, and facilitate the process of passing into a state of natural and complete sleep. Such dreams do not last long, and are seldom so intense as to distress the faculties. There is always a danger in light sleep of the senses being partially awake to surrounding impressions, and making them the pegs on which to hang a dream. It is, therefore, important to secure the most peaceful and negative conditions for sleep. Dreams are often made by the externals of the sleeper. To avoid this contingency, the sleeper should train his senses to disregard the external when composing himself for sleep. This is not difficult to do, if the mind is set resolutely for a few nights in succession to shut out or ignore the impressions that strive to attract it through either or all of the senses. It is happily not required of us to know the way in which we accomplish all the acts we perform; and in respect to some, it is better not to be too curious concerning the means if we gain the end. In regard to dreams and the making of dreams, it will, however, be found an advantage to be fairly well-informed.

J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE.

NOTES ON THE DUGONG.

AMONGST many promising industries that await future development in the thriving young colony of Queensland, there is one that should especially commend itself to young gentlemen of adventurous disposition and moderate capital. I refer to the utilisation of the strange creature known as the Dugong. As will presently be shown, every part of it is marketable, and its capture may be effected with but a small per-centage of the dangers and hardships of the somewhat kindred pursuit of whaling.

The existence of this marine mammal need not here be announced as a discovery, though in truth not much is known about it. Within the past twenty years it has been occasionally and briefly treated of in books and pamphlets, and it may, I suppose, be assumed that the ordinary reader is aware that our Dugong is the *Halicore australis* of Cuvier and succeeding naturalists, the Sea-cow of the Australian colonists, and the Behemoth of one or two fanciful writers, who have claimed at least as much right to bestow the Scriptural cognomen as the friends of the hippopotamus, which we were in our youthful days taught to consider the lineal descendant of the patriarchal beast that ate grass like an ox, and whose bones were as bars of iron. It is true that the dugong does graze upon submarine pastures, and that his bones ring hard as steel when struck; but the reference might be held to apply equally well to the *Halicore tabernaculi* of the Red Sea, which bears a rough family resemblance to its Australian relation.

My first glimpse of the dugong in its native element was from the deck of a yacht. The little *Fairy* had been riding uneasily during the night, chafing at her hawser like an impatient horse fretting under restraint. Towards morning the wind dropped, and the cessation of the creaking and thumping of course awakened one as effectually as if the change had been from quiet to noise, instead of from noise to quiet. The wooded islands of Moreton Bay were around us, slowly, in the hastening dawn, putting aside their vestments of faint blue gauze. The magnificent constellations of the Southern heavens were visible, but so faded and feeble that they seemed but the vanishing ghosts of themselves. The ripple of the flood tide, parting at the

bows of the yacht, and streaming with a contented gurgle along her copper sides, was the only sound.

This was the situation when I emerged from the shelter of the mainsail, arranged tentwise over the boom, and stood on deck to watch the sun rise. In those latitudes this is a very rapid process. The sea-fowl, instinctively feeling and obeying the summons, blithe in the half-born morning, flew straight from one island to another, not wheeling and vagrant as they would be later in the day, but pursuing a strictly business-like course. The water, lazily heaving its unruffled bosom, seemed to be snatching an hour of rest in anticipation of the land breezes that would soon of a certainty disturb its composure. The eastern sky assumed one by one the manifold hues of the ever-wondrous transformation, catching the first stare of the sun while as yet he was below our horizon, and blushing rose-pink in consequence. And now for the first appearance of the golden rim over the dark ridge-line of the far-off range.

Yet I after all missed that looked-for vision, for, not a cable's length astern, there came from the sea a plaintive appeal, as if a child half awakened had softly moaned, and turned over to sleep again. I looked around in time to see a clumsy greyish-brown head silently thrust above the surface, and, without leaving a sign, as silently disappear. This was a dugong taking a breath of upper air, and returning to its feeding-ground below. While I watched in the vain hopes of another glimpse, the sun had leaped clear of the hills, and all the delicate tints of dawn had died.

If, however, it was not possible to see more of the dugong alive and free in its native element, there was an excellent opportunity of looking upon its carcass, and prying into its interior mechanism. Not two leagues off lay Stradbroke Island, and, white in the sunshine, we could make out Amity Point, its huts and its signal-posts. Amity Point was the head-quarters of a dugong fishery, and the boats anchored off shore indicated that the men had returned from their night's labour. Our own hand-line fishing was over by breakfast-time, and the tide set in the right direction.

Up, then, with the anchor; haul-ho at the halyards, and let the sails take their fill of the wind, travelling in strong cat's-paw line towards us. Within an hour we had compassed our two leagues. The brown kites, big hawks, and impudent crows soaring and settling on the beach in increasing force informed us that the men had not returned that morning without a prize; and when we stepped out of the dingy upon the hard surf-varnished sand, we found two carcasses of dugong already skinned and stripped of their flesh, and one specimen, estimated

to weigh close upon half a ton, lying high and by this time dry, awaiting chopper and knife.

Now I could understand why one person had told me the dugong was like a whale; another, that it resembled a seal; a third, that it was not unlike a porpoise. The animal was in some sense a reminder of them all, but really not to be compared with either. It was perhaps likest a seal of elephantine proportions, and a baby dugong that had been taken from one of the prizes over which the carrion birds were fighting and squabbling, and that had been kept for despatch in spirits to England, would very well pass for a member of the seal family.

A tour round the mature specimen had to be twice repeated before I could see my way to a clear comprehension of its "points." Its dull brown body was like a large cylinder, tapering off towards the head and great paddle-shaped tail. Ears there were none to speak of. The eyes were tiny and three parts buried. The two flippers, considering the size of the animal, were remarkably small. The most prominent feature was the head, which terminated in a solid square-cut upper lip that warranted its comparison with a bullock. Being a female dugong, there were neither teeth nor tusks in the upper jaw, but a couple of small tusks of good ivory had been that morning taken from one of the bulls already operated upon. The inside of the mouth was lined with a rough apparatus, like a worn-down scrubbing-brush. The dugong, in short, is a vegetarian of the strictest order, and the stomach of our dead friend contained an immense quantity of vegetation cropped during the night from the bottom of the sea. It was the most curious example of the ruminating mammal I had ever seen. The skin was bare and slightly wrinkled, though at a distance it appeared to be quite smooth.

The opinion once prevailed that these representatives of the ancient sirens and mermaids must be classed amongst the whales; but modern science, through the patriarchal Owen, thus pronounces: "The whole of the internal structure in the herbivorous Cetacea differs as widely from that of the carnivorous Cetacea as do their habits: the amount of variation is as great as well could be in animals of the same class existing in the same great deep. The junction of the dugongs and manatees with the true whales cannot, therefore, be admitted in a distribution of animals according to their organisation. With much superficial resemblance, they have little real or organic resemblance to the walrus, which exhibits an extreme modification of the amphibious carnivorous type. I conclude, therefore, that the dugong and its congeners must either form a group

apart, or be "joined with the pachyderms, with which the herbivorous Cetacea have most affinity."

Looking at the raw, reeking hides of the recent captures spread out upon the coarse grass of the Stradbroke shore, I could but speculate upon the curious theory which some one had propounded, that the Israelites were ordered to veil the sacred tabernacle with this description of skin. When I first read that Ruppel had conceived the idea so strongly as to feel warranted in embodying it in the nomenclature of natural history, I turned to the ornate but singularly minute account of the component parts of the tabernacle to be found in the Book of Exodus. There, strictly catalogued, we have the inner curtains of fine-twined blue, purple, and scarlet linen, and of goat's hair, and badgers' skins to cover the pavilion, together with the splendid veil concealing the holy of holies from the vulgar gaze. But I could discover no room for a dugong hide. Josephus certainly states that the richly figured and embroidered veil forming the entrance to the tabernacle was protected from sun, wind, and rain by a coarser hanging, occasionally drawn aside or rolled up. Very questionable, however, is it whether even this was of dugong leather. These hides of the *Halicore australis* were an inch thick, and this is not at all an unusual thickness. Of all the members of the order to which the dugong belongs, including, of course, the Red Sea variety, it may be said without fear of contradiction that they are not a thin-skinned race, nor the kind of purveyor to which you would go for a graceful hanging for a pavilion entrance. Still, there are many practical uses to which dugong hide may be applied in modern days, and for machinery there is nothing preferred before it.

When the dugong was hauled up on the sandy slope, a line was cut down the belly and the skin taken off in one piece, and spread out to be used as a receptacle for the meat as it was hewn from the carcass. As it happened to be a fair-sized skin, it required two men to carry it. We were afterwards shown a hide that was an inch and a half thick at the back, though the thickness had gradually diminished towards the under part of the body. The dugong hide is not, as might be supposed from its solidity, composed of gross material, for its delicate nature is such that, properly boiled down, it yields a jelly as acceptable and beneficial to invalids as calf's-foot. The gentlemen who conducted us over the dépôt at Stradbroke Island had boundless faith in the dugong hide, and believed that, reduced by machinery, it would make excellent leather for general purposes.

The flesh of the dugong next claimed our attention. It is cut off the carcass in flitches and slabs, and from the same animal is taken

meat resembling beef, veal, and bacon. I have eaten it in each form, and can testify to its excellence, and to the way in which it has been palmed off upon knowing men as prime fillets of beef, cutlets of veal, and rashers of superior bacon. If the dugong is not properly fat, it is turned chiefly into bacon; should it, however, present a layer nearly two inches thick, the snow-white fat is used for a more important purpose, to be presently described. The lean flesh, beef-like in the mature, and veal-like in the young animals, is eaten fresh or salted for food. The bacon flitch in size, colour, and streakiness, if hung in an English pork-butcher's shop, might easily be taken for a section of the side of a true Wiltshire hog; and the only difference detected in the eating would be, in the dugong, an absence of the strong flavour too often found in the pork. And a mature dugong, twelve feet long or thereabouts, would weigh nearly a ton. It is worthy of mention, too, before passing from the flesh of this animal, that the meat from the calf is always the best, and that it is recommended by the faculty to consumptive persons, by reason of its undoubted strengthening qualities. From the dugong's head the fishermen get their own quickly secured tit-bit in a happy blending of fat and lean with the gelatinous portions, which, carefully cooked, becomes, when cold, a delicious ready-made brawn. The flippers, a good deal boiled, make capital soup. The bones of the dugong, being of great density, close-grained, and capable of taking a high polish, might probably be used in substitution for ivory. The ivory tusks are in great request for knife-handles.

To this catalogue of practical uses must now be added the most valuable of them all, namely, the production of oil. Australia at the present time absorbs nearly all the dugong oil that is manufactured; but it is idle to suppose that either the capabilities of the Queensland waters for supplying the dugong, or the utilisation of the creature when captured, have been thoroughly tested: the supply is never abreast of the demand. Little is known of the habits of the dugong; the exact range of its habitat has not been defined. But the value of dugong oil is established beyond doubt. To Dr. Hobbs, an esteemed and long-resident public man in Brisbane, belongs the credit of the discovery; and his early description of the therapeutic qualities of the oil, based upon experiments with his own patients, remains not only unquestioned, but confirmed by the experience of five-and-twenty years. It possesses all the medicinal qualities of cod-liver oil, without the unpleasant taste of that familiar curative. In its pure state it can be taken without disagreeing with the most sensitive stomach. I have myself used it instead of butter

with toast; have eaten delicate pastry made from dugong lard; have fried fish with it; and, as a consequence, have never since ceased to wonder that some better effort is not attempted to make it more widely known. Consumption, the scourge of the old country, finds an unfriendly atmosphere in Queensland, where I have known consumptives, landing with the disease to all appearance hopelessly advanced, become in a few years healthy if not robust. Yet, even there, the most marvellous effects are attributed to dugong oil in cases of rheumatism, and wasting as well as ordinary consumption. I met with a well-authenticated instance of a man who was unable to take medicine or nourishment, kept alive by an outward application of the lard sediment of dugong oil. It was rubbed constantly into the skin, and lard plasters were kept on the pit of the stomach, until the patient was able to take the oil in the ordinary manner, and rejoice in ultimate recovery. And I have known ladies who shuddered at the bare notion of swallowing oil, derive benefits from its adaptation to all manner of culinary purposes.

The process of extracting the oil at Stradbroke Island was, I presume, that followed in the few stations engaged in it. If the dugong, as explained on a previous page, offered enough fatty inducement, the bacon was boiled down, and the oil run off through a tap, or removed by the more homely device of skimming. It should be quite clear, positively flavourless, and without odour; but this combination of qualities, which distinguishes it from cod-liver oil, can only be attained by the nicest "rendering." The largest quantity can be made by "trying out," which is, roughly speaking, frying in a Brobdingnagian kettle. In this way, however, the quality suffers; and thus, though boiling involves more waste, that is found to be the best—and in the long run, therefore, most remunerative—system. In cooling, a careful filtration through flannel bags is observed, and the sediment is the white lard, to which reference has been made. The yield from an average dugong would be about five gallons; and the minimum may be set down at three, and the maximum at ten gallons. The proprietors of the Stradbroke fishery were at the time of my visit mourning over the decline of prosperity, and longing once more for the time when half a dozen dugongs would be brought to land in one morning. The herds appeared to be abandoning the waters, and it was a question whether the men should not follow their example. A similar state of things was being deplored in other waters, where the author of "The Queen of the Colonies," a dugong-hunter himself, once saw a herd escaping in an

unbroken procession for three hours through a narrow tideway to the open sea.

Moreton Bay is the southernmost hunt of dugong haunts in the Queensland seas. The season there lasts through the lovely winter weather, and it is supposed that the dugongs make their way thither from more tropical seas to give birth to their young. The submarine pastures upon which they feed lie at a depth of from eight to fourteen feet, and the favourite grounds are banks protected from the sea, in bays and straits. They graze in company, and feed down the herbage so close that they leave a well-defined track to indicate their movements. The black-fellows, who love occupation of this kind, if any, peer over the gunwale of the whale-boat into the clear water, and are unerring authorities, telling at once when the monsters passed that way, though it were a week previously, and giving a shrewd guess as to their present whereabouts. Their eyesight is almost miraculous.

The recently captured specimens we saw at Stradbroke had been tracked in this way. On the morning before our arrival one of the proprietors, a well-educated and handsome young Englishman, who looked the gentleman through all his rude fisherman's equipment, sailed away with his crew of aboriginals in open boat, and found encouraging traces of a small herd of these bullocks of the sea. The sail was taken down, and strict silence kept, the dugong-hunters surmising that the game was not far distant. In that case, as the dugong has to come to the surface at short intervals to "blow," there would be an outward and visible token before long. This actually happened, and when the wind dropped and the ripples fell, one of the blacks caught sight of a dugong leisurely prowling about, deep down upon the bottom. Then stealthily the boat returned to shore, and towards evening put off again to place the strong nets, made of rope with 14-inch mesh, in a position to entangle the dugongs when during the night they came in from the sea, according to custom, to feed up the richly weeded submarine bank near shore. The upper part of the net was buoyed by logs of wood, the bottom was heavily leaded, and the whole attached to two anchors, one weighing 75 lbs., the other 90 lbs. Sometimes the struggles of the captives are rewarded by a dragging away of both anchors and nets, but on this occasion there was no such ill luck. The net, in position, presented a wall fourteen feet high and 150 yards long, and it was placed straight athwart the tide. What happened may be safely conjectured.

The dugong, in happy innocence, ate greedily of the succulent sea growths, cleaving its way in the most workmanlike manner, but

it was suddenly stopped by a strange barrier into which it had somehow thrust its bovine snout. Being a remarkably timid creature, it took fright, lost what in such creatures is tantamount to presence of mind, struggled hard, and got hopelessly entangled.

Now and then a dugong is found wrapped round as with the folds of a hammock, and the net has to be cut away piecemeal. As often as not, the dugongs thus drown themselves by frantic efforts to escape; but when a partial entanglement permits them to follow their instinct and come to the surface, they are taken alive. In the morning the boat cruises round to see how the nets have fared and to secure the game. The dead dugong is subjected to the indignity of having a slit cut through its nose, and a rope inserted through the nostrils, wherewith to tow it ashore—a very easy contrivance, to which the shape of the object readily accommodates itself. The dugongs that are found alive in their captivity struggle desperately. As a rule, they are as harmless as vegetarians are usually supposed to be, the only known breakers of the peace being a couple of bulls fighting over a sweetheart, or a frantic mother maddened by danger to her offspring. Nevertheless, although the dugong is by nature mild-mannered, and innocent of the wiles by which a Greenland whale sends a boat spinning in the air with all hands, the men prefer to give the netted individual a wide berth. Nor would it be the correct thing to slaughter it on the ground, lest the blood should attract a legion of sanguinary sharks, whose attacks would cause a speedy loss of the booty. The dugong, still floundering, is therefore hauled ashore, and a long knife applied to the throat puts an end to its career.

In the early days of the fishery the dugong was taken by the more exciting method of harpooning, and on the Wide Bay grounds, farther north, the system yet partially obtains for the sake of the sport. The blacks are very fond of this, and prove wonderfully expert in finding and striking the dugong. The extreme shyness of the beast adds to the difficulty, while it gives zest to the pursuit; and woe betide the native who dares to utter a sound, or handle clumsily the muffled oars, while the harpoonist stands like a black statue in the bows, directing, by a movement imperceptible to other than savage eyes, the course to be taken. Unerring as to time and force is the harpoon, and away rushes the boat, dragged by the swift-moving dugong along a crimson track. The pace slackens all in good time, and rarely does the victim escape. This is a modified form of whaling; but as the practice drives away the dugong, it is discountenanced by every possible means.

In waters like these, inhabited by divers creatures unknown in temperate climes, the dugong-hunter sometimes meets with strange net-fellows. In our passage across the bay on the previous evening the falling wind prevented the yacht reaching her anchorage before dusk, and the boys were deputed to keep on sounding. The lead, hurled well ahead, at one cast rattled on what sounded like the lid of a coffin, but what was in reality the convex armour-plate of a gigantic turtle, that no doubt went down as much alarmed as the youth, who fancied that we were running dead upon the rocks. The turtle, however, is a harmless intruder. Five days ago our Stradbroke friends found in the nets the makings of a fine dugong, one-third of which had been eaten by sharks. They must have attacked the carcass in a swarm, each retiring with a mouthful, and charging anew for another. The water was in a perpetual swirl when the boat approached, and the sharks cruised around, and eagerly followed the remnant as it was being towed ashore. One shark, bolder than his comrades, was not to be frightened, and a black-fellow, entering into the spirit of the game, took the shark hook and chain out of the locker, put on a bait, and cast it forth. The shark took it instanter, was firmly hooked, and towed ashore alongside the mutilated dugong. Its liver was said to weigh 95 lbs., and to have produced five gallons of oil, which was sold for lubricating machinery. Ninety-five pounds strikes one as a tolerable weight for one set of liver, but that was the assertion made and sworn to by witnesses. The curing-houses at Stradbroke were ornamented high and low with such curiosities as saw-fish and stinging rays, and there was a stuffed hammer-headed shark that had been taken out of the dugong nets, thirteen feet long, and three feet six inches across the head.

With regard to dugong fishing (or hunting) as an industry, an obvious question arises: Has it, after this long experience, grown into a profitable business? And the reply must be a qualified negative. That the industry has languished must be admitted, but there are three reasons that will assist to explain why. The colonist loves to put his capital into an assured investment, or in a venture that may reasonably be expected to yield a large profit and quick return. Land, with cattle and sheep, or, in more recent years, sugar plantations, are the favourite investments. The utilisation of the dugong has not hitherto attracted sufficient capital to give the industry a fair chance. Faith in it has been confined to a few only; knowledge respecting it is not widespread. The men who have engaged in it are not known to have made their fortunes. In a colony where mortgages and building societies give a safe eight per cent. for

money, people do not care to run risks or adventure largely. Here, then, we have the first reason. The next illustrates the folly of overweening hurry to get rich. Dr. Hobbs, before mentioned, played the part of pioneer, formed a fishing station at his own cost upon the island of St. Helena, and probably lost a good deal of money. He received a medal at the Paris Exposition of 1855 for his oil, and public attention was directed to the novelty. But by-and-by the fishery fell into other hands, and rather than admit that the supply could not be equal to the demand, the short-sighted individuals adulterated the pure product with shark oil, which is, at its best estate, altogether unsavoury. The mischief being successfully accomplished, these over-cute traders were astonished and indignant at the cessation of orders from the old country.

The imperfect appliances must also be brought into account. The oil-makers who have taken up the trade have done their best, and worked hard, but they have not gone far enough. A standing dcpôt on shore will not suffice. The dugong travels along the coast, and should be followed into tropical seas, amongst the islands recently acquired by the Queensland Government, and, if necessary, even to dangerous New Guinea. What is required is a brig or schooner fitted up on whaling principles, carrying experts who will make themselves acquainted with the best methods of extracting oil, and, for seamen and operators, picked men having a pecuniary interest in the success of the experiment. It would be easy to set up a portable boiling apparatus on shore, where wood for firing is ready to hand. There is now regular communication from Thursday Island, along the entire eastern coast of Queensland, one of whose ports should be fixed upon as head-quarters. Experience proves that the dugong will not come to the station on shore, but is, on the contrary, apt to desert once favoured haunts. The hunter, therefore, must go to the dugong.

The dugong is stated to be plentiful through the Malayan archipelago, but there would be no necessity to work so far away from civilisation, at least until the Queensland waters were exhausted. If buoyant young men, seeking an outlet for superfluous energy, and willing to embark a little capital in an enterprise that offers legitimate roving, spiced with a moderate amount of excitement, will make inquiries and procure reliable data upon this subject, I believe they will find it worth consideration. The adventurers in a dugong cruiser, well ordered and soundly appointed, would be men to be envied, even if the scheme were not crowned with brilliant immediate success.

REDSPINNER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Atmospheric Disturbances of the Earth's Interior.

MOVING about as we do on the bottom of a great ocean of air which presses equally in all directions, and yields so readily as we pass through it, we habitually underrate its density and pressure, and an accurate and demonstrable statement of the magnitude of these is a matter of wonderment. The pressure on a dining-room table 10 feet long and 5 feet wide, amounts to above 100,000 lbs.; that on a man's body, about 30,000 lbs., varying with his superficial dimensions. On an acre of land, with the barometer at 29½ inches, it amounts to 40,120 tons, or 1,360 tons for every inch of mercury sustained in the barometer.

At the time of the recent hurricane a fall of one inch occurred very rapidly, and therefore every acre of land in Britain and around was suddenly relieved of 1,360 tons of pressure.

In the case of the dining-room table the downward pressure of the air above is exactly balanced by the elastic upspring of the air below; and as this elastic reaction diminishes in exactly the same degree as the pressure upon and around it, the table, with free access of air to each side, is not affected by the changes. Not so the cover of an air-tight box; that would be pressed downwards whenever the barometric pressure exceeded the amount which prevailed when the box was closed, and it would be pressed upwards when the barometer fell below this, as the enclosed air would then exert an elastic pressure exceeding the weight of air resting upon it. The aneroid barometer is such a box, with an elastic cover and delicate apparatus for making an exaggerated display of its fluctuations.

The whole earth is a spherical box with an elastic cover; the crust of the earth has been proved to yield to far less fluctuations of pressure than those above stated. (See following note.) Whether or not this yielding crust envelops a liquid and gaseous nucleus is still a vexed question, but the balance of evidence is in favour of the affirmative answer. Be that as it may, there certainly are cavities of various dimensions, containing air or liquids, that must

be variably compressed according to variations of outside atmospheric pressure, while their reactive energy remains the same.

It is not, therefore, surprising that some connection between earthquakes and the state of the barometer should be traceable ; for if these catastrophes depend, as many suppose, on pressure of pent-up gases, this upward pressure must be more effective when the counteracting pressure of the atmosphere is diminished.

The greater frequency of colliery explosions when the barometer is low is now firmly established, and the reason is obvious—the confined gases escape more readily when subject to a smaller amount of external pressure.

Mr. Baldwin Latham has made some interesting observations, suggested by a statement of some of the long-established millers on the chalk streams, who assert that they can foretell coming rain by the increase of flow of water in such streams. He set up gauges in the Bourne flow of the Caterham Valley, near Croydon, and, selecting periods when there was no rain to vitiate his results, he found that whenever there was a rapid fall of the barometer the volume of flowing water increased, and that it diminished with a rising barometer. Deep wells were gauged, and their fluctuations were found to vary with the barometer in like manner.

Earth-tides, Earth-waves, and Earth-ripples.

WE all know that the chief tides of the ocean are produced by the disturbing gravitation of the moon ; and most of those who have carefully considered the subject suspect that the so-called "solid" crust of the earth has tidal movements due to the causes that produce the oceanic tides. A committee of the British Association is at work upon the problem of detecting such tides. An account of the whole of their work could not be made intelligible within the limits of a Note ; but some of the most curious of their results are within reach.

A "pendulum," or what I would rather call a plumb-bob, was delicately suspended, and a spike projecting from the bottom of the leaden weight was so connected with a little mirror that the slightest movement of the bob must turn this mirror, and thus the reflection of a beam of light thrown upon the mirror would move about as the sunbeam reflected from the bit of looking-glass, held in the hand of a mischievous boy, is made to dance on walls and dazzle the eyes of distant victims. It is obvious that a swing of the bob, too small to be at all visible by direct observation, may thus be magnified and

made easily measurable by the movement of the speck of light on a suitably situated wall or screen.

The untouched plumb-bob, instead of resting quietly in its perpendicular position, as we might suppose it would, was found to be "in incessant movement, of so irregular a character that it was hardly possible to localise the mean position of the spot of light on the screen within five or six inches." It was evident, in spite of every precaution to ensure stable foundations, that absolute stability was not attainable. Subsequent experiments confirmed this conclusion.

In one of my Notes in this Magazine of October, 1880, page 497, I described the weird movements of a microscopic bubble of air in gem cavities, and attributed them to "the tremblings of the solid earth on which it (the cavity) rested: minute, utterly microscopic tremblings, such as must be induced by every tramping foot that strikes its surface. As such blows are unceasing, these minute waves of infinitesimal earthquake would tip the little cavity from side to side, and make the bubble roll perpetually." I was not then acquainted with any of the work of this Commission. The movements indicated by their plumb-bob are exactly such as I had imagined; they are, in fact, ripples of the surface of the solid earth, nearly corresponding to the ripples or ordinary waves on the ocean, though due to quite a different cause.

By immersing the plumb-bob and line in water it was rendered practically insensible to the effect of these mere tremors, but remained extraordinarily sensitive to steady forces. By pressing the floor near the instrument, "a dimple is produced in consequence of the elastic yielding of the soil;" and thus, "when a person stood in the room at sixteen feet away from the instrument, and again at seventeen feet, the difference was rendered distinctly evident between the amounts of inclination towards the points of pressure on the *stone basement* supporting the pendulum in the two cases."

The general results of these experiments prove that the surface of the earth is in a state of continual movement, and that some movements appear to be periodical; but further observations must be very patiently conducted in order to bring out the laws of such motion, if they have any regularity.

The pendulum, skilfully applied, is a very valuable instrument of research, and I hope shortly to be able to say something about other important investigations to which it is being applied.

Electric Voting: a Political Suggestion.

ETHNOLOGISTS have hitherto divided human history into three stages: the stone period, the bronze period, and the iron period. We now appear to be entering upon a fourth, the electric period. We speak by electricity through the telegraph wire, hear by electricity with the telephone; we are to see by electricity, according to some projectors, who profess to have conveyed luminiferous undulations by means of electric impulse; we are to travel by electric railways, according to others; and Signor Roncelli, a Member of the Italian Parliament, has devised a simple and really practical method of voting by electricity.

Each Member of Parliament or other assembly has in front of him a metal plate bearing his name or number; on this plate are three buttons marked respectively—Ay, No, and Abstain. These are connected with a central printing apparatus which prints in three separate columns the ayes, noes, and abstentions, according to the buttons touched by the members, and every addition to each column moves a numbering apparatus by means of which each column automatically adds itself up as the voting proceeds.

This apparatus might be advantageously introduced at St. Stephen's in connection with the proposed measures for frustrating the obstructives. Suppose these public nuisances were doing their dirty work in a full House; the truly "honourable members" could quietly record their votes and retire. Provided a majority of the whole House did so, the record would stand in spite of the talkers, who might be left to exasperate each other or be counted out.

Telegraphic Fooling of Animals.

M. C. NIELSEN, of Christiania, has described some curious effects produced on animals by telegraph posts and wires. Woodpeckers thrust their inordinately elongated tongues through the holes that are bored across the Norwegian telegraph posts, which posts are by no means limited to the railway lines, but follow nearly all the main land and water highways of the country. Bears are similarly fascinated, and do mischief by scratching away the cairn or heap of stones by which the post is supported on mountain routes where there is no soil for its insertion.

The reader may easily discover the cause of these proceedings by standing near a telegraph post and placing his ear against it. He

will usually hear a humming noise, due to the vibration of the wire, which vibration is caused by the wind, not by the electricity, as our rustics and others suppose. It may often be heard at considerable distances from the posts.

The woodpecker mistakes this for the buzz of the wood-boring beetles, &c., on which it feeds; and the bear, who is a voracious epicure in honey, imagines that he has a bees' nest somewhere inside that heap of stones, and operates accordingly, leaving the prostrate poles and other traces of his visit. Bears are now very scarce in Norway. Were they as numerous as formerly, telegraphic communication by means of wires stretched between ordinary posts would be impracticable in some parts of the country.

The effect of the posts and wires on the wolves appears to be very different. When the vote was asked at the Storthing for the construction of the first telegraph lines, a member said that, though his district would make little use of the line, he should vote for it in order to get rid of the wolves, as the farmers usually keep them off their land by setting up poles with ropes stretched between them, the wolves not daring to pass under these.

M. Nielsen states that "it is a fact that when, twenty or more years ago, telegraph lines were carried over the mountains and along the valleys, the wolves totally disappeared, and a specimen is now a rarity." This is not so easily explained as the proceedings of the woodpeckers and the bears, and may be merely a coincidence.

"Optograms."

WE have all heard something of the sensational story of the likeness of the murderer photographed on the retina of his victim, and the conviction that followed the ultra-scientific proceeding by which the picture was developed and fixed. The story has just sufficient foundation in fact to render it more delusive than a thorough-going Munchausen falsehood. There is a brilliant coat of the retina, having a colour due to what has been called the "visual purple," and this pigment is to some extent visibly impressible by light.

Professor Kühne proposed to present Helmholtz with a portrait impressed on the retina of an animal, as a complimentary acknowledgment of his researches in physiological optics, and accordingly Dr. Ayres, who is an expert in this speciality, placed a large negative portrait of Helmholtz over the eye of an animal that had been dosed with atropine (a drug which dilates the pupil by

paralysing the muscles that contract the iris), and kept it in a dark room for some hours. The retina, thus rendered sensitive, was exposed to the picture in full sunshine for four minutes.

A dull picture was found on the cornea, in front of the eye; and when the retina was examined, an image of Helmholtz's shirt-collar, and of the end of his nose was indicated by a slight bleaching of the visual purple.

As the purple during life is rapidly restored after such bleaching by light, Dr. Ayres cut off the head of a rabbit, waited till all restorative power was at an end, and then repeated the experiment. The optogram was a little better, but not a picture. The result of a number of other experiments led Dr. Ayres to conclude that no picture capable of recognition can be thus produced, and that no approach to a likeness could be traced on the retina of a person suffering sudden death, however favourable may have been the circumstances.

Microscopic Ruling.

IN the course of my early microscopic experiences I was proud of possessing a strip of glass with two crossing bands $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch wide, each ruled with lines $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch apart. The little square space of intersection, $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch across, appeared to the naked eye as a speck of ground glass, but under the microscope it revealed within it 10,000 clearly defined square spaces.

This, however, was but coarse ruling compared with the work of Nobert, who has recently died. Starting from lines similar to the above, he gradually progressed to finer and finer divisions, until shortly before his death he succeeded in ruling 20,000 distinctly separated lines within a band of the width of a Paris line, *i.e.* at a distance of only $\frac{1}{224000}$ of an English inch apart; or otherwise stated, he ruled within $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch space, or that lying between two of the lines of my once treasured micrometer, no fewer than 223 intermediate lines.

I have not seen this last achievement, but have no reason for mistrusting the testimony upon which the statement is founded, unless the printer has made a mistake.

The mode of ruling to, say, $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch is simple enough. A glass plate rests upon a stage like the table of a planing machine, with a fine-pointed diamond above it, and just touching its surface with a slight cutting pressure. Then either the diamond or the glass is moved in a straight course, and a line is ruled. A very fine screw with a large head, which head is divided on its edge into equal parts,

moves either the diamond or the glass in a direction transverse to the movement which draws the line. Suppose the screw has fifty threads to the inch, it is evident that a whole turn will advance the plate or diamond $\frac{1}{50}$ of an inch; but by means of this "micrometer head" of the screw, it may easily and accurately be moved to only $\frac{1}{20}$ of a turn, and thus the point of the screw, and whatever it pushes, will advance but $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch; and then another line may be drawn by again moving the glass as at first.

It is obvious that this may be carried much further by using a finer screw with a larger head, divided into 100, or 1,000, or more parts; but the limiting difficulty is owing to the necessary thickness of the line itself; and Nobert's secret—which, unfortunately, has died with him—appears to have consisted in some method of slitting the diamond into flaky splinters with inconceivably fine points, and wonderfully regulating their pressure on the glass plate.

These fine lines decompose the light that falls upon them, and produce a brilliant diffraction iridescence like that on mother-of-pearl shell, which itself is white, but is covered with nature's rulings, similar to those of Nobert, and the colours of the shell are produced by these lines decomposing the light.

Feathered Vermin and their Friends.

SOME years ago, when it was a high newspaper fashion to denounce the farmers' sparrow clubs, and advocate indiscriminate legislative protection of "small birds," on the ground that they ate caterpillars, I had the audacity to remind the writers of the fact that tigers do not feed upon roots and grass, although they have four legs like pigs and cows, and that other animals may wear feathers without eating caterpillars; and I further ventured to intimate that, as the teeth of cows and pigs differ from those of lions and tigers, so do the bills of graminivorous birds differ from the insectivorous.

My earliest experiences in domestic gardening, in a Birmingham suburb infested with sparrows, demonstrated these differences very practically. The gooseberry bushes were stripped bare by caterpillars, while the peas were being shelled and devoured by feathered vermin, whose only influence upon the caterpillars was to protect and preserve them by driving away the soft and thin-billed birds who really do feed upon insects. Had all the residents of Handsworth combined to exterminate the sparrows by means of poisoned wheat, respectable insectivorous singing birds would have supplied the places occupied by the thick-billed, seed-grubbing, pea-shelling,

blossom-nipping, cherry-stealing, cacophonous, yelping pests. I now repeat what I then said, that "the farmer kills sparrows for the same reason that he kills rats and mice, and our laws prohibiting the use of poisoned wheat *for this purpose* are as absurd as would be an Act of Parliament prohibiting the maintenance of cats and the use of mouse-traps."

Neither farmer nor farm-labourer shared the Cockney delusion of lumping all small birds together as "innocent warblers" and caterpillar-eaters. The members of the sparrow clubs, so loudly denounced from Fleet Street, all agree, and still agree, in protecting swallows, martins, robins, &c.; to destroy one of these or their nests is regarded as a sort of sacrilege in all our rural districts. This is why the robin is so tame, why he regards man as his friend, and will even fly into farmhouse kitchens and pick crumbs from the floor; would do this commonly, but for his one enemy, the cat. Swallows and martins build their nests in country stables or cattle stalls within reach of the hand, and feed their young while the cow-boy is feeding the cattle. The old nursery rhyme, "Who killed cock-robin?" is an expression of the rustic love of the robin and hatred of the sparrow.

When opposing the Cockney sparrowphiles, I affirmed that "the exportation of sparrows to Australia was the culminating folly of the small-bird worshippers," and predicted the ultimate result of their introduction.

Such being my case, I now claim the right to crow, or at least to chirrup, over my opponents on reading the following in *Nature* of November 3:—"Sparrows have multiplied to such an alarming extent in South Australia, that a commission appointed by the Government have sent in a report recommending means to be taken for their destruction, and rewards to be given for heads and eggs."

Be it remembered that no sparrow existed in Australasia until they were deliberately imported there for their charming plumage, their sweet warbling, and their insectivorous usefulness. What should we say if an association of American journalists and sentimental bug-worshippers had imported to this country a thriving colony of Colorado beetles on account of their beautiful spots, their melodious buzzing, and their sanitary usefulness as feeders on sewage matter?

Aristocratic Lineage of the Scorpion.

ONLY a few of the creatures now existing on the earth can trace their ancestry in the same form as themselves far beyond the recent strata. An animal must have very blue blood indeed to

go so far back as the chalk, and find any ancestors that may be described as nearly belonging to its own species; but for any living species to be approximately represented in the rocks which are named *palæozoic* or ancient life rocks—almost amounts to a geological paradox, the term palæozoic being applied in the sense of *extinct* life rather than according to its strict etymology.

Recent explorations of the lower carboniferous rocks on the Scottish border have, however, revealed the remains of long-tailed spiders, *i.e.* scorpions, which "differ in no essential respect from the living scorpion, so far as regards external organs." Mr. Peach has recognised in these fossil insects "every structure of the recent form, down even to the hairs and hooks of the feet." The sting has not been satisfactorily traced, but the presence of the poison gland in a fossilised condition indicates the probability of its usual accompaniment.

The patriarchal scorpion has more prominent and larger eyes than his living descendants, and this constitutes his most distinctive character. Such a difference, however, does not destroy the pedigree, seeing that existing families of scorpions differ materially as regards their eyes; some have six, some eight, and others twelve. The palæozoic patriarch had at least four on each side, and two "mesial eyes" much larger in proportion than the lateral eyes; and these two were elevated on stalks, enabling the creature to look upwards, forwards, and outwards, in addition to the eightfold vigilance of the side eyes.

That which we popularly describe as the tail of the scorpion is really an elongated abdomen, and we have only to look upon the portrait of one of these unpleasant animals, and imagine the segments of the tail to be agglomerated into a globular appendage, to understand some of their relationship to spiders. Palæontologists are now agreed in regarding the scorpion as the primitive spider from which all the other species have descended.

This being the case, I am justified in pointing to the scorpion as the typical representative of a pure aristocrat, worthy of high heraldic celebration.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

A Possible Revelation.

A SURPRISE which promises to be of highest interest to others besides the bibliophiles whom it most closely concerns, seems to be within reach. Concerning this possible surprise, however, my information is sadly vague. Such as it is, I give it. A few weeks ago a man walked into a bookseller's shop and offered for sale a book taken, as he said, from a small library which had for many generations been in his family. For a long period before the collection came into his hands, the whole of the books had, he stated, been fastened up in cases. A considerable proportion of them, moreover, were, according to his account, in black-letter. Astonished at the sum offered him for the book he brought, he refused at once to sell it or to give any further information concerning its fellows, and departed to make, as he said, further inquiries. The book he exhibited was an early copy, in fine preservation, of Shakespeare's Poems. Should this be in any sense representative of the collection, a famous prize has turned up. It is impossible to say what treasures, supposed to be irrecoverably lost, might not be stowed away in these mysterious cases. The whole story has rather a flavour of the "Arabian Nights," but I tell it as it was told to me by the bookseller to whom the prize was offered. How much, I wonder, would a volume with a presentation from Shakespeare fetch, should such be brought to light? A copy of Ben Jonson's works, on large paper (two vols., W. S. Stansby and R. Meighen, 1616-40), sold during the past month for £120. In this there occurred, in the handwriting of the author, these words: "To his most learned and honor'd friend, Mr. Edward Heyward, Ben Jonson's guift and testimony of observance."

Art in the Postbag.

I HAVE received from Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner some specimens of the Christmas Cards published by them—nearly the whole of which are good in design and well printed; some of

them, indeed, might be quoted as examples of the artistic work which can be produced by making good use of the large resources now at command of the printer in colours. The *softness* of tone of most of the cards is specially to be noted.

Mr. Irving's Edinburgh Address.

IN an address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Society, Mr. Irving, the well-known actor, puts in the true light the relative aspects of society and the stage. The modern stage, Mr. Irving contends, has no need of apology. "It is never below the average moral sense of the time, and it is always a reflection of contemporary opinion." This is strictly just. The stage reflects society as it is, and is, to the nice observer, a barometer by which our progress upwards or downwards may be traced. During the last thirty years the stage has become much more cleanly, without being therefore one whit more moral. Exactly the same thing has been witnessed in our daily life. Such coarse suggestion as Wright supplied, such scarcely veiled innuendo as was rolled out by Buckstone, and such licence of behaviour as was practised by Robson, are no longer possible. Yet, in spite of our mealy-mouthedness, we accept plots which a generation ago would not have been tolerated. These are generally from the French, but that is beside the question. An advance in morality on the part of the public would find an immediate reflection on the stage. If all literature except the dramatic portion were destroyed, it would be possible from that to give a fair idea of our national advance. In France, a task almost analogous has been accomplished in "L'Histoire par le Théâtre" of M. Muret, a work to which I have had occasion to make previous reference.

The Earnings and Social Position of the Actor.

A SECOND point brought out by Mr. Irving in his Edinburgh address is the earnings of actors. There are now, Mr. Irving says, few poor actors. This is strictly true. Among the professions, acting is now probably the most immediately remunerative. A fairly clever young actor, of say five years' standing, gets an income equal to that of an average rector, and far in advance of that of a barrister or a physician of the same standing. Beside the earnings of a man like Sothern or Charles Mathews, to mention those only who have passed away, the income of a Lord Chancellor or an Archbishop seems inadequate. What is even more remarkable is that the stage,

instead of involving, as once it involved, a species of social slur, is now a passport into the highest society. At a ducal "at home" it is no unknown thing to see half a dozen or a dozen comedians; and the same class of men are seen, and sometimes under honouring conditions, in some of the most aristocratic circles in London. If the actor's profession, in spite of the increasing number of theatres, is not overstocked, it is not for want of temptations to join it.

Mr. Mallock on his Defence.

MR. MALLOCK'S Preface to the second edition of his "Romance of the Nineteenth Century" contains a defence of his work against the assault of his English critics. This is eloquent, and, to a certain extent, convincing. In America, Mr. Mallock urges, the character and meaning of his work have been subject to no such misapprehension or misconception as has here attended them. While in England the purport, and even the bare outlines of the story, have been misconceived in some quarters and misrepresented in others, the "Romance of the Nineteenth Century" has been recognised in the United States as a philosophical novel, identical in purport with the previous writings of the author. I cannot, of course, quote Mr. Mallock's analysis of his own work. His description of its purport is more to the point. "It is," says Mr. Mallock, "a study of life, with a faith in God subtracted from it. It is a study of the scientific atheism I have so often already criticised; and I have now tried to exhibit it as bearing its proper fruit." Accepting an assurance, unnecessary from the first, that the purport of the book is philosophical, I leave Mr. Mallock to settle with his censors how far the world is benefited by animated pictures of the evil consequences of heresy, put forward for the purpose of confuting heretics. Theologians and schoolmen are in favour of uprooting heresy at any cost. Individually, I am not sure that a little scepticism with regard to some matters is quite so morally misleading as Mr. Mallock thinks it. I credit him, however, with having made out very ingeniously a case for himself, and with having shown more courtesy, more tact, and more temper than are customary in literary controversy.

The Sunderland Library.

BY the time that this number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* is in the hands of the majority of its readers, the sale of the great Sunderland library will have commenced. About two years ago I

had the pleasure of inspecting a portion of the literary treasures at Blenheim, and I calculated that in one small case there were books which, if sold at the prices realised at the Roxburgh sale, would produce a sum almost fabulous. The catalogue of the first portion of the library, including letters A and B and about half C, is before me. From inspection of this, I conclude that my anticipations were too sanguine. Five leaves are missing from the Valdarfer Boccaccio (Venice, 1471), a work which in the Roxburgh sale went for the sum of £2,260. These and other deficiencies will, I suppose, prevent the volume from fetching a similar amount, even though it be, as is said, nearly an inch taller and wider than the Roxburgh copy. More than one other book of extreme rarity is described as defective. Still, there are some noble books, many of them altogether unique, and the result of the next ten days' sale will doubtless be to furnish bibliographers with a new point of departure.

Probable Profits of the Sunderland Sale.

IT is unsafe and unwise to prophesy so near the event. I will be rash enough, however, to predict that whole classes of books will sell for sums which, beside those previously given, will appear insignificant. The death of a Rothschild following upon that of a Huth, is of evil omen. As yet no younger man has sprung up to fill the gaps left by these princely collectors, and the few buyers of the most costly books are now middle-aged or elderly men whose days of enthusiasm are over. The taste for early editions of the classics is a thing of the past; and though the copies on vellum of great typographical rarities will always provoke competition, ordinary classics from the great presses of Venice, Florence, and other cities are in no such demand as formerly existed. To leave myself a loop-hole of escape, however, I will say that an occasion like the present is well calculated to revive or even to create a taste. Men are constantly led away by impulses it is difficult to explain, and a madness of competition is as well known to students of human nature as is the madness of fight—with which, indeed, it is nearly allied. By the close of the sixth day's sale the result will be declared, and the value of the entire collection may be estimated by those clever at figures.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

Spottiswoode & Co., Printers, New-street Square, London.